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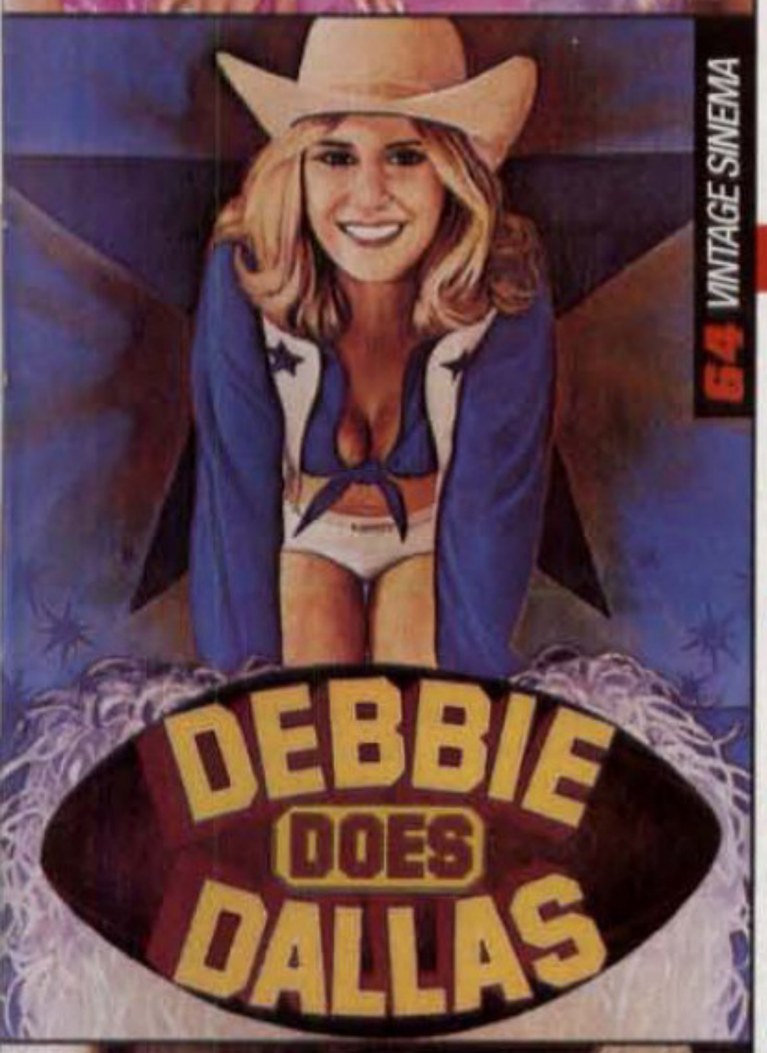
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HUSTLER

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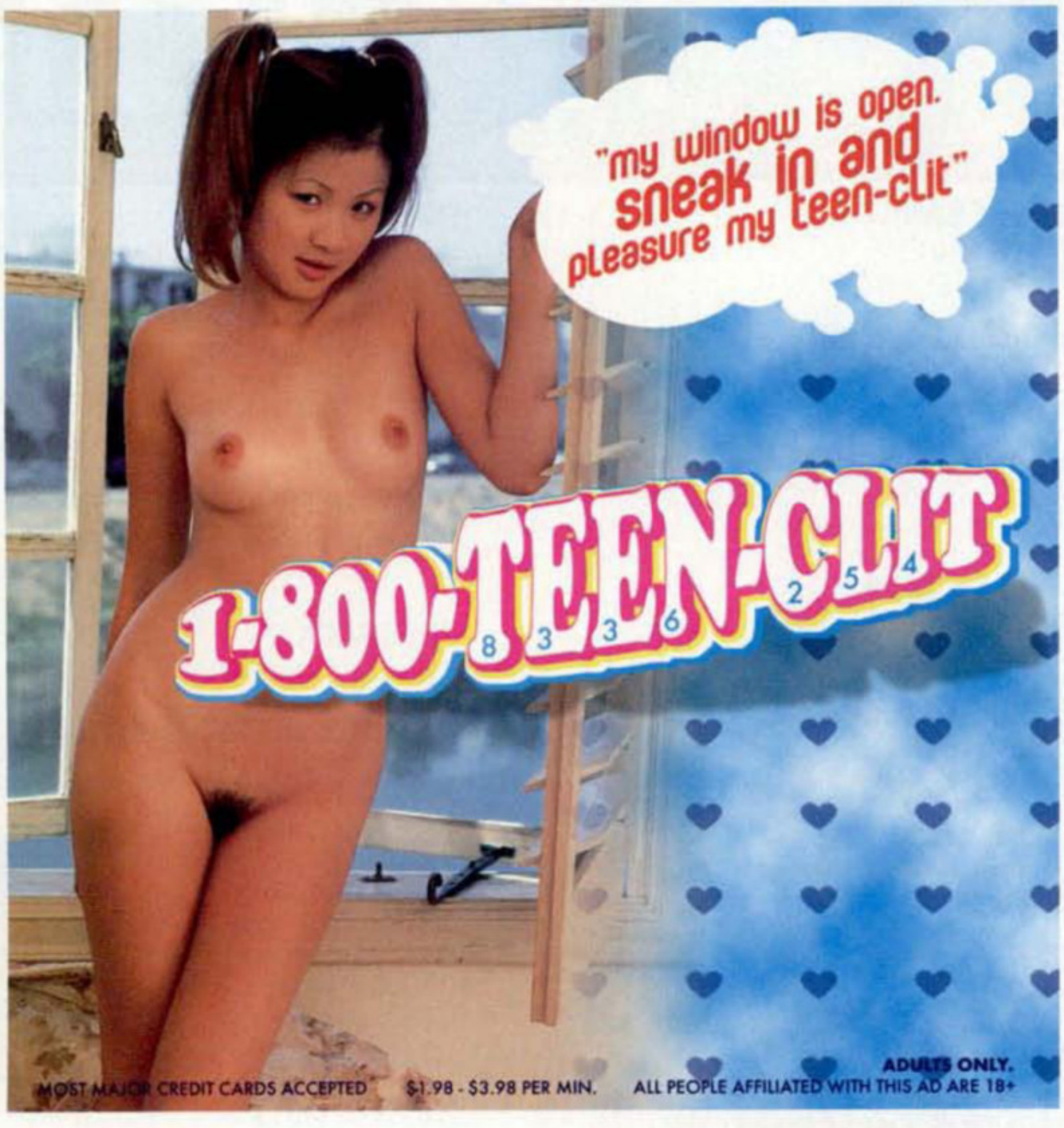
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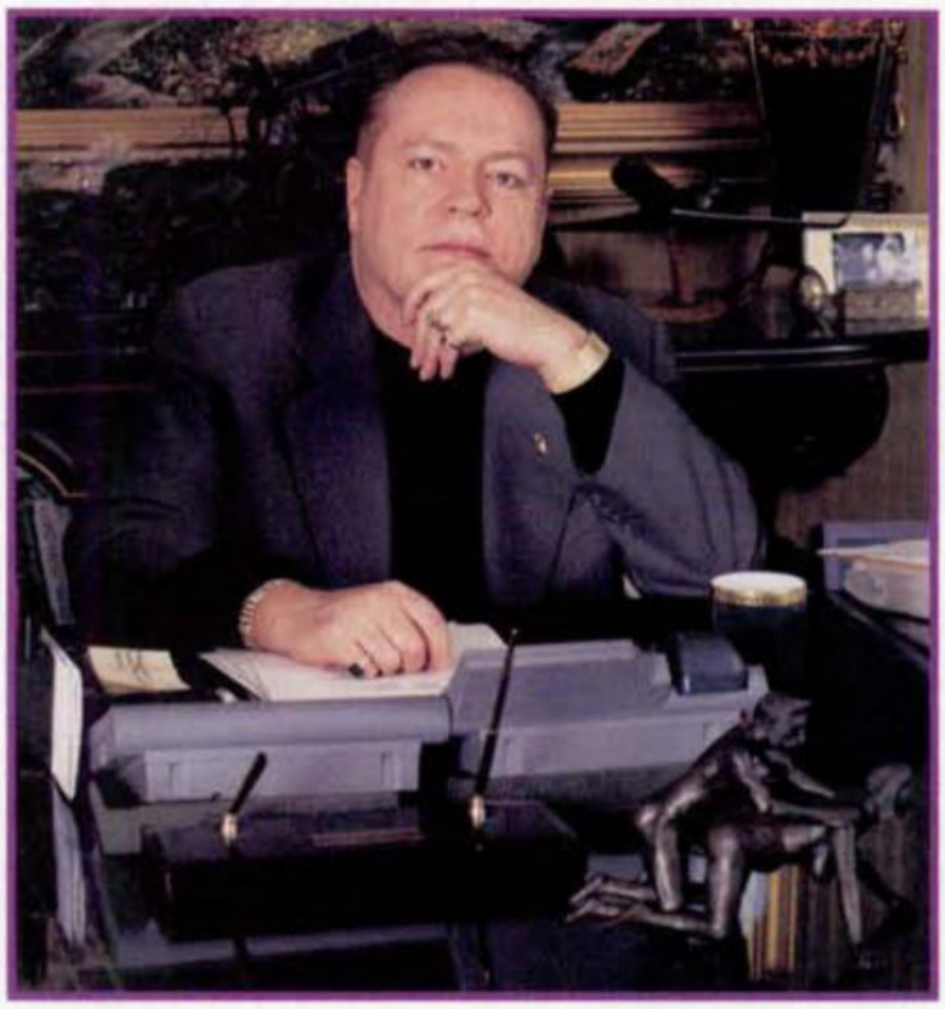
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All nude models are 18 years of age or older.

Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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IS AMERICA A PATRIARCHAL SOCIETY?

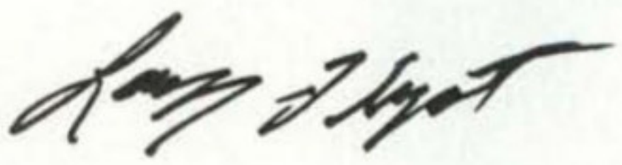
With the 21st century upon us, we increasingly hear feminists harping about male dominance over the female. For the most part these complaints center on spousal abuse, unequal pay and treatment in the workplace, and sexual exploitation. In the latter case I am frequently vilified as an example of how men exploit women.

Every model who appears in this magazine does so voluntarily and is well paid—up to $5,000 for a day's work. Just who is exploiting whom in that situation? And who, I ask, is being exploited when a male empties his wallet to pay for dinners and flowers in a feverish effort to win a female's ultimate approval—telling a guy she'll sleep with him? Indeed, it's the female's cunning tactic of withholding sex that has made me a wealthy man. If women gave it up all that easily, there wouldn't be such a great demand for adult material.

As for the rest of this patriarchy crap, female emancipation has made great strides over the past 50 years. From the beginning my company has placed women in upper-echelon positions, including the current chief editors for two of our men's magazines (BARELY LEGAL and HUSTLER FANTASIES), not to mention a number of vice-presidents. Let me tell you, there's no discrimination around here. I wonder how many women's publications can say the same.

As for America's households, the lawbook overwhelmingly favors the opposite sex. One grievous example? In most states men are forced to financially support children fathered by another man as the result of a cheating wife's illicit affair—even after the couple is divorced. Regarding spousal abuse, if a man even touches a woman in anger, he will (in the majority of cases) be convicted of assault. Such a charge can never be expunged from his judicial record.

The irony is that at a time when the playing field is finally achieving some semblance of fairness, many women are bitching even louder than ever. My response? Get a grip, ladies. There is no conspiracy. We're all trying to work things out.



Larry Flynt
Publisher
HUSTLER

P.S. I strongly recommend that HUSTLER readers view Michael Moore's startling documentary, *Fahrenheit 9/11*. His hard-hitting investigation of the Bush Administration may well be the most significant film in history.

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—LIZ SMITH

★

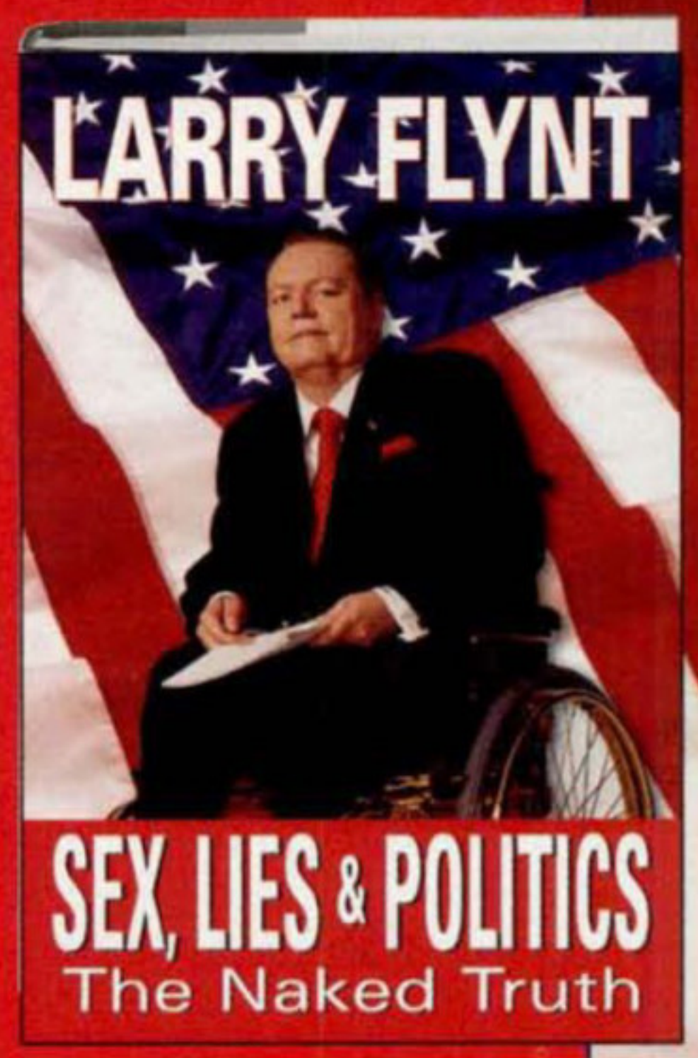
"As long as I live, I will always admire Larry Flynt."
—MILOS FORMAN

★

"Larry Flynt has had his most noble triumph in the halls of the Supreme Court."
—OLIVER STONE

★

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Backhanded Compliment

Thanks for remaining staunchly independent. In an age when most American citizens are kept ignorant by a selective information flow from the corporate-owned media with bottom-line interests, HUSTLER Magazine stands alone. Every month your magazine upholds civil liberties, freedom of expression and the pursuit of happiness.

Every time I pick up a copy of HUSTLER, I laugh aloud at the well-researched and cleverly written *Asshole of the Month* page and the hilarious celebrity-blowjob fantasy. I am always grateful to see that HUSTLER publishes articles about subjects that no other magazine or newspaper would dare to address either due to the current hostile environment toward the truth or because they boldly question the status quo.

The girls aren't cookie-cutter bimbos either. (I even see unaugmented small tits!) The sets for the shoots are amazing, and there is usually something in each issue that offends me. *That* is the freedom I value so highly. Thanks again for defending my freedoms in such a manner. By exercising your rights, you help to protect mine from further erosion. Incidentally, this seems to be a much more sensible way to keep freedom alive than killing Arabs who didn't have any grudge with us.

My only beef is that porn star Jenna Jameson's column is nothing more than a tired advertisement for herself. Maybe I'd put up with *Jenna Tales* if it didn't appear in every single issue and wasn't so idiotically "written." It seems as if she's constantly struggling to squeeze out just 20 more empty, moronic words to fill the page. "Oh, I'll just throw in another hot photo of myself and make the hugs-and-kisses signature bigger! Okay, guys, does that take up enough room?" Jenna Jameson comes off like a stripper trying to snow everyone into thinking that she's smart, that she really likes us and that we should be giving her our hard-earned money.

—G.B.
Long Island City, New York

Captivated by an RFD Hottie

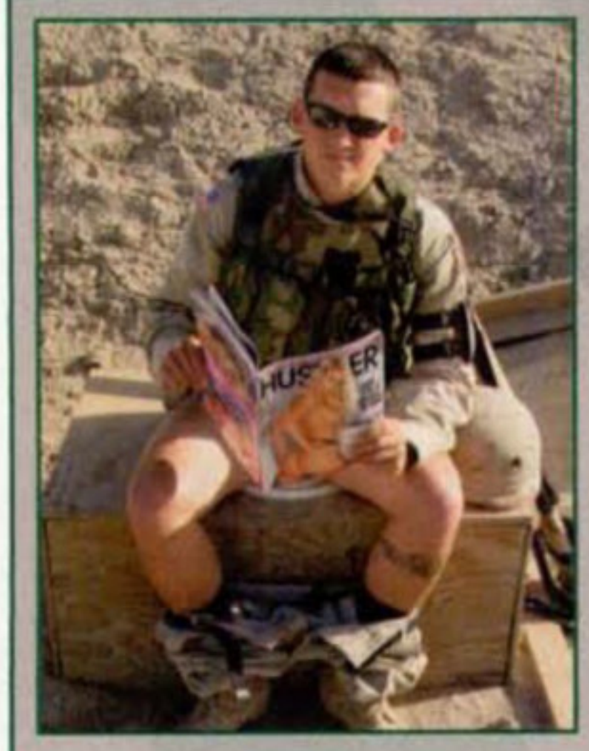
I just received the August HUSTLER. I really enjoyed the layout featuring a beautiful blond babe from Tennessee (*Cameron Cain: Smokin'!*). Cameron has got to be one of the hottest chicks I've ever seen. Her nude body sure blended perfectly with the old building in which she got naked. I especially loved the background shots of the old beat-up couch on which she languorously spreads her wings. That couch reminds me of the dilapidated one I used to sleep on when I was still living on the streets of Los Angeles. Where were you, Cameron, during those hard, cold, lonely nights?

—N.S.
Farmington, New Mexico



CAMERON CAIN

PASS THE T.P., PLEASE

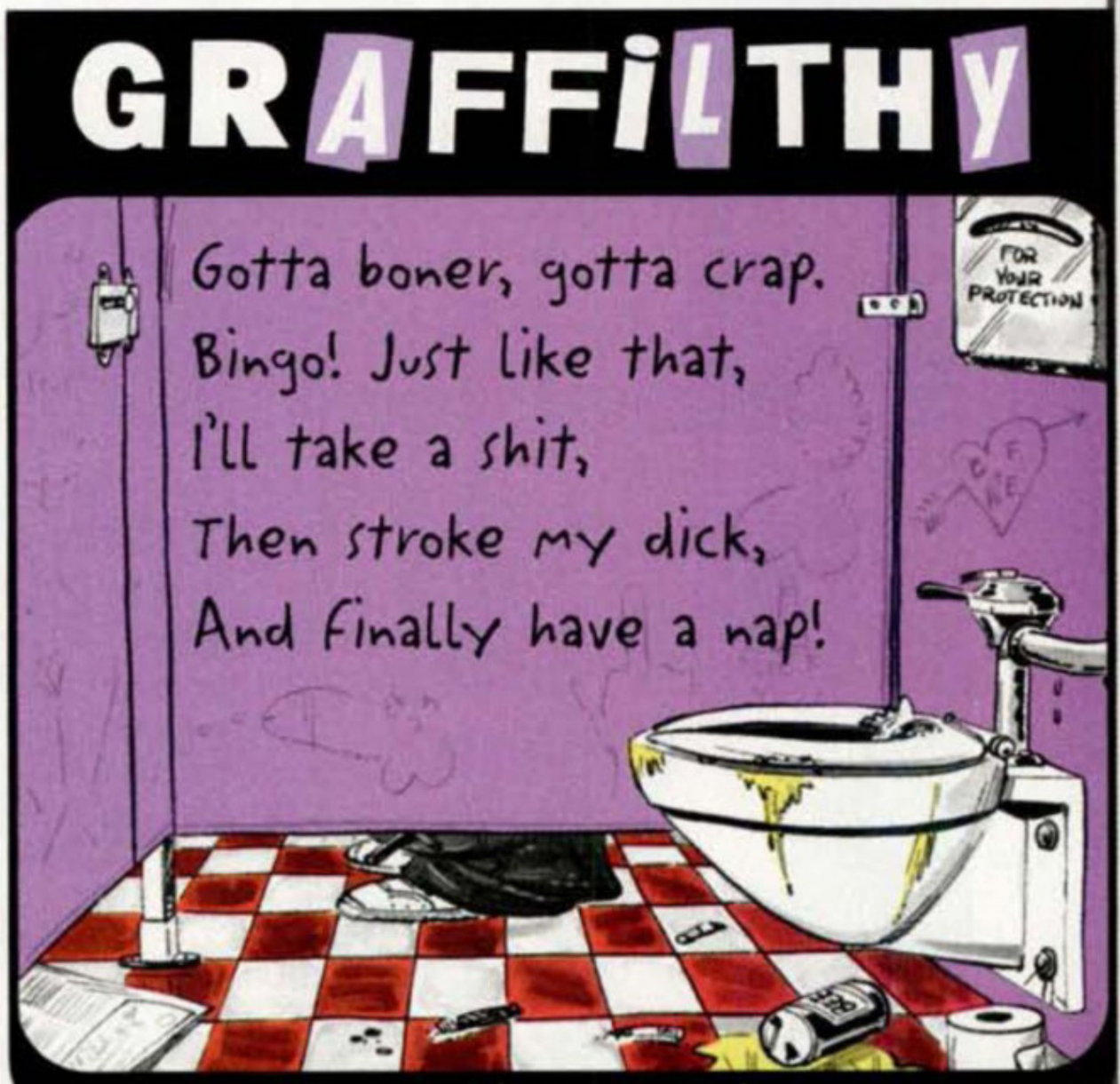


I just want to let the entire staff of HUSTLER know how much my comrades and I appreciate your magazine over here in Iraq because they are very hard to come by. Every one of my subscription copies have been passed around many times, but I do manage to keep my hands on a few of them. Thanks for your support, and I look forward to many more months of beautiful girls.

—J.C.
Stationed in Iraq

All of us at HUSTLER appreciate what American troops are doing far from home—in Iraq and other hot spots in the world. We owe you guys (and women) a debt of gratitude.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to ***Mitch C.***

"Your wonderful magazine is the reason my dick filed a restraining order against me."

Racist Rant

Larry Flynt, you can suck my cock before I'll renew my subscription. I'm tired of your constant Bush-bashing, you limp-dick liberal prick. It's too bad the dude who capped your worthless ass was such a lousy shot. I didn't subscribe to your rag to see Negroes fuck or appear naked. If that was my desire, I'd go to the fucking zoo.

—R.M.
Address withheld

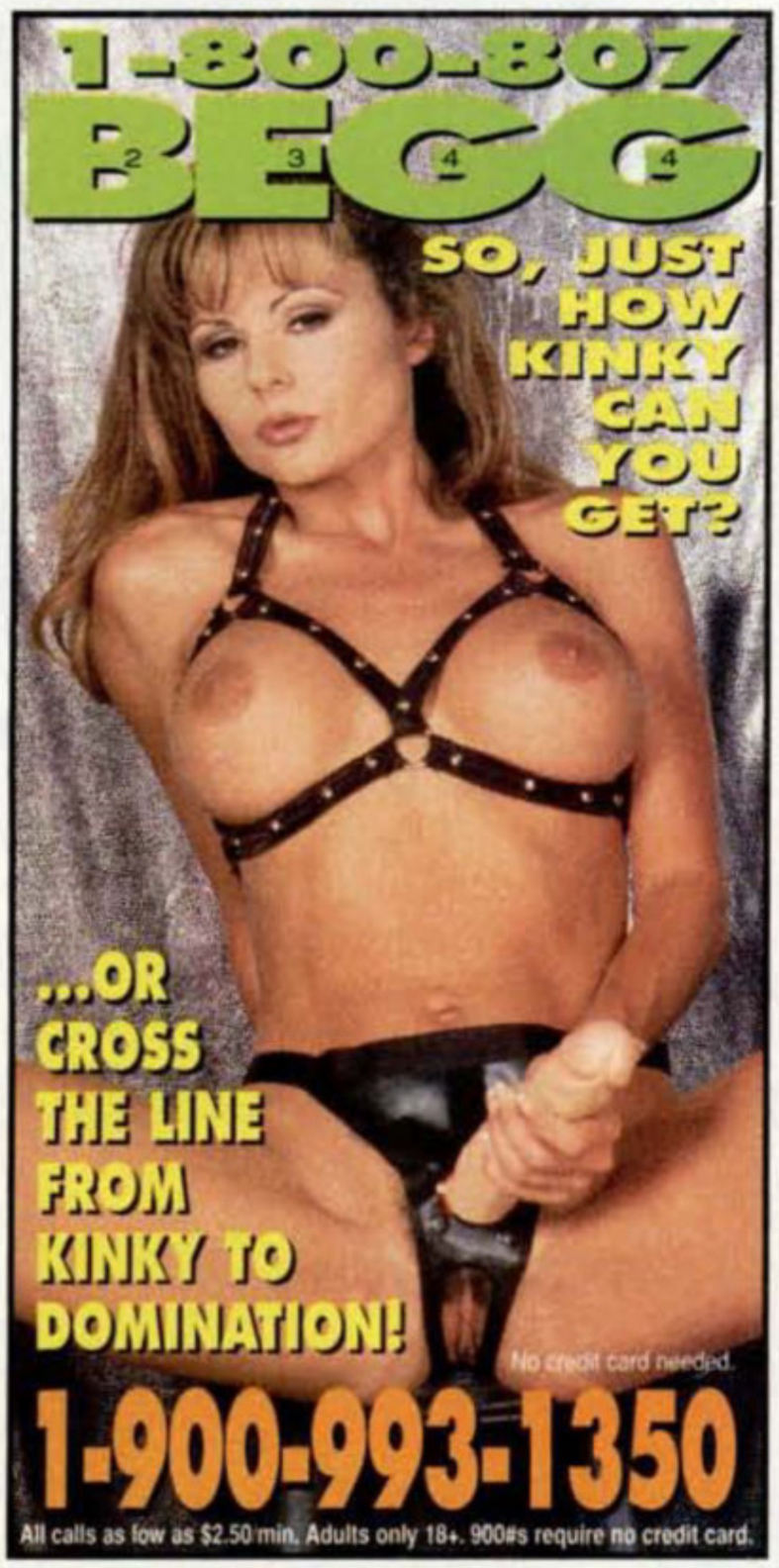
Slapping the Dolphin

I am a Navy Explosive Ordnance Disposal Technician currently serving in Iraq. Recently a buddy of mine back home sent me a copy of HUSTLER. I'm sure you get letters like this all the time, but here's what I have to say: When I get back from a long day of gunning down Iraqi insurgents, I like nothing more than stepping into my cozy "Masturbation Chamber" and squeezing off a couple of rounds from the old flesh-covered mayonnaise pistol.

As a matter of fact, your wonderful magazine is the reason my dick filed a restraining order against me, and I couldn't be happier. "Shock and Awe" doesn't come close to describing what I've done to my one-eyed terrorist. Thanks to HUSTLER, I beat that fucker senseless on a daily basis. I've tried whacking off to other magazines, such as *Playboy*, but they don't even come close. I don't want some airbrushed bitch with an attitude who's only posing to "put herself through school." I want Mr. Happy to puke up my wad all over the hot broads featured in your magazine.

Let me finally add this: The terrorists of the world have truly won if, as I fantasize about one of the many fine ho's in HUSTLER tea-bagging my nuts with a feather-duster in her ass, I can't deliver a punishing beating to my prick while whistling "America the Beautiful" and listening to the sound of terrorists babbling prayers in a distant mosque. Rock on, guys!

—W.R.
Stationed in Iraq









The Beat Goes On

I tip my hat to the HUSTLER editorial staff. I gotta say that I have enjoyed the recent addition of music coverage. Now, not only can I jerk off to the hottest babes on the planet, I can also pick up some new tunes as soon as my cum rag hits my bedroom floor. The August issue's "Separated At Birth?" section, which compared Courtney Love to H.R. Pufnstuf, was priceless. That bitch is a publicity-starved cunt. She deserves all of the bad shit that has happened to her lately. I'm glad she's going bankrupt, and I'm happy to see that she's losing her mind. I saw that documentary *Kurt & Courtney*, and I'm convinced that she killed him. I hope she rots in hell! Keep up the good work, guys. I can't wait to see which bands you cover in the next issue.

—P.D.
Address withheld

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

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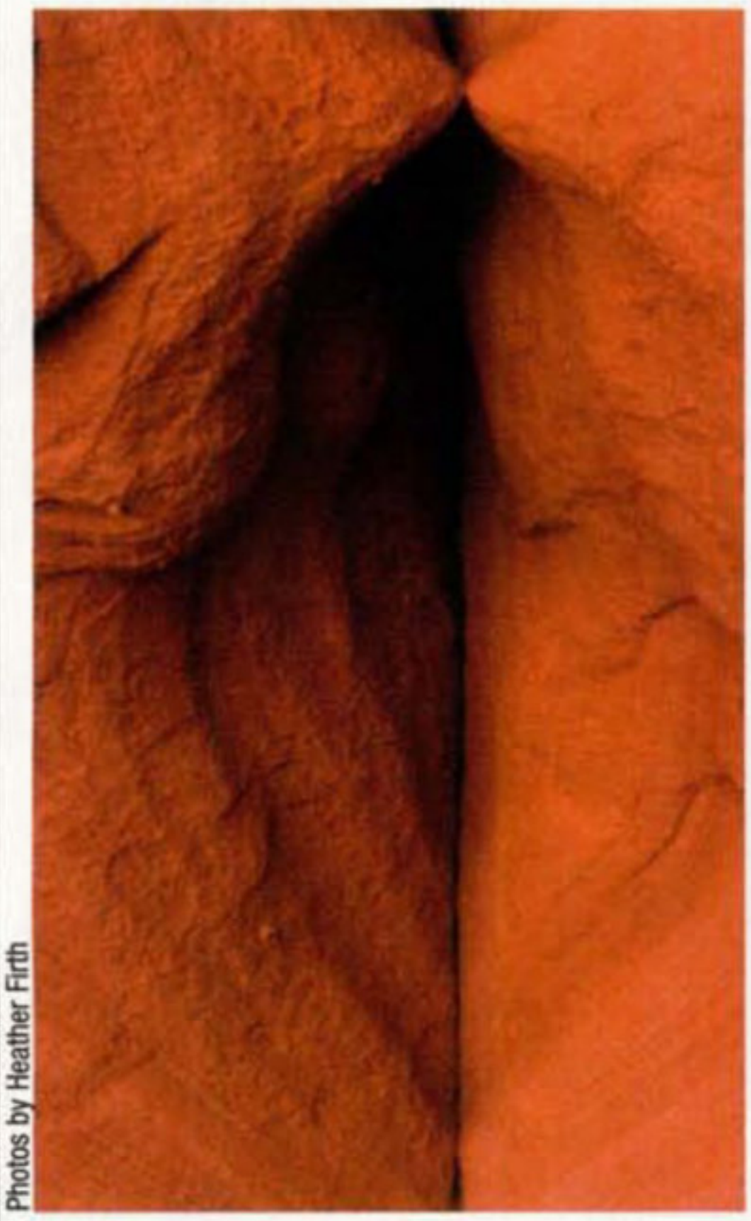
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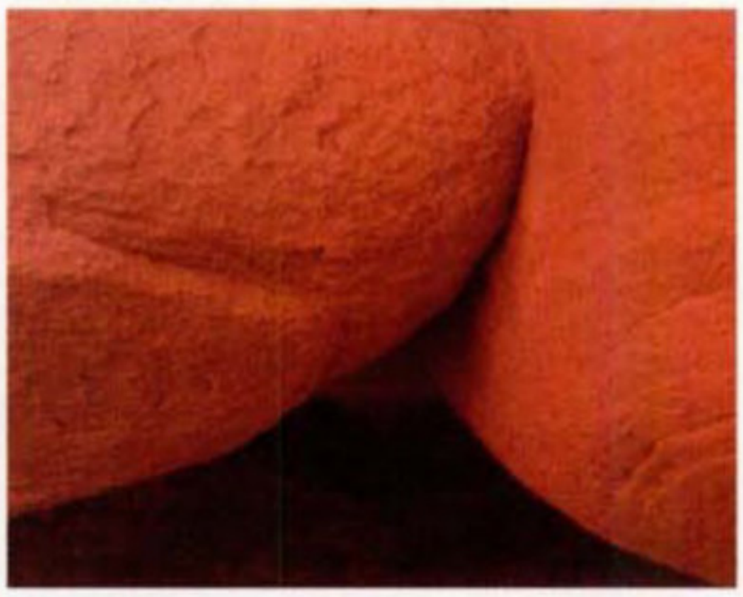
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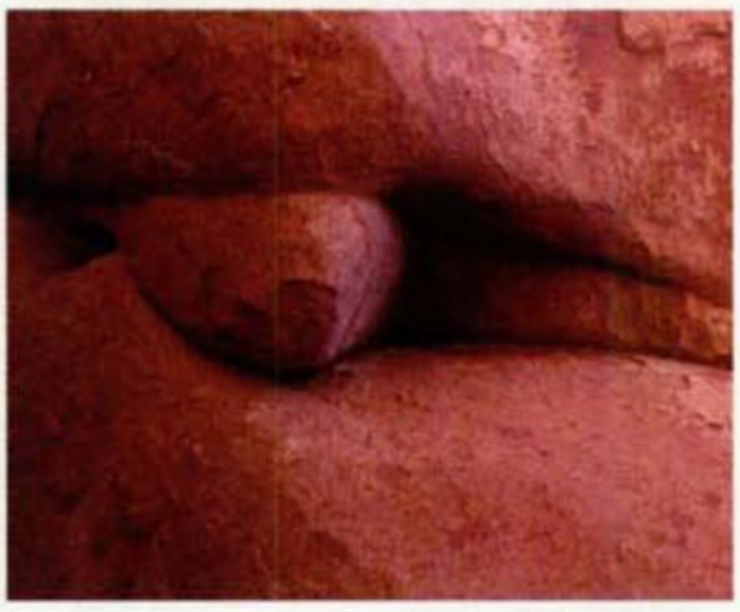
You don't have to be a geologist to get off on Heather Firth's *Earth Erotica*, an amazing photographic collection of titillating rock formations. Shot in America and abroad (without specialized filters or digital enhancement), these cool prints include so many curves and crevices, you may find yourself molesting a boulder. To see more of (or to buy) these suggestive prints, go to **HeatherFirth.com**.











Photos by Heather Firth



"People are wrong when they say that the opera isn't what it used to be. It *is* what it used to be. That's what's wrong with it." —*NOEL COWARD*

"I'm a self-made man. Who else would help?"
—*OSCAR LEVANT*

WIDE LOAD



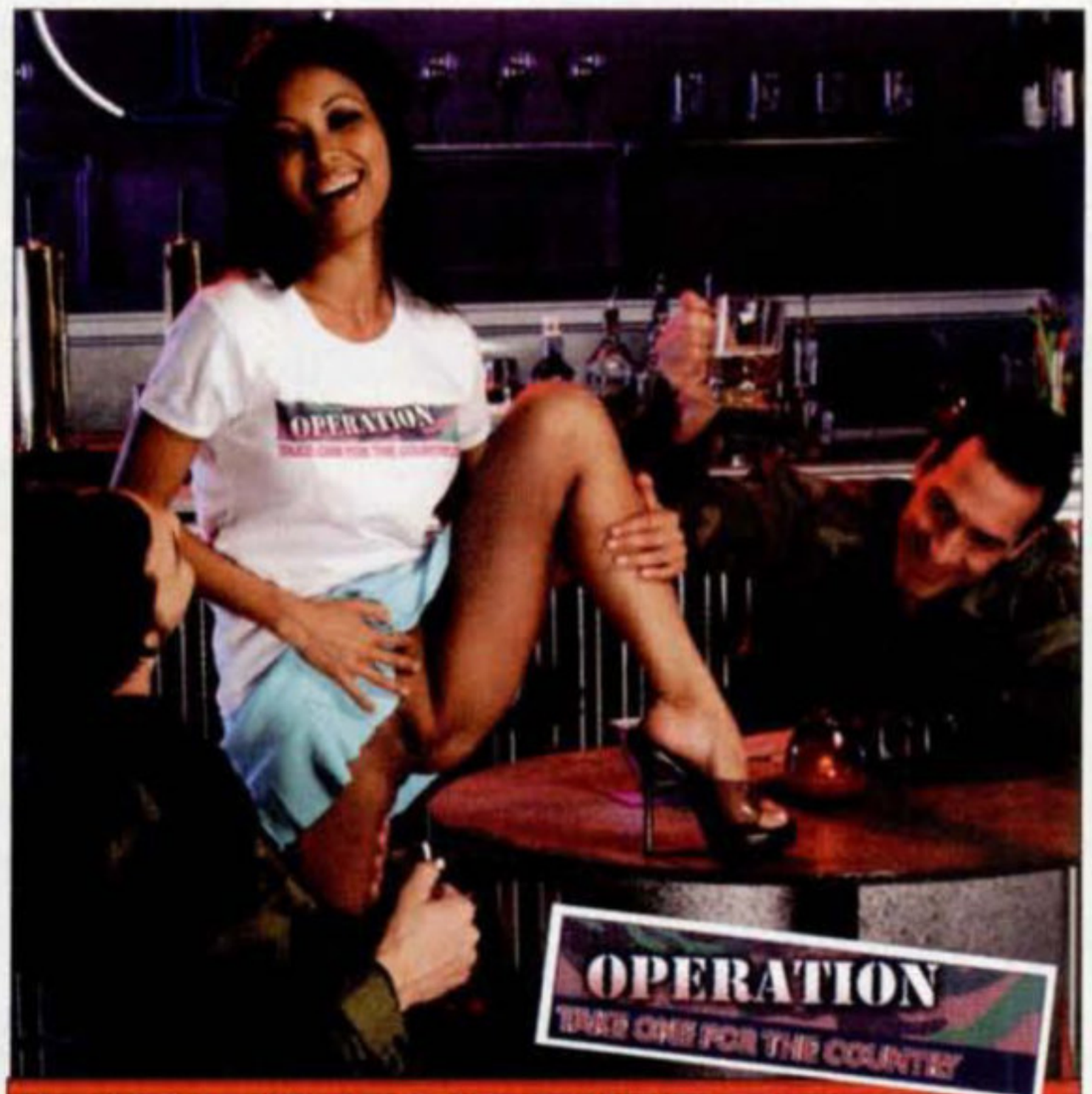


A lot of men are into curvy black women, and to commemorate these sexy sistahs, artist Spencer Davis has created the Booty Babes. These 14-inch sculptures come with tiny removable outfits and plenty of attitude. Inspired by *Black Tail* magazine and Spencer's love of action figures, these bootylicious pieces have already been displayed at art galleries in California and Oregon. You can see more of these badass butts and buy them (if you like) at **BootyBabeArt.com**.

Porn From the Past



Thanks and $150 go to C. T. of Carver, Massachusetts, for this golden-age glamour gal. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.



BODY COUNT

We should all support America's troops, and the babes at Operation: Take One for the Country are *putting out* their best efforts. These patriotic gals are going to bars near military bases and banging servicemen scheduled to ship out to Iraq. Sounds great, girls, but it's going to take more than that to get us to head to Baghdad for *how many years*? To learn more about these GI groupies and to buy one of their T-shirts, visit **TakeOneForTheCountry.com**.

NEWSBITES

WHEN ELDERS GO WILD: According to school officials in Covington, Georgia, all hell broke loose after a 63-year-old teacher photographed some kids in her class. When one girl asked why her picture had been taken, the cranky schoolmarm reportedly insulted the 14-year-old's appearance. The teen is said to have responded with a slew of profanity and then hit the office-assist button. The old coot allegedly fired back by ordering two males in the class to toss the sassy gal out the window. Amazingly, the mini-thugs did so, leaving the victim with neck pain and lacerations. The vindictive teacher later resigned, while the young wise guys are reportedly auditioning for *The Sopranos*.

POLITE PEEPING TOM: A voyeur who'd been spying on a resident at an apartment complex in Mountain Home, Arkansas, reportedly left the woman an apology note, a request to peer again and a $20 bill. Other residents at the complex have also complained about similar invasions of privacy, without mention of any tip.

KIDDIE PORN: Cops in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, say a 15-year-old girl took pics of herself performing various sex acts and then sent the images to people whom she had met via Internet chat rooms. The underage cyberflasher has been charged with possession of child pornography, dissemination of child pornography and sexual abuse of children. Does that mean she sexually abused herself? We thought only dirty old men could do that; at least, that's what the nuns taught us.

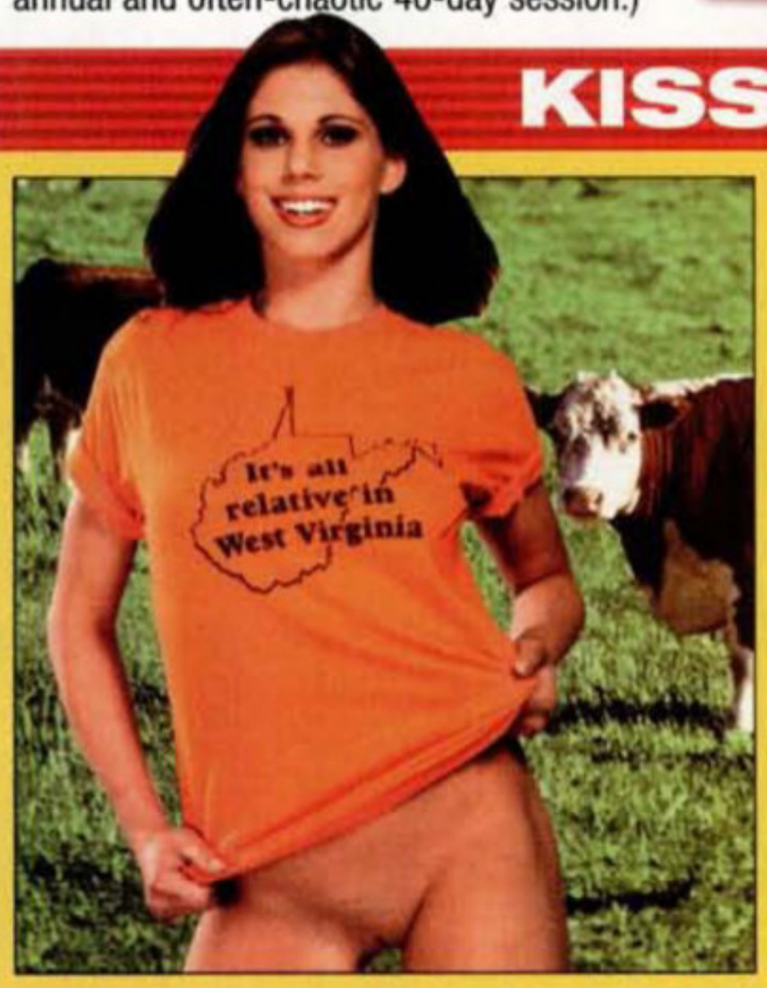
LAWN CARE: In Fredericksburg, Virginia, police were called when a 12-year-old boy was spotted raking leaves in the front yard of his house naked. When the cops arrived, they found the bare youth rake in hand and enduring high winds and 40-degree temperatures. The shivering preteen told officers that his mother was punishing him for misbehaving in school. Subsequently the misfit mom was taken into custody, charged with felony child neglect, and faces up to five years in jail—but the yard looks great!

LAW AND ORDER: Special Clitoris Unit



Sure, not everyone is crazy about pierced pussies, but Georgia legislators' narrow-minded tastes on decorative poontang almost became law. Voting unanimously, the House of Representatives decided to ban genital-piercing for consenting females (not males) of any age. Had the bill been approved by the Senate and signed by the Peach State's governor, it would have authorized prison terms from two to 20 years for any offender! The moron behind this kooky edict, Republican Bill Heath, was shocked to learn that adult women were into piercing their privates, expressing: "What? I've never seen such a thing." We're sure you haven't, Bill. That's the problem. (Postscript: The poorly written bill died in committee when the entire General Assembly concluded its annual and often-chaotic 40-day session.)

KISSIN' COUSINS



Taking time off from such issues as unemployment in his poverty-stricken realm, West Virginia Governor Bob Wise wrote a letter of outrage to hipster clothing chain Abercrombie & Fitch, demanding that this satirical T-shirt be pulled from store shelves. And that's not all. The Gov wants the offending merchandise "destroyed at once to avoid any possibility of resale," claiming that the novelty shirts depict "an unfounded, negative stereotype" of the Mountain State. Unfounded? It seems to us that Governor Wise's obsession with something so trivial is more than a little retarded.

BOB ZMUDA'S LAST GIG

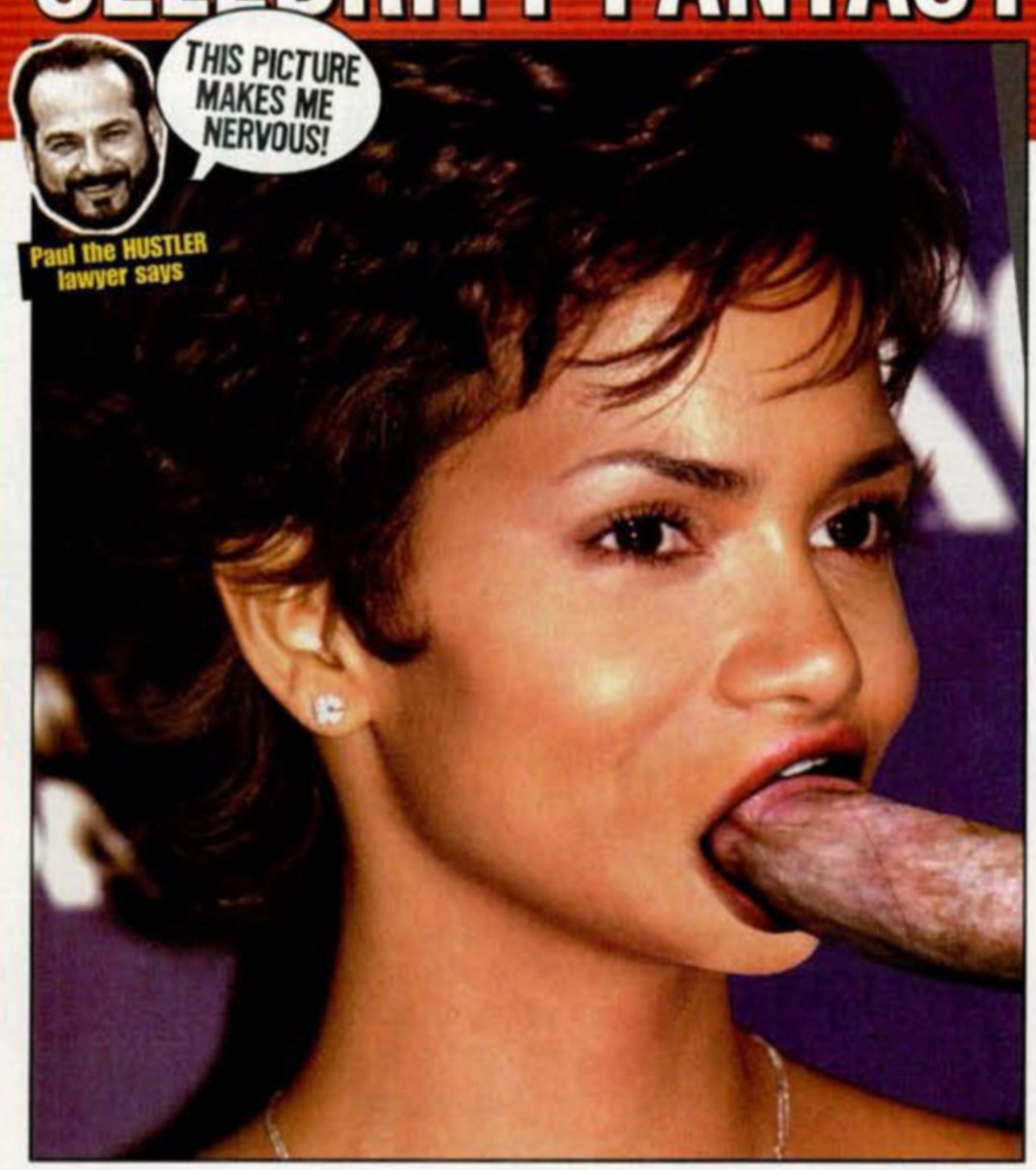


Photo by Giddle Partridge

Before he passed away, cult comedian Andy Kaufman supposedly told several friends that he intended to fake his death and surprise the world by returning 20 years later. In hopes that Andy would pull off the ultimate gag, longtime buddy Bob Zmuda organized a 20th-anniversary party in Los Angeles on May 16, 2004—exactly two decades after Kaufman's death. Unfortunately, the wacky comic was a no-show, but Zmuda made an appearance as the tasteless lounge lizard Tony Clifton (a role both pals brought to life). Also on hand were Moonlite BunnyRanch owner Dennis Hof and porn star Layla Jade, who provided a couple of surprises of her own.

"A woman drove me to drink, and I never even had the courtesy to thank her." —*W.C. FIELDS*

CELEBRITY FANTASY



What would Halle Berry look like with a dick in her mouth?

Halle Berry's new film, *Catwoman*, reeks of another Hollywood fuckup of a classic comic-book character. Gone is Catwoman's alter ego Selina Kyle; now she's Patience Philips, a graphic designer for a cosmetics company. Gone is Batman and the couple's cat-and-mouse relationship; now her love interest is a cop. *Catwoman* (and *Batman*) creator Bob Kane must be turning over in his grave. Halle should have passed on this piece of crap (as Ashley Judd and Nicole Kidman reportedly did) and opted for a *Monster's Ball* sequel titled *The Monster's Dick*.

Disclaimer: No such picture of Halle Berry exists. This is a social commentary on an actress who really fucked over Batman fans just for the almighty dollar. She should stick to playing Storm in the *X-Men* franchise.











Punk'd

This Month: *Suicide Girls*, edited by Missy Suicide

What It Is: A collection of nudie pics photographed by Missy featuring post-punk and goth chicks wearing nothing but tattoos, nipple rings and lots of angst. In keeping with the spirit of the Suicide Girls Web site, this hardcover tome includes sexy self-portraits and journals written by the women themselves.

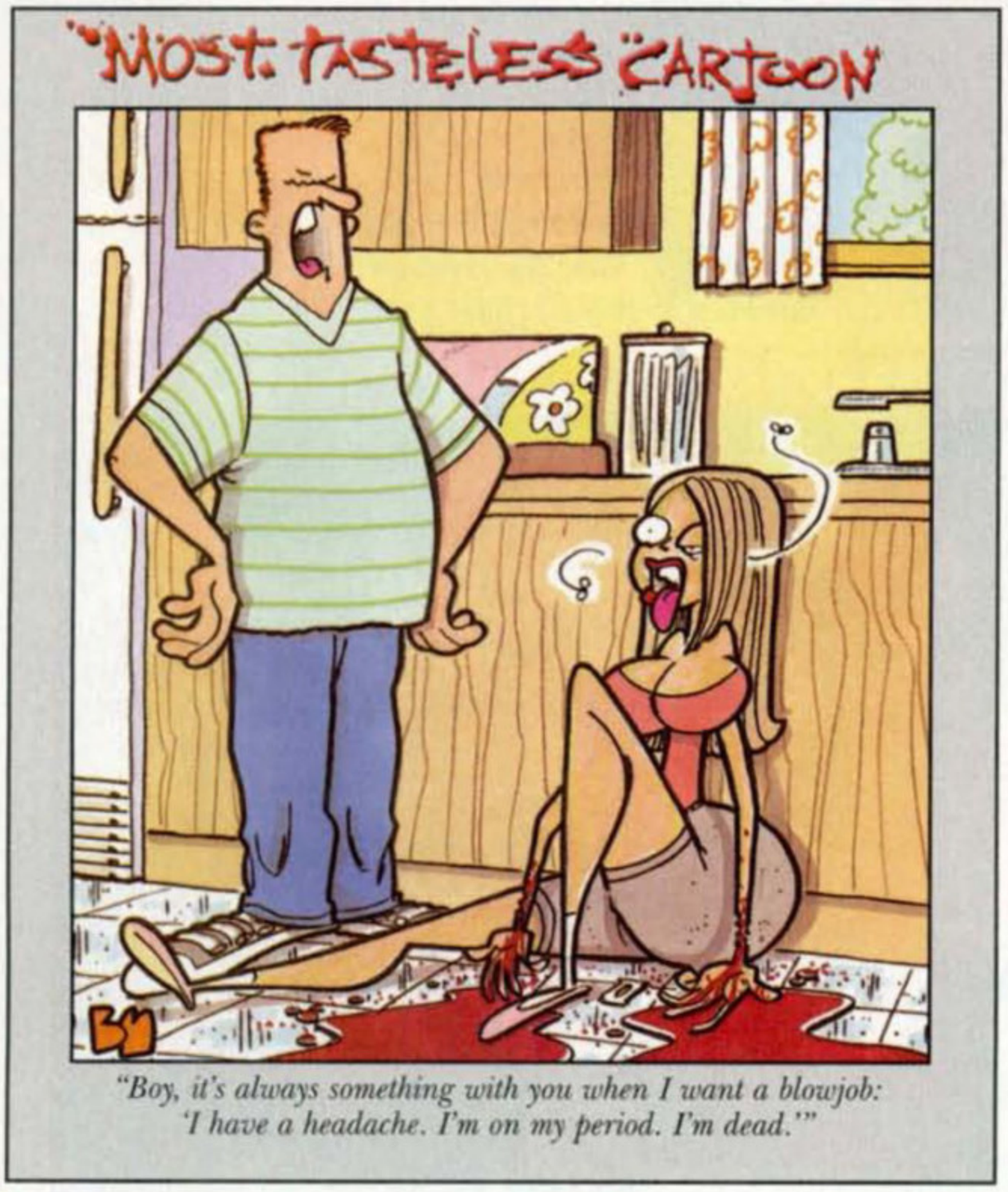
Why We Care: These are the *real* girls next door: skinny, depressed, unemployed, artsy, angry, experimental, philosophical and horny. These babes have booty and brains!

Buzz: This isn't just another coffee-table book; it's an online community. If you're into these postmodern pinups, you can chat and hook up with them at **SuicideGirls.com**.

How to Get It: *Suicide Girls* is available at bookstores and also through **FeralHouse.com**.

Bottom Line: These *grrrrl*s are to die for!

"Maybe this world is another planet's hell."
—*ALDOUS HUXLEY*



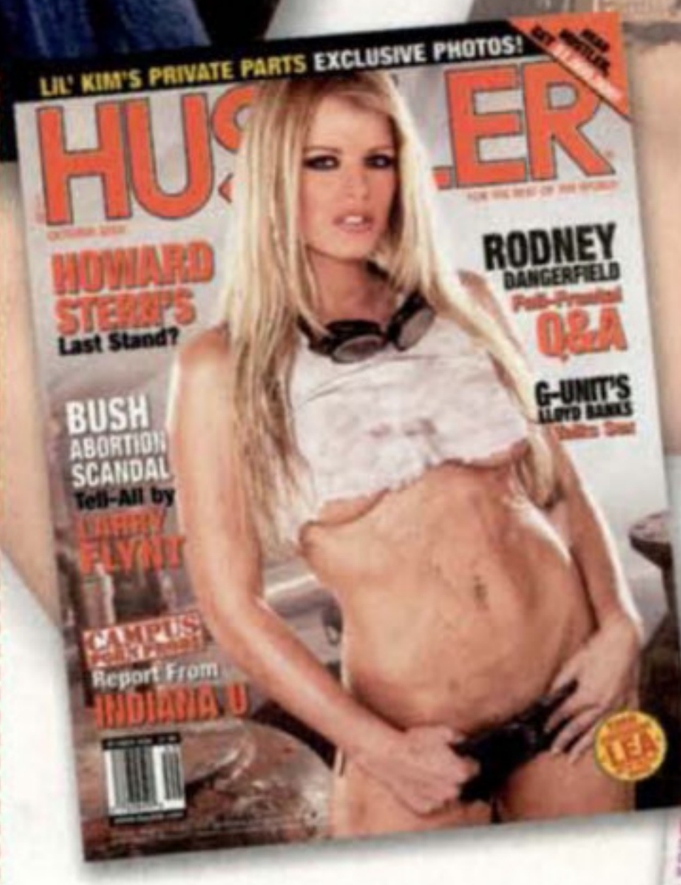
"Boy, it's always something with you when I want a blowjob: 'I have a headache. I'm on my period. I'm dead.'"

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SECRET GARDEN

LANNY BARNBY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

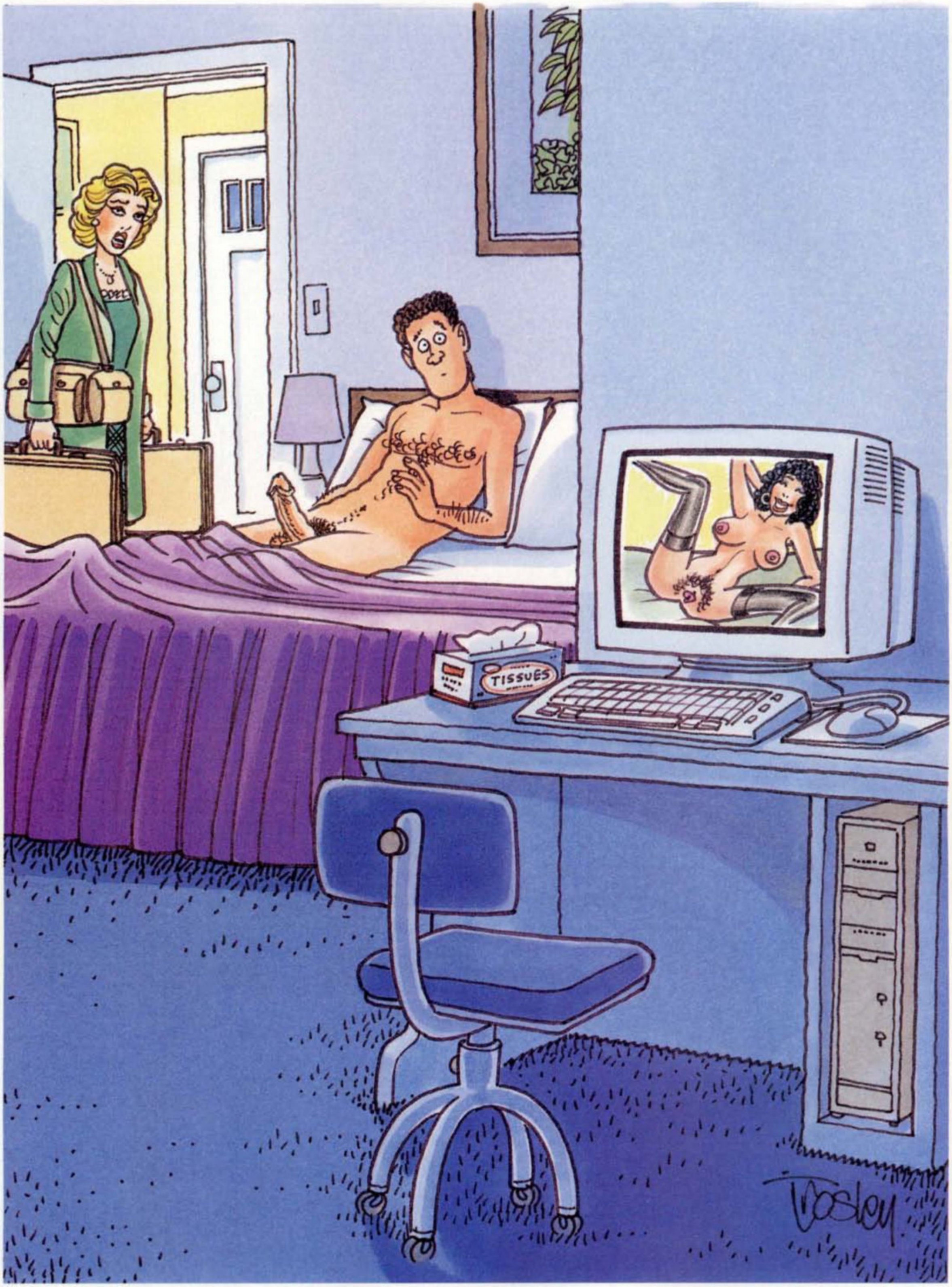
A lifelong resident of Quebec, Lanny loves everything about the Canadian province except its harsh winters. "I absolutely hate the cold," purrs the bra-busting beauty. "That's why I like vacationing in California or the Dominican Republic."

The French-Canadian Virgo, who started her X-rated career as an exotic dancer and was introduced to skin modeling by a fellow disrober, describes her parents as "very open-minded and supportive" of her decision to go into the adult biz. Although the curvy kitten still enjoys posing for nude layouts, she no longer dances at strip bars. "I'm really getting into designing clothes and interior decorating now," says the nymph from our neighbor to the north.



When asked if she's taken advantage of Canada's legalization of small amounts of pot, 22-year-old Lanny responds, "Oh, my God, no!" Too bad; another of our seduction plans has gone up in smoke.





"Not me, pal; I've outsourced our relationship to a woman overseas who will now be your companion via Web cam."

Pussy Jackpot

It wasn't my first threesome, just the best—even better than the ones I'd read about in HUSTLER. Naked as jaybirds, Val and Aggie were lapping sticky jism from each other's body. Room service was on the way up with a bottle of pricey champagne, and earlier I'd cleaned up at the craps table like you can't believe.

God, I love Las Vegas! Bright lights. Money. Liquor. Sluts. What other city can turn prim, reserved lawyers and executive assistants into outright nymphomaniacs?

I had been an unbelievably lucky guy all day; so when a slinky blonde and exotic brunette swished on up to the craps table—all curves and slinky gowns, smoking Cuban cigars and wafting perfume—I started to make a few bets for the ladies. Stupid, ballsy bets, I'll admit, but I was winning! When two hard eights in a row paid off, the three of us decided we'd better stop and celebrate with a J up in my newly comped room.

My new friends and I were at the cashier's cage when each lady grabbed one of my butt cheeks and squeezed. In the elevator on the way up to the room, they began necking. I'm sure a security camera got an eyeful of Aggie sucking on Val's breast in the hallway while the horny chicks waited for me to unlock the door. I'd fuckin' hit the jackpot! Vegas....

Once inside, the two lovelies made me sit still on the bed while they put on a little strip show for me, giggling. First they made me promise not to touch myself, and for some reason that made it hotter, feeling my pecker throb and pulse against my pants. God, they were sexy!

Fair-haired Val enjoyed being submissive, while Aggie got off on attacking her friend's boob. The tawny fox damn near fit the entire ta-ta in her mouth, and her cheeks hollowed in suction. The brunette's fingers moved down to Val's smooth-shaved snizz and spread those fat labes till I could see pink glistening with pussy juice. For a few lingering moments an index finger drew circles around the blonde's asshole, then disappeared inside. Val shuddered and bit her lip.

Fuck this watching/no-touching bullshit! I couldn't stand it. So I got up and literally showered the girls in $50 bills. I had 16 grand in a thick stack of brand-new fifties. They went crazy, squealing and rolling their naked bodies in the money. They pulled me down with them and had me bare-assed in a minute flat.

You ever feel two tongues on your fuckstick—licking, lapping, poking into your piss slit? Ever get your dick swallowed and your nuts sucked at the same time? I did. Then I lunged my boner into Val's tight pussy, with Aggie behind me, rimming my asshole. While Val's cunt muscles clutched my crown, Aggie's talented tongue swirled round and round my browneye.

When I told them I was ready to come, I withdrew, and the hotties moved in front of me. Val and Aggie started necking again, and soon *they* hit the jackpot. All I could do after my eruption was watch them lick my sticky jism off their bodies.

When the champagne arrived, the girls danced around for the attendant and gave him a nice tip while I hid in the john. As soon as he split, I drizzled bubbly into Aggie's hairy pussy and took turns with Val slurping it back up. I poured it over both their clits, and, giggling, they told me it tickled.

Christ, it wasn't ten minutes before I was hard again. This time I was hoping like hell for some anal. Val or Aggie, didn't matter to me which one. They both clearly loved fucking. Somehow I managed to do both, 'cause when I started dicking Aggie's tight rectum, Val got a little jealous. So she moved onto the bed beside her best friend. Picture both girls on their hands and knees, glorious fuckin' asses high in the air—two incredible, puckered, pink-brown targets.

I long-dicked each tight shit-chute, my nut sac slapping a pair of firm butt cheeks. As if my deep thrusts weren't enough, Val and Aggie kissed and pinched each other's nipples while fingering their own pussies and clits. Meanwhile, moving from one sweet bottom to the other, I didn't know life could be so good.

When I climaxed, it was another monumental explosion. I pulled out of Val's pooper and sprayed long lines of semen over four gorgeous, round ass globes. Then one last time I watched the luscious floozies lap up my jizz from each other's bod.

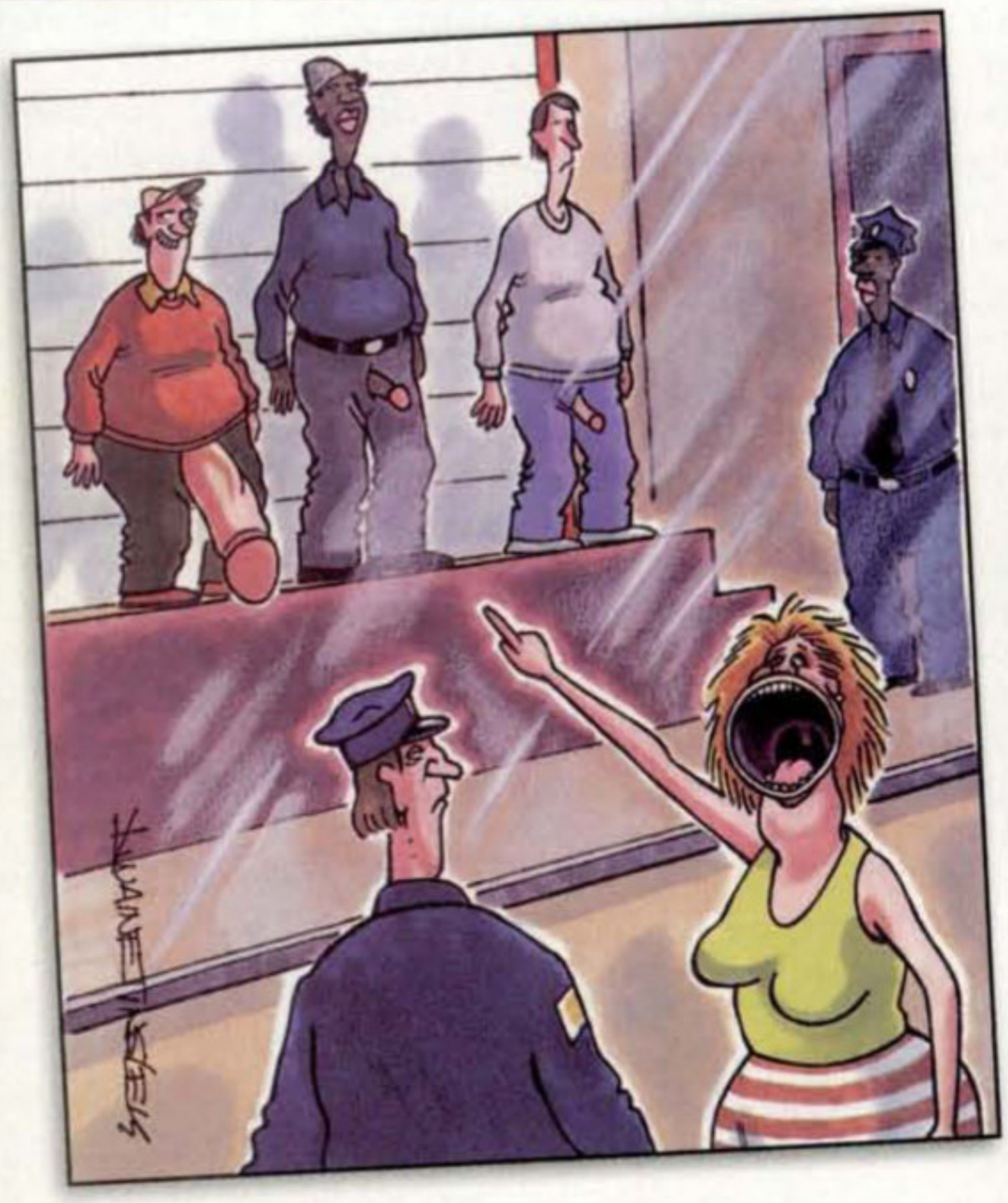
I fell asleep, and when I woke up, Val and Aggie had hightailed it. Surprisingly I still had all of my money! Of course, I should have quit while I was ahead. The next evening, Lady Luck spat on me at the same damn table that had been so kind 24 hours earlier. I ended up losing most of the 16 grand. Still, there's nothing like Las Vegas.

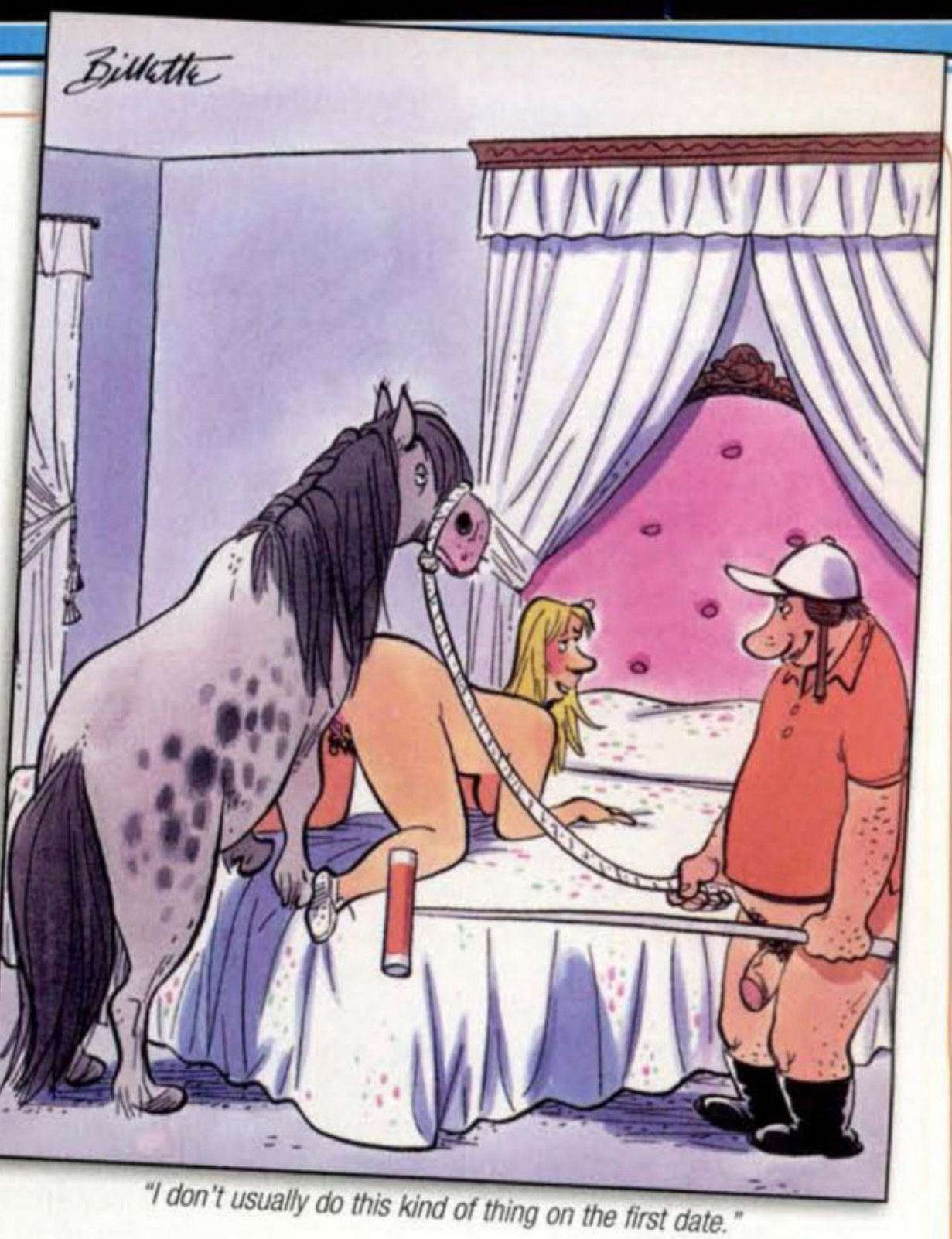
-M.N.
Long Beach, California

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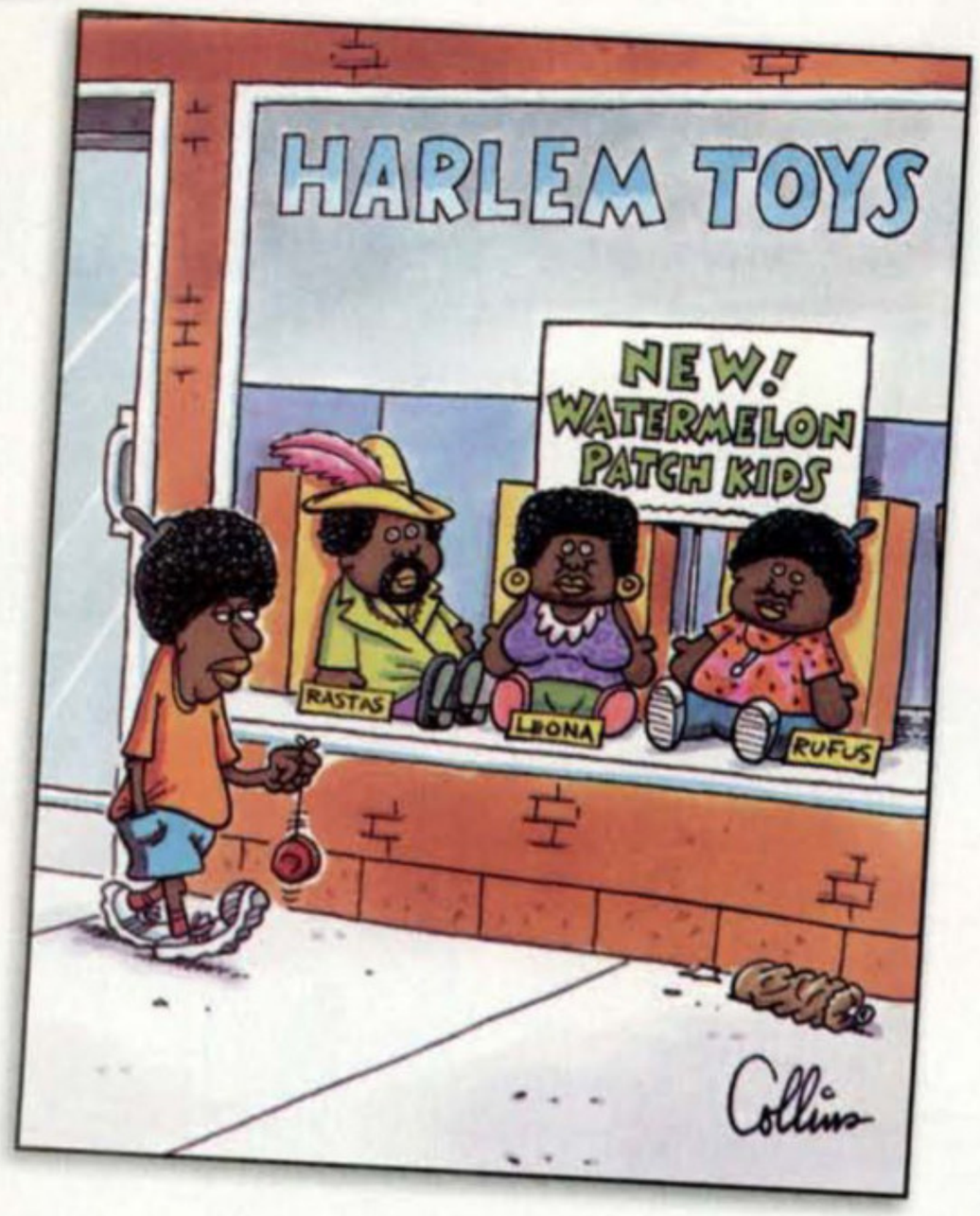


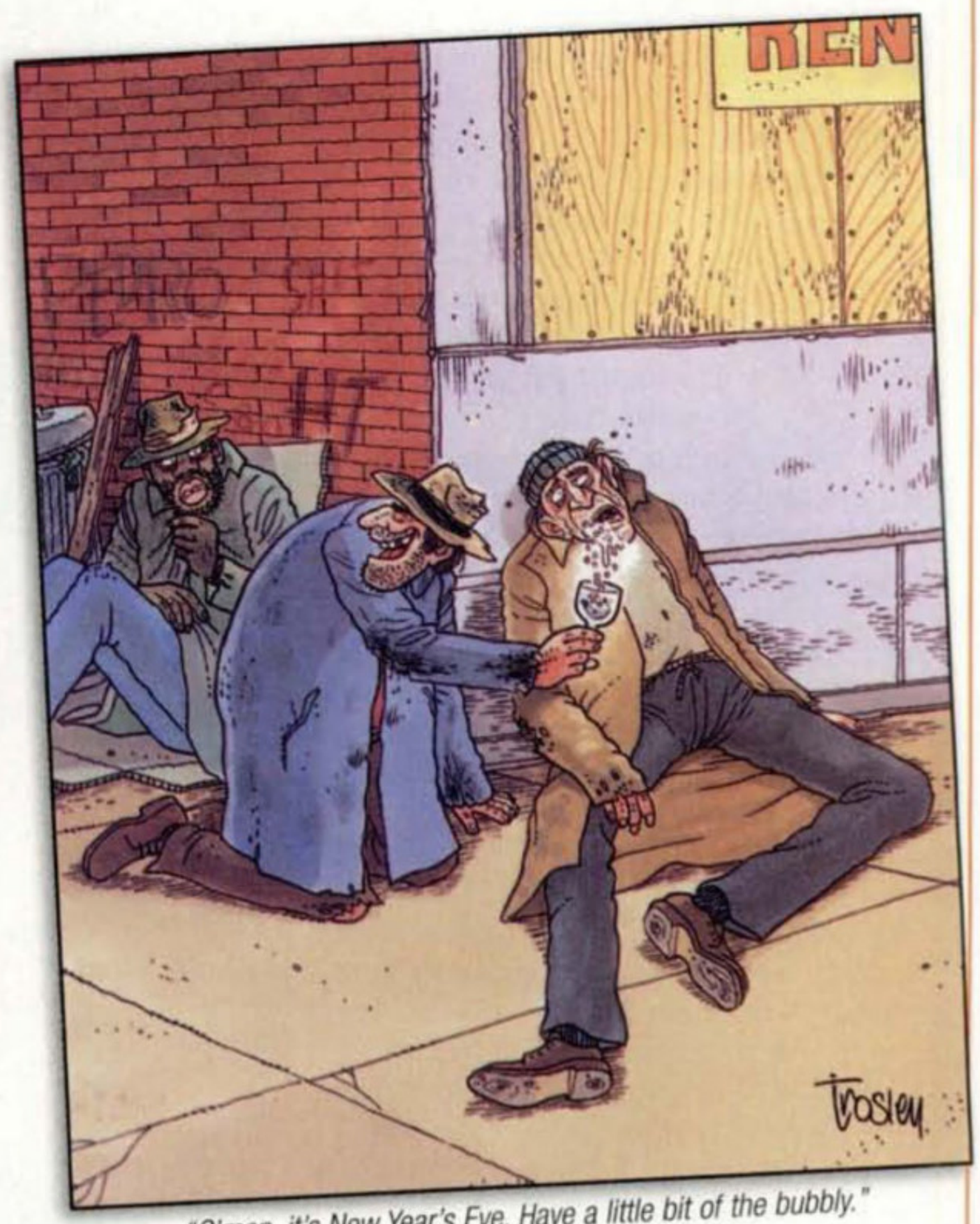
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"I don't usually do this kind of thing on the first date."





"C'mon, it's New Year's Eve. Have a little bit of the bubbly."

Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.



Give Her A Cum-Drenching THE ULTIMATE FUCK She'll Never Forget!

Learning "The Ropes". . .

The letters keep pouring in, written by women of all ages, about a supplement that has made their sex lives explosive (literally). I'd like to share one, from a loyal reader...



Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always been able to satisfy me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of come. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his superhuman load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that mind-blowing night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day and night. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend about a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I do know all about what your last boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and more sensitized using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences in men by strengthening the prostate gland, an added bonus of using Serogen—from a woman's perspective—is that these powerful, added contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, simultaneous female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually common European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these rope-like sensations during male orgasm.

As far as finding this enhancement in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. If interested in purchasing Serogen, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.somalab.net.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann

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CHEAP THRILLS IN BRAZIL

THE LOWDOWN ON RIO'S DREAMY RENT-A-DATES

The hookers of Latin America's most rollicking city are not only breathtaking and passionate, but also surprisingly inexpensive. ★ GONZO TRAVELOGUE BY JOE DIAMOND

Forget that giant statue of Jesus welcoming you to Rio de Janeiro. Considering all that's happening below, it's a wonder the Vatican hasn't ordered the mountaintop monstrosity airlifted to a saintlier locale, like Las Vegas. Actually a monument to Heidi Fleiss, the Hollywood Madam, would better symbolize what awaits you at the Brazilian metropolis.

From its topless beaches to its business district, Rio is one huge brothel. And we're not talking skanky crack whores. Yours for the taking are gorgeous *garotas de programa*. (In Portuguese, the country's official language, that's lingo for prostitutes.) For years my friend Ian had been going down there and annoying me with tales of how the whores treated him like a king. "Of course, they do," I'd remind him. "You're paying them!" Despite my misgivings, he kept pushing me to go, but I wasn't into spending money for pussy—let alone flying ten hours to get some.

As a true-blue New Yorker, I'd viewed prostitutes as being either diseased streetwalkers who couldn't pay me to fuck them, or fantasy-caliber call girls way beyond my means. Ian always insisted that Rio had the perfect mix—dreamgirls at an affordable price.

It's February, and I want to escape another seemingly endless Northeast winter; so I decide to see if my buddy isn't full of crap.

HOOKERS IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING: My first night, Ian takes me to Rio's most notorious nightspot, Help Discoteca (or as locals pronounce it, Helpee), opposite Copacabana Beach. With its enormous dance floor and overhanging balcony, Help reminds me of Webster Hall back home. Of more significance, on any given night upwards of 90% of the females frequenting the joint are "available" for a price.

I'm amazed at how normal they look. Hot, yes, but dressed like young women one would find in any nightclub around the world. Only when they start talking business does their nefarious (but legal down here) profession become clear. I soon leave and wander through a sidewalk café called Terraco Atlantico. It's also teeming with *garotas*. "Hey, baby," one murmurs in a distinctive accent as she and her sidekicks grab my crotch. "Where you going?"

Antoinette is more subtle. She smiles briefly, hazel eyes illuminating a pretty face. I sit with her, but only to chat. If she solicits me, I'm gone. I definitely want sex, but I want to earn it on my own merits.

Getting tongued by two babes, a potbellied, Hair Club for Men-type waddles by. At the neighboring table a muscular American tells his friends he did one of these girls last night. His pals high-five him. Now I'm thinking, *Maybe "doing business" here isn't such a bad idea.* Everyone's into it, from the schlubs to the studs. Perhaps Rio is a Disney World for adults: You pay admission, but it could be the ride of your life.

Antoinette, who speaks decent English, sparkles in conversation. The more we talk, the hornier I get. With sandy hair and olive skin, she looks Italian. (*Cariocas*, what the locals call themselves, come in all types, from Penelope Cruz-caliber to Naomi Campbell clones.)

Yet Antoinette keeps her distance physically. I

wonder if she's not for hire. Reluctantly I ask if she's a working girl. "Me?" she coos. "Of course!" The twentysomething is also a dance instructor and hairstylist, but in Brazil these traditional jobs pay peanuts.

We keep talking, but as I avoid propositioning her, she becomes more touchy-feely. I'm so hard, I'm in pain. Finally I ask her how much for a night. She says we can discuss money later. Antoinette is exceptional in this regard. Most *garotas* talk price upfront, typically "200 American," and you have to negotiate them down. (Tip: Laugh politely and counteroffer $40. Most hookers ultimately agree on something between $60 and $100.)

Up in my hotel room Antoinette takes off her blouse to reveal a flat tummy and beautiful tits. They're not huge, but perky as hell, especially when she's bouncing up and down on me. It's the best sex I've ever had—or close to it—and she spends the night!

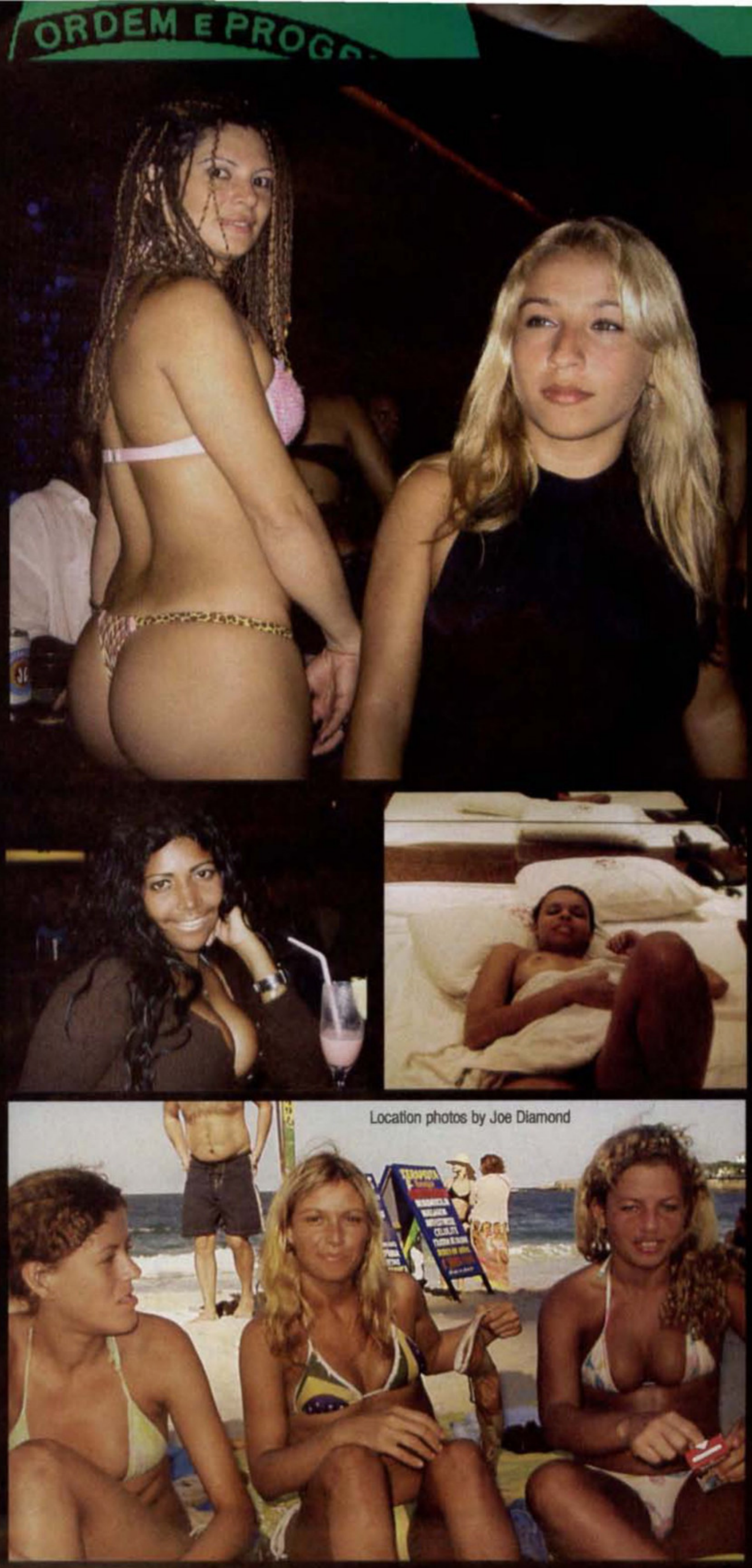
In the morning I offer 180 *reals* for her incredible services, just under $60 at the exchange rate. I'll gladly dish out more if she asks, but Antoinette is amenable. My first Rio dreamgirl costs about as much as a "real" date back home.

YMCA? NO, A WHOREHOUSE: Rio's most unique sexual attraction might be its *termas*—horndog hybrids of strip clubs, health spas and whorehouses. The classiest *termas* offer a variety of stunning women and immaculate private rooms (*cabines*). Some are in the unlikeliest places. L'Uomo, for example, is in a shopping mall. Another, Monte Carlo, faces a large church. This *terma* markets itself like mainstream ventures do in the States, selling souvenir T-shirts in its lobby. Even the sheets and pillows are imprinted with the Monte Carlo logo.

The first *terma* I hit is Quatro Por Quatro in Centro, Rio's historic and financial district. Most operate similarly: You check in at reception, where various services, time limits and prices are explained to you. (You choose a girl or girls later and pay upon leaving.) You're then handed a wristband key and assigned a locker, where you change into a white robe and sandals. Now you can sauna or shower, get a massage (which is only a rub, by the way), or dive into the action in the disco.

I head straight there, where I find a parade of smoking-hot *cariocas* mingling, drinking and gyrating. I'm too self-conscious to relax; so I hit the bar, show my wristband (the establishment's billing mechanism) and suck down some beers. Two girls pitch me on a threesome. I'm aroused, but I want to explore the dazzling terrain before I commit to anything.

After excusing myself to take a leak, I'm mesmerized by a girl near the dance floor. Juliana has long blond hair and a face that radiates innocence, which plays hypnotically off her slutty red thong and tattoos. She approaches me, and we immediately caress. Next we go to a couch, where she kisses me passionately. We're in no rush.



Location photos by Joe Diamond

Maybe 90 minutes pass before Juliana leads me to a *cabine*.

After having sex, we hang out another few hours in the bar. At closing time she gives me her number. Two days later we spend the day in my hotel room. Juliana says repeatedly that she loves me. (The babe also loves milk shakes, and I must say there's nothing like watching a beautiful 23-year-old slurp with delight.) I believe her, or at least accept that she thinks she loves me. I'm not in love with the chick, but I'm as smitten as a pimply-faced kid over Britney Spears.

Guys who've been to Rio talk about the "girlfriend experience," where you connect with a *garota* and date in the traditional sense. There's usually something tangible in it for her—gifts, nice meals and, yes, cold cash—but isn't that the case with most women on this planet?

All Juliana wants is $15 to cover what she'll be docked by the *terma* for playing hooky. The luscious Brazilian even refuses cab fare home.

SECOND HELPINGS: I have such a great time, I return to Rio in August and head straight to Juliana, who's still working at Quatro Por Quatro. Swamped with financial problems, she's joyless. I'm also strapped, and I can't do much for her long-term situation. We take a *cabine*, but the spark's gone. Afterward we swap phone numbers, but I know that neither of us will ever call. It's okay. In Portuguese, Rio is *Cidade de Meus Sonhos* (City of My Dreams), and I've still got fantasies galore yet to explore.

Daniela is a mocha-skinned beauty with jet-black hair who looks as if she materialized from the mist of the Amazon rain forest. I "discover" her at Meia Pataca, a sidewalk cafe near Help. We have a drink. Wearing a blouse that shows ample cleavage, she's ferocious as a jaguar. Within minutes Daniela is pushing her massive breasts together, asking, "So, you like my tits?"

"I like them very much," I try to say casually, struggling not to stare. She yanks my head to her prominent chest. How retarded I must look. Anyway I'm hooked, and only an hour or two isn't going to cut it. I want to wear myself out fucking the hussy, fall asleep on her pillowy bazooms and bang her again in the morning.

We negotiate a price. Since my current hotel forbids "visitors" after 5 a.m., I suggest Vips, a motel in Ipanema without such rules. Daniela insists on her place. Even with a seemingly timid girl, it's natural to fear leaving one's home base with a stranger. The whore has a dangerous air about her, which makes me all the more concerned about letting her pick our love nest. We argue. The deal's off. I tell her that there are plenty of *garotas* who won't give me a hard time. But she finally softens up, and we taxi to Vips.

At the motel Daniela demands payment upfront. It's another red flag. Usually *garotas* fuck first, collect later. I offer, "Half now; half when we leave." She bitches a moment before accepting. During the ensuing activities I experience the upside of her intensity. That same fire blazes in her loins. I now know what it's like to be devoured by a volcano. She's well worth the high maintenance.

Then comes another flag. As I emerge from the bathroom, Daniela is getting dressed. When I ask, "What's up?" she tosses back some crap. "I thought we were going out to eat."

"Why bother?" I snap. "There's room service."

"Oh," the hustler says, as if she doesn't know that's an option. Meanwhile she's making for the door. Still dazed from the sex, I don't know what the chick is up to. She's gone a good 15 seconds before I check inside my shoe, my brilliant hiding spot for the other half of her money. The only thing left is lint.

I'm pissed. Daniela has taken me for a ride. A great ride, yes, but she'd agreed to spend the whole night. I run after her in just my underwear. She's in the parking lot, hailing a cab. In Portuguese I yell, "Thief! Stop her!" Some hotel porters just scratch their heads, and she's gone.

Later I see the she-devil at Terraco Atlantico, working a table of Americans. I'm out for blood, but I don't want to create a scene riling her up. Her English is passable; so I try to warn her new companions in phrases she hopefully won't understand: "Watch your assets, guys! There's a shark in your midst!" Soon the tourists chase her away.

It's only 3 a.m., and I hook up with Gabriella, another dark-skinned cutie—but with none of Daniela's malice. We head to Vips and do the deed. In the morning Gabriella asks me to teach her some come-ons she can use on my fellow Americans. We start with, "Come here, baby. I want to sex you up." We practice, but she can't say it without cracking up. Even that's a turn-on, and we end up screwing again.

LESBIAN SEND-OFF: Brazil is home to plenty of expatriate Americans, some of whom are living unbelievable lives. Jack runs LiveB4UDie.com, a Web site dedicated to helping middle-aged Americans experience Rio's "natural beauty" just as he does. Constantly.

My last night down there, Jack invites me to watch two of his exhibitionist girlfriends get it on. There's Jessie, a gorgeous, sultry blonde with Elizabeth Hurley eyes, and her brunet lover, Gina. As the girls finish up, Jack whispers, "Jessie wants you."

"What's her price?" I ask. He mouths, "Nada." Jessie pulls me into bed as Jack and Gina head for the foldout couch in the den. I can't believe a red-hot lesbian is giving me a freebie. What a great going-away present. I'll have to wave to that giant Jesus as my plane takes off.

* * *

Writer Joe Diamond has been published in the New York Post, TV Guide, the New York Daily News, Newsday and Intellectual Capital, and has appeared on MSNBC, CNN, the Fox News Channel and the BBC.



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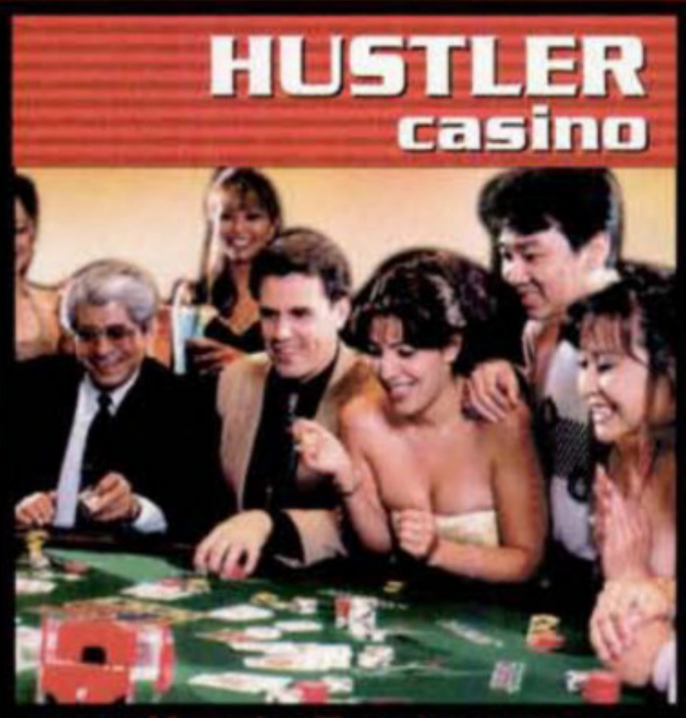


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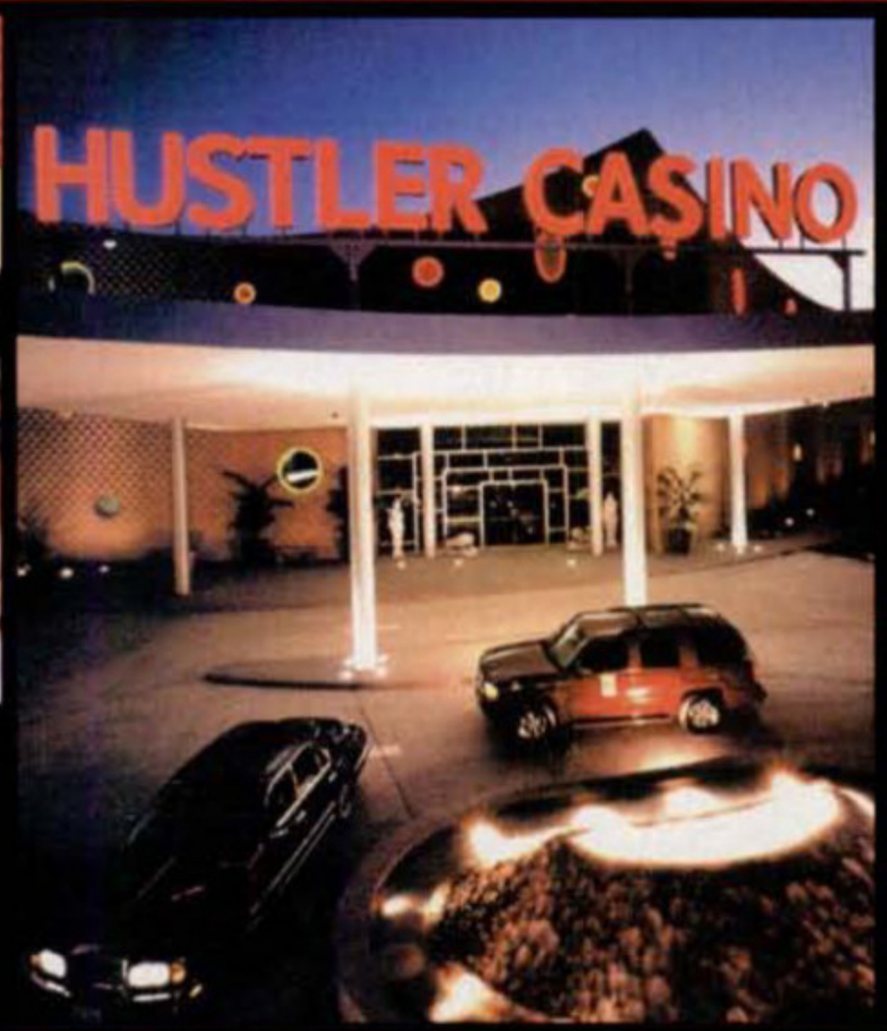




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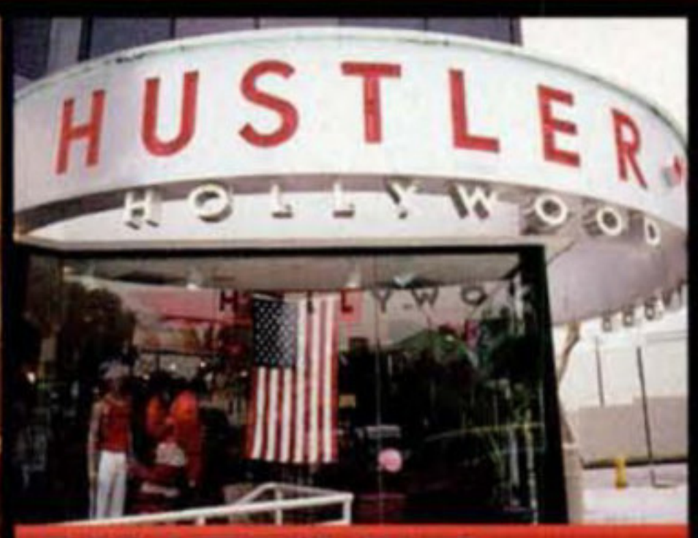
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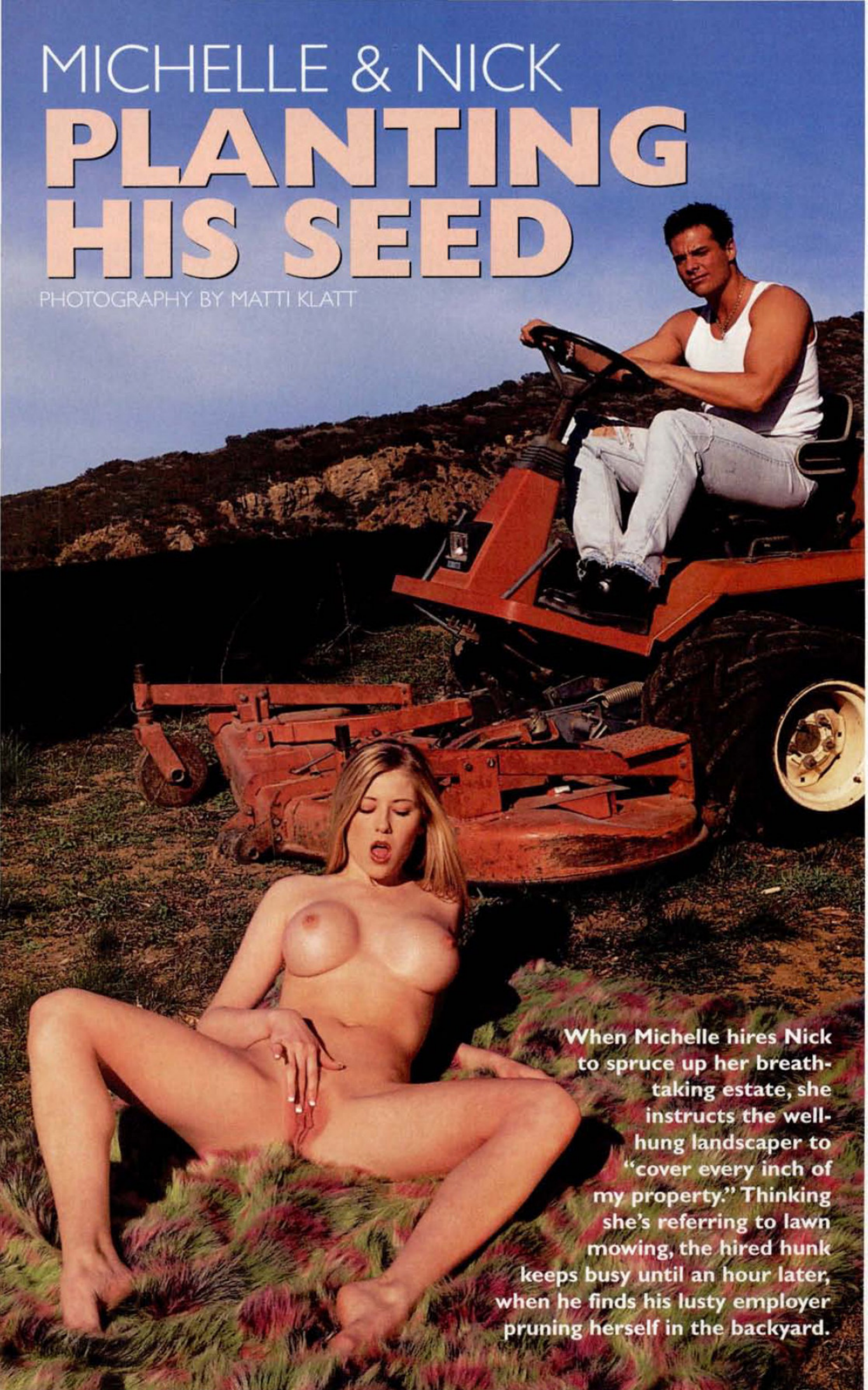
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT





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PRESIDENTS FOR $ALE

THE BUSH FAMILY'S KINSHIP WITH THE SAUDI MONARCHY

★ INTERVIEW BY **BRUCE DAVID AND DAN KAPELOVITZ**

In his book House of Bush, House of Saud, investigative reporter Craig Unger explains the clandestine bond between the Bush clan and Saudi Arabia's royal family. Acclaimed for his Bush exposés in such publications as The New Yorker, Esquire and Vanity Fair, the current-affairs expert is also featured in Michael Moore's hard-hitting film Fahrenheit 9/11.

HUSTLER: How did you first become involved in investigating the Bush-Saudi connection?

CRAIG UNGER: For almost all Americans, 9/11 seemed to come out of the blue, but actually it didn't. There was a history. I decided to look at the relationship between the two most powerful families in the world: the Bushes and the royal House of Saud, which is the richest family in history (with a quarter of the planet's oil resources).

In many ways the story begins in 1974. At the time, Salem bin Laden—one of Osama's older brothers—was head of the Saudi Binladin Group, which is an enormous construction company worth several billion dollars. Another billionaire was Khalid bin Mahfouz, who was to become the most powerful and richest banker in Saudi Arabia. He was effectively the banker for the royal House of Saud. The Saudis began to invest enormous sums of money in the United States, more than $800 billion over the next 20 years.



CRAIG UNGER

How did bin Laden and bin Mahfouz get tied to the Bushes?

When Salem bin Laden and Khalid bin Mahfouz came to Houston, their point man was a guy named James R. Bath. Bath is a very interesting and, in some ways, mysterious guy, who is said to have had CIA links. He was in the Texas Air National Guard with George W. Bush. He became friendly with Bush and his father, who had been head of the CIA. He became friendly with James Baker, and with John Connally, who was a Texas governor and later became Secretary of the Treasury.

Bath was very politically wired. He got a call from Saudi Arabia; it was Salem bin Laden, and that's how the relations started. Salem bin Laden and bin Mahfouz came over to Houston, bought property and started setting up small companies. Some were in the Cayman Islands; some seemed a bit mysterious. Bath maintained his relationship with George W. Bush and Bush Sr. as well.

In 1980 and '81 bin Mahfouz developed a 75-story skyscraper in Houston for the Texas Commerce Bank, which was started by James Baker's family. At the time, this was the beginning of the Reagan-Bush era. Bush was becoming Vice President, and Baker was chief of staff to President Reagan and had been Bush's campaign manager; so the Saudis had access by then. By the start of the Reagan-Bush era, and immediately after that, this huge amount of weapons began to be sold from the U.S. to Saudi Arabia, $200 billion worth.

Was bin Mahfouz involved in the Bank of Credit and Commerce International scandal?

Yes, the BCCI was the most corrupt financial institution of all time. Banks used to give away toaster ovens to attract customers; BCCI used hookers. There was drug money involved. The CIA would fund their covert operations through BCCI. Gangsters would use it. It was funding operations for Osama bin Laden and the mujahideen in the Afghanistan war [against the Soviets]; so you had all these elements tied together. In the '80s bin Mahfouz became its largest shareholder. In the meantime young George W. Bush was involved with yet another failing oil company [after Arbusto] called Harken Energy. Harken was drilling one dry well after another; it was loaded with debt; yet, suddenly, a series of wonderful things began to happen to it.

The Saudis bailed Bush out?

Yes, and each bailout was linked to BCCI and bin Mahfouz in one way or another. You have to ask yourself, "Why would Saudis, with all the oil in the world, travel halfway around the globe to invest in a failing oil company?" Now it could just be a coincidence that all these investments took place. On the other hand, the one thing that Harken had going for it was that George W. Bush was on the board of directors, and his father was President of the United States. So it's reasonable to speculate that they were looking for political influence, and this was the way they began to curry favor with power.

How did this work?

The relationship with the Saudis went something like this: We'll get all this oil from Saudi Arabia, and they will buy enormous amounts of weapons, but we won't look into what's really going on in their internal affairs. What was going on is this: Saudi Arabia is an Islamic theocracy, and the state religion is Wahhabi Islam. It's an extremely puritanical form of Islam; and in its most militant form you end up with Osama bin Laden.

So there were undercurrents working against U.S. interests?

Right. Initially they were working *for* us because bin Laden and al Qaeda were fighting the Soviets in Afghanistan, but all of that changed [in 1991] during the Gulf War. The real turning point was when Iraq and Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, and the Bush Administration went to Saudi Arabia and said, "We want to station American troops here." Bush and Prince Bandar [Saudi Arabia's Ambassador to the United States] got the King to agree. At the same time, Osama bin Laden went to the royal House of Saud and said, "You cannot allow infidel American troops on our sacred soil. Let me and my guys go fight Saddam Hussein." The royal family just laughed at him. American troops came in and stayed there. That was considered a real sacrilege. At that moment, Osama began to formulate his jihad against the U.S. and against the royal House of Saud as well.

How much money have the Bushes received from the Saudis?

When you add it all together, what you end up with is $1.4 billion, which went from the House of Saud (in contracts and investments) to companies in which the Bushes, their families and their allies have had a major role.

Are the Bushes willing to sell out America for the sake of their own personal profit?

I think they see themselves as people who are helping manage a global economy. Essentially you have an administration that largely consists of oilmen. [George W.] Bush is an oil executive. His father was an oil executive. [Vice President Dick] Cheney too. Condi Rice is on the board of Chevron and had a tanker named after her. James Baker is still a main partner in the most powerful oil-energy law firm in the world [Baker Botts]. It's not like they just do contracts for oil companies. They help map out huge strategic initiatives.

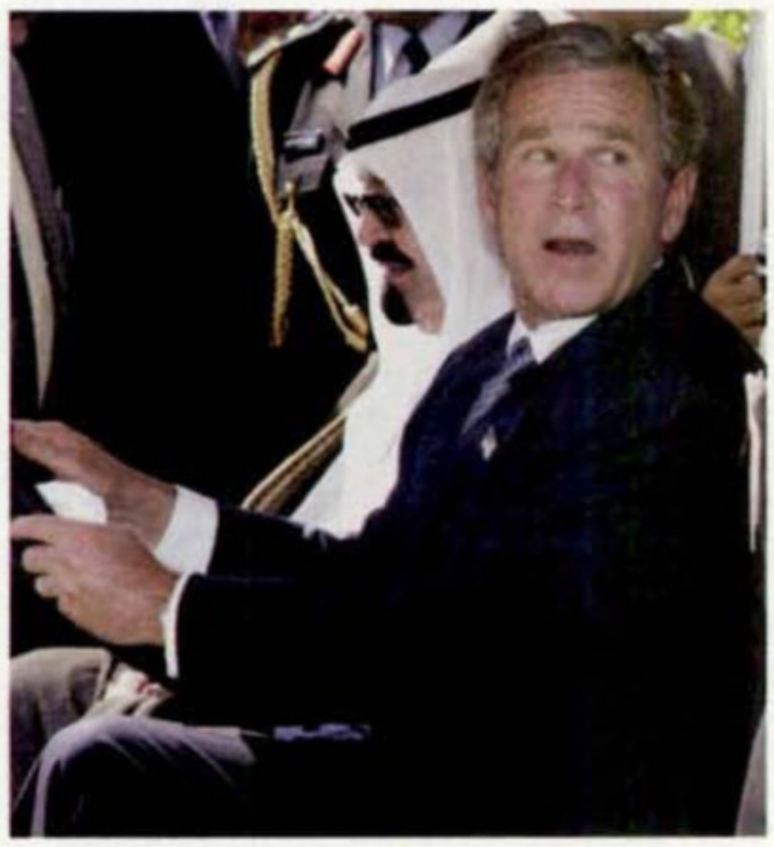
There are profits to be made by those who don't have our interests at heart?

Not only that, but there's also a big piece of logic that's been missing in the American conversation, and that's this: Without the Saudis you don't have 9/11. If you look at the funding of the terrorists, of al Qaeda and of the infrastructure, the Saudis play a huge role. Osama bin Laden is Saudi. Fifteen out of 19 hijackers were Saudi. Many of the [al Qaeda] charities are Saudi-funded. The great Saudi merchant elite and members of the royal House of Saud have made contributions to these charities for many years. The Saudis have been terribly uncooperative when Washington has tried to figure out how all the charities are funded. That's one piece of logic.

Number two, the Bushes have effectively been in bed with the Saudis for more than 20 years. That $1.4 billion is a lot of money. I'm not alleging any conspiracy. It's business, and one rule of business is that you don't bite the hand that feeds you. What I'm saying is, the Bushes have not been asking the tough questions of the Saudis in terms of that country's role in enabling the rise of terrorism.

The bottom line is, the Bushes don't want to harm this profitable relationship.

They've always turned a blind eye. They've viewed the Saudis as friends, colleagues, business associates, clients—and when you're doing business like that, you have to ask, "What have the Saudis gotten out of it?" For that, I look at the days immediately after 9/11. Two days after



9/11, American skies were locked down. No one could fly. I found a man in Seattle who was desperately awaiting a heart transplant. The organ was to be flown in, but the plane transporting it was forced down by American military aircraft.

Bill Clinton couldn't fly. Al Gore couldn't fly. FBI counterterrorism agents couldn't fly. But some people could fly, namely Saudis.

I found a flight that left Tampa, Florida, for Lexington [Kentucky] early in the afternoon of September 13. This was at a time when all private aircraft were still grounded. I talked to two people on the record who had been onboard that flight, whose passengers included a number of Saudis. It was the first of eight airplanes I was able to find that stopped in 12 American cities, picking up about 140 people—most of them Saudis, many of them members of the Saudi royal family. About 24 of the evacuees were members of the bin Laden family.

Wouldn't the order allowing the Saudis to fly have to have come from the White House?

It absolutely needed White House approval. There's no question of that. Someone did confirm that conversations on authorizing these flights had taken place: [former terrorism advisor and now Bush critic] Richard Clarke, whom I interviewed. That was the first time there was any corroboration that the White House had authorized these flights. When I asked the White House for comment, it insisted that these flights had not taken place. I not only talked to people on the record who were on the flights, I got photos of the interior of the planes, and I talked to FBI agents who identified the passengers, though they did not interrogate them.

Recently [Secretary of State] Colin Powell was asked about it on *Meet the Press*. He said, "We may have orchestrated something. I don't know the details." Dick Cheney said he didn't know anything about it. Bush has never commented on it, and I don't know that he's ever been asked directly.

Tell us about Prince Ahmed bin Salman.

I was able to obtain passenger lists for four of these flights. Probably the most interesting name I found was Prince Ahmed bin Salman. Another Saudi billionaire, he was best known in this country in horse-racing circles and was the owner of the 2002 Kentucky Derby winner, War Emblem. Prince Ahmed allegedly had ties to al Qaeda and allegedly had advance knowledge of 9/11.

All this came to light in March 2002 when Abu Zubaydah, a fairly high-level al Qaeda operative, was captured in Pakistan. He was later interrogated by CIA agents and said that the royal family of Saudi Arabia was in fairly close contact with al Qaeda and that one way to check it out was to talk to Prince Ahmed. Zubaydah reeled off Prince Ahmed's phone numbers by memory.

When the CIA obtained this information after interrogating Zubaydah, it went to Saudi intelligence to get corroboration and to see what the Saudis would say about it. The Saudis denied that this could possibly be true. Not long afterward Prince Ahmed returned to Saudi Arabia and died mysteriously of a heart attack at age 43. His wasn't the only baffling death, by the way. Zubaydah had named three other people, and they all ended up dead under rather mysterious circumstances.

You've mentioned that those allowed to fly soon after 9/11 included close relatives of Osama bin Laden.

Right. It's been widely reported of the bin Laden family that "Oh, Osama was a black sheep; the rest of them are wonderful people." It's much more complicated than that. There have been other members of the bin Laden family who have had close ties to militant Islam. A fellow named Mahrous bin Laden, an older brother of Osama, was an important figure in what was known as the Mecca Affair in 1979, when Muslim Brotherhood members attacked the Grand Mosque in Mecca. Hundreds of people were killed, and more than 60 people charged with the takeover were later beheaded.

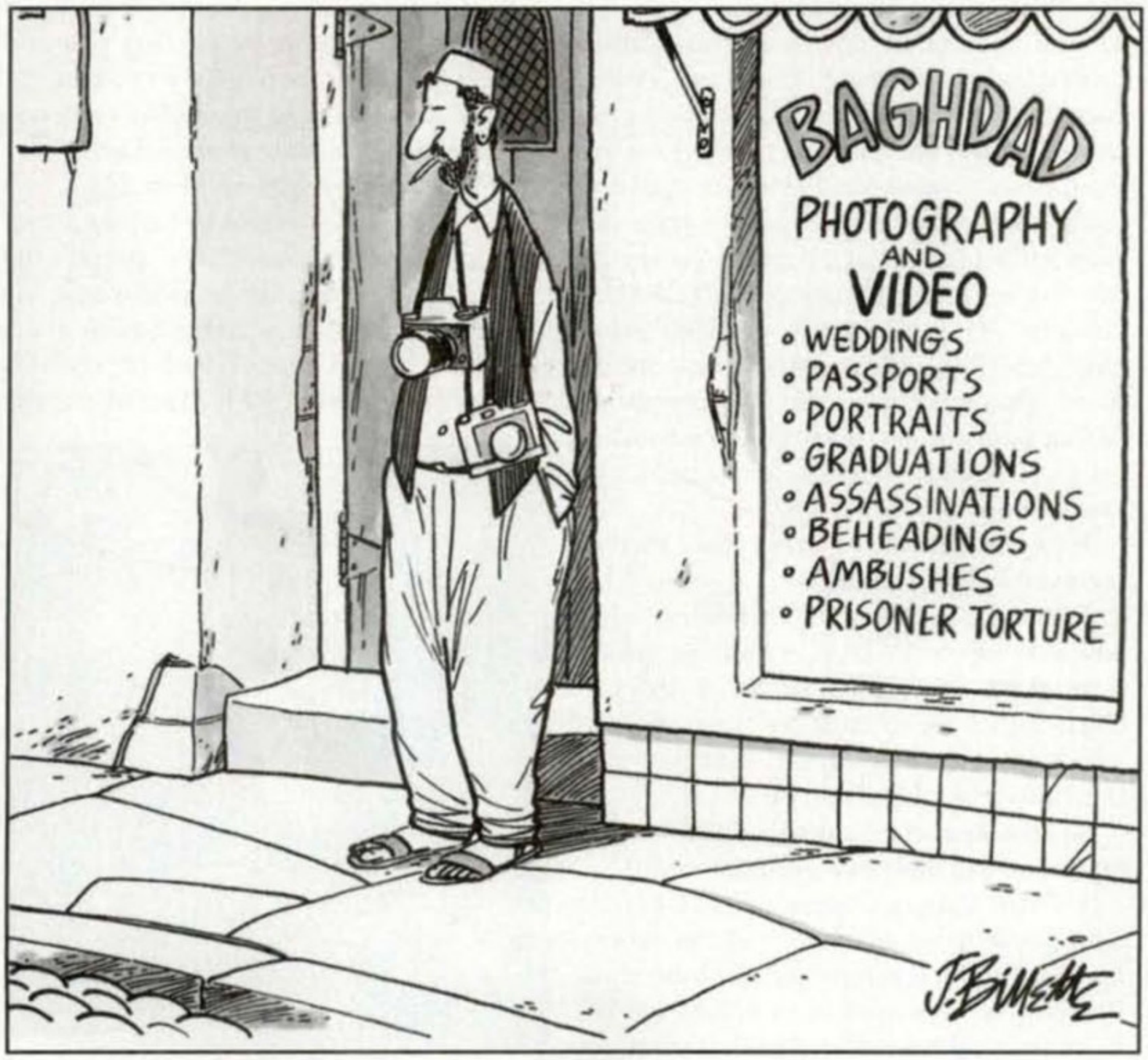
In addition, I have FBI documents that show Abdullah bin Laden and Omar bin Laden, who are affiliated with the World Assembly of Muslim Youth, have been investigated by the FBI because the group allegedly had ties to terrorism. Carmen bin Laden, a former sister-in-law, has said that she thinks the family has been helping Osama at various times. It's not as if we can just write that off without investigating it.

Tell us about Visa Express.

When the Bush Administration took over, one new policy it introduced in Saudi Arabia was called Visa Express. It almost sounds like a marketing program for a credit card. In the past, if Saudi subjects wanted to travel to the United States, they had to get a visa from an American consulate.

With Visa Express they no longer had to go in person. That meant, if they wanted to get a visa, they could just send a third party down to pick it up. In fact, three of the 9/11 hijackers took advantage of this convenience and used this new program to get visas to the United States and went on to carry out their mission.

Visa Express has since been terminated,



THE CARLYLE GROUP & THE BUSH FAMILY

The following is an excerpt from Robert Sterling's incendiary anthology *50 Reasons Not to Vote for Bush* (Feral House Publications, FeralHouse.com).

After leaving office, Poppy Bush became a consultant for the Carlyle Group, one of the largest defense contractors. Carlyle represents the worst of crony capitalism [and is] tied to political insiders from around the world. (Among others, Jim Baker is a Carlyle partner, and former Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci is chairman.) Charles Lewis, executive director of the Center for Public Integrity, says, "Carlyle is as deeply wired into the current administration as they can possibly be. George Bush [Senior] is getting money from private interests that have business before the government, while his son is President. And, in a really peculiar way, George W. Bush could, some day, benefit financially from his own administration's decisions, through his father's investments.



The average American doesn't know that and, to me, that's a jaw-dropper."

Something else the average American may not know is that a multimillion-dollar investor in Carlyle was the bin Laden family. Also unknown by Joe and Jane Sixpack: Before becoming Texas governor in 1994, Shrub [the younger George Bush] headed CaterAir, a Carlyle asset.

The 2001 annual meeting of Carlyle took place in the D.C. Ritz-Carlton on the morning of September 11. On one of the darkest days in U.S. history, the gathered were in the strange position of profiting handsomely from the tragedy. Unfortunately for the bin Ladens, political pressure forced them to (at least officially) cash out of the Carlyle Group. The possibility that the two biggest beneficiaries of the 9/11 tragedy could be the Bush and bin Laden families was unseemly.

For one, Larry Klayman (head of Judicial Watch) was publicly outraged. (Though Judicial Watch is an unapologetically conservative group, specializing during the late '90s in lawsuits against the Clinton Administration, they have been admirably critical of Bush and Cheney in their many sleazy dealings.) Klayman declared, "This conflict of interest has now turned into a scandal. The idea of the President's father, an ex-President himself, doing business with a company under investigation by the FBI in the terror attacks of September 11 is horrible."

Isn't this a little unfair to the bin Ladens? After all, haven't they supposedly broken contact with the black sheep, Osama? That's a little hard to believe, after a video was uncovered showing Osama's mother, a sister and two brothers with Osama at his son's wedding, just six and a half months before 9/11. Even without that, as Michael Moore put it in a public letter to Dubya, "If, after the terrorist attack on the federal building in Oklahoma City, it had been revealed that President Bill Clinton and his family had financial dealings with Timothy McVeigh's family, what do you think your Republican Party and the media would have done with that one?"

Don't feel too bad for the bin Ladens: After all, the family is a major business partner of the Bechtel Group in Saudi Arabia. Thanks to Operation Iraqi Freedom, Bechtel was awarded a secret, closed-bid, open-ended Iraq contract that could ultimately be worth billions, a good portion of which will likely find its way into the bin Ladens' bank account soon. It's all in the family.

Robert Sterling is the editor in chief of Konformist.com and a regular contributor to Disinfo.com, and numerous underground Web sites and publications.

but, astoundingly, it was not terminated immediately after 9/11. The procedure was in effect for at least a month or so afterward. You would have thought there would have been this enormous crackdown. Right after 9/11 there was an extraordinary PR barrage, and Prince Bandar went on TV again and again saying the Saudis had nothing to do with it. He said that Osama was not a Saudi because his citizenship had been revoked. The White House would always say that the Saudis had been cooperative, but former Secretary of the Treasury Paul O'Neill says that, immediately after 9/11, the Saudis were not helpful at all in tracing funds that may have gone to finance operations like 9/11.

Why haven't the Democrats made an uproar about your allegations?

Immediately coming out of 9/11, there was this whole sense that you had to stand behind the President. But now things are turning dramatically. With the Richard Clarke testimony, you see for the first time that a different story can be told. I think it's extraordinary how this has been ignored by the mainstream press, and I'm somewhat hopeful that Clarke's testimony and other stories like it may allow what I call a counternarrative to emerge.



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★ PALMLESS PUD-POUNDING WITH STEPHEN LEMONS



As much as I enjoy letting fly a huge wad of splooge, spanking the monkey requires too much damn effort. Whether I'm perusing the *Beaver Hunt* section of this fine publication, or watching the latest Clive McLean-directed BARELY LEGAL DVD, breaking a sweat in the pursuit of a fistful of dork-pudding is lame. With all the technology that's out there, why hasn't someone come up with a way for a guy to just push a button and empty his balls in one massive spurt of pancake batter?

My quest for a hands-free dolphin-polish finally brought me to the Web site of Las Vegas-based Paradise Electro Stimulations (PESElectro.com), an outfit offering a variety of devices designed to "bridge the gap between human and machine" when it comes to sex. PES devices achieve this utilizing EES, an acronym for Erotic Electro Stimulation, as developed by PES's mysterious and elusive founder, the suave and sophisticated Dant'e Amore.

Amore's patented system involves a power box that one plugs into a wall socket, and various electrodes specially designed to deliver electric current to ye olde naughty bits. For guys there are a number of attachments that can sock it to the penis, testicles and prostate. And for chicks there are connectors made to electrify the pussy, clit and anus. According to PES's Web site, the correct combination of these devices, properly used, can induce more powerful, more prolonged and, sometimes, hands-free orgasms in certain individuals.

The thought of strapping a lightning rod to my cock or sticking a cattle prod up my keister was not immediately appealing, but then I'd read good things about PES, and its home page boasts no complaints from clientele since the company started up in 1986. PES's Internet site also describes in detail the complexities of its merchandise. As long as one uses common sense and does not apply PES products anywhere above the waist, the inventions are relatively safe and painless.



On the advice of PES customer service, I obtained the following "configuration," as its nomenclature calls it: a power box that sort of looks like the remote control for a model airplane; a tubular base ring made of silicone that one slips on behind the scrotum, surrounding the penile shaft; an Electro-Flex cap that fits snugly on the cock head, with a silicone strap intended to run over the top and nestle in the urethral opening; and finally a small, bulbous prostate stimulator called the Gold Spot, which one inserts in the poop chute in order to hit the so-called male G spot.

Simultaneously using all these products—making sure they don't fall out or disconnect, applying PES's Electro-Lube to increase conductivity and fiddling with the various knobs on the power box (all while trying to maintain a boner)—is a much more complex process than I'd anticipated. After all, what I was after was some stress-free stroking, but this was more like trying to build a transistor radio from scratch. Initially all I got was a more intense orgasm than usual. Not bad, but not the brass ring either.

Disappointed, I again contacted PES customer service and was informed that it might take some practice; so back to the drawing board I went.

The power box has four knobs labeled Coarse, Fine, Pulse and Frequency, all with settings of one to ten. I had to crank the Coarse to ten before I felt a swift, almost sharp sensation going from back to front. Next, I adjusted the Fine setting to about a seven. I eventually set the Pulse, which controls flow of electric stimulation, at ten. As for the Frequency knob, I played with setting it at both high and low.

At some point it felt as if someone were caressing my genitalia from the inside out with a tingling, velvet cloth. After continuing in this vein for several minutes, I experienced a faint, prolonged rumbling that began behind my balls and then flowed like a slow wave up to the head of my shaft. Finally my cork popped, with an immense load of choad gurgling from underneath the cock-head stimulator and running down the inside of my thigh. All without one frigging hand stroke.

It was a unique experience, but one difficult to achieve all by one's lonesome. I suppose if I had a couple of hot chicks stringing me up to these devices and manipulating the power box until I reached satori, it would be earth-shattering. But if I could afford a pair of bodacious hookers to service me in such a manner, I might as well just fuck 'em. Since I can't afford the hos, I have to take care of myself. In that case I might as well beat off. See, some things are still done better the old-fashioned way—like hand-cranked ice cream, hand-pulled taffy and, yes, a hand-waxed wiener.

Stephen Lemons has written for such publications as LA Weekly, OC Weekly, the Los Angeles Times, Bizarre and While You Were Sleeping, and is a prolific contributor to Salon.com and GettingIt.com.

SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."



"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".



Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

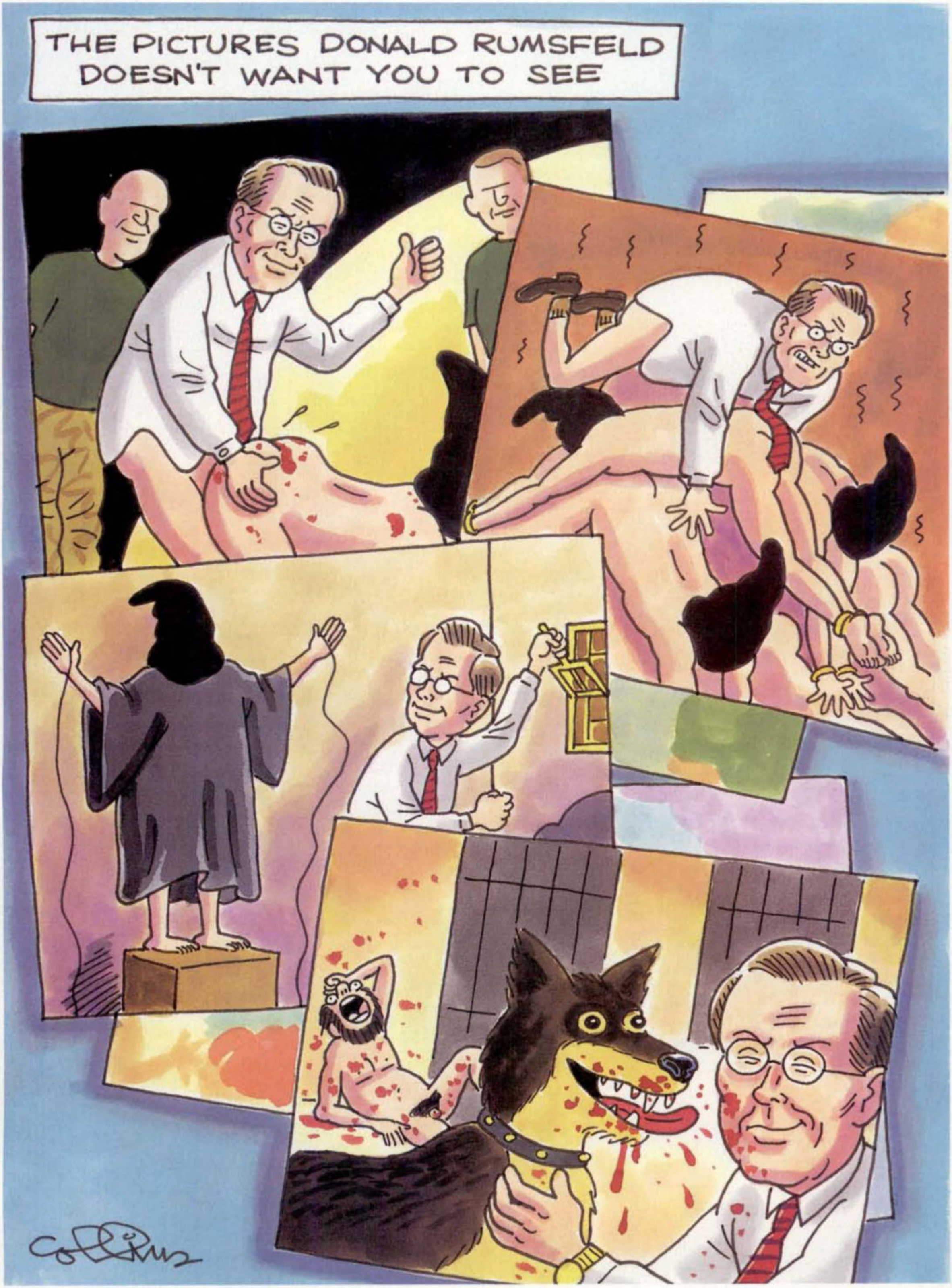
"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> "No actresses like other chat lines."

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

Paid Advertisement

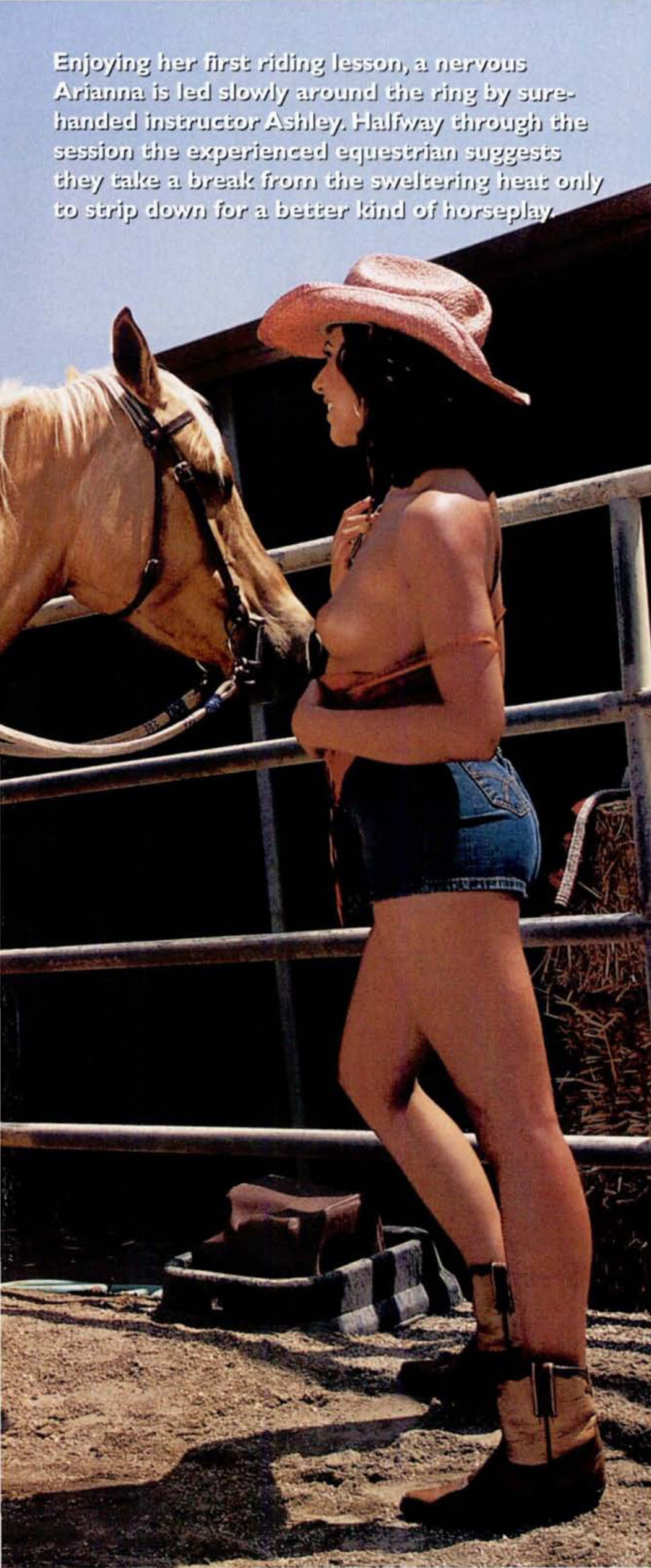

THE PICTURES DONALD RUMSFELD DOESN'T WANT YOU TO SEE

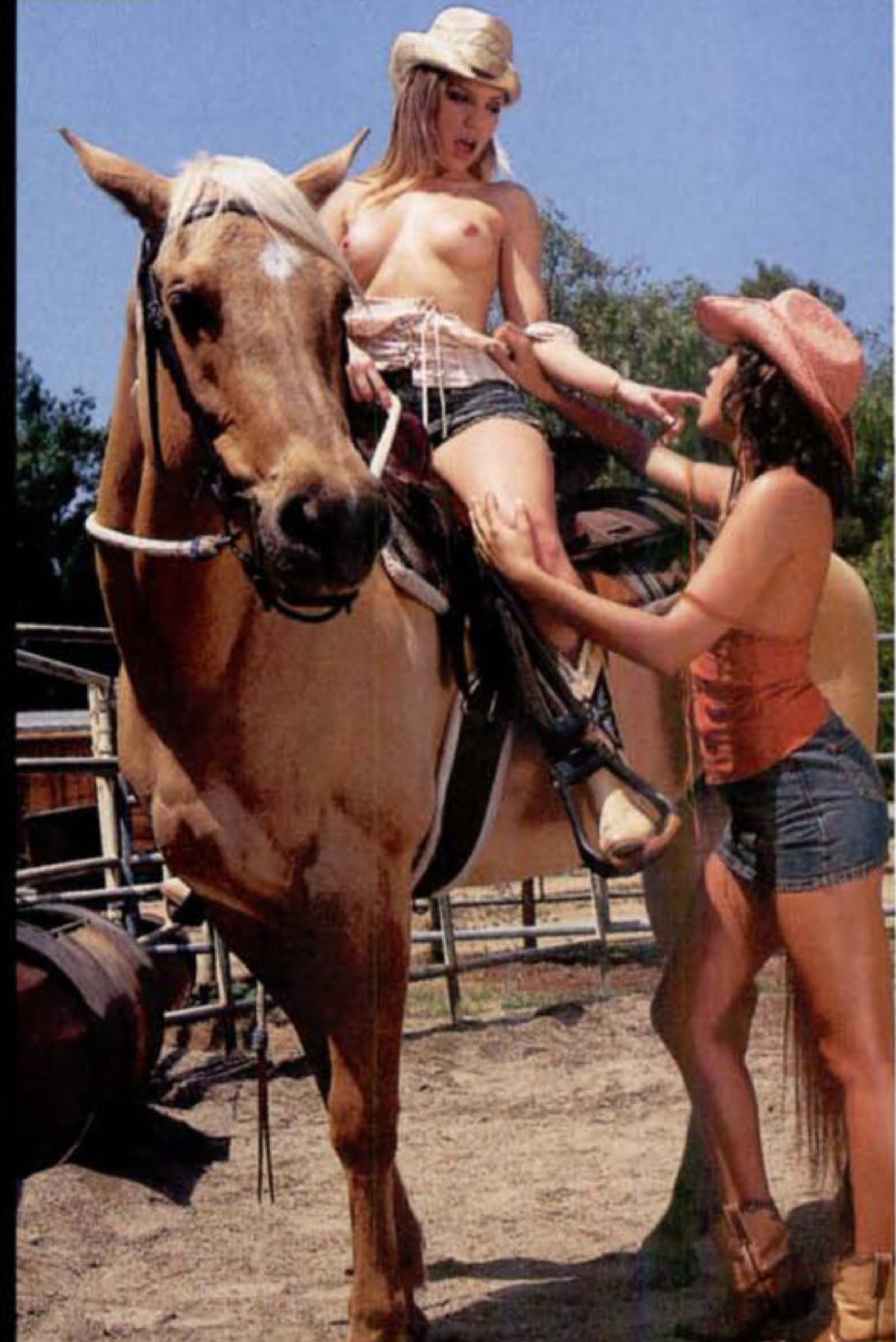
ARIANNA & ASHLEY

SADDLE TRAMPS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Enjoying her first riding lesson, a nervous Arianna is led slowly around the ring by sure-handed instructor Ashley. Halfway through the session the experienced equestrian suggests they take a break from the sweltering heat only to strip down for a better kind of horseplay.













Seeing Ashley's hot bod, Arianna is overcome by animal instinct and quickly shucks her clothes as well. Soon the lust-filled teacher and her sex-starved student are riding each other bareback.

Their bodies heaving in unison, the horny couple burst into the full gallop that will bring orgasmic relief.



Finally the two jezebels let out simultaneous groans as they reach a spine-tingling photo-finish.

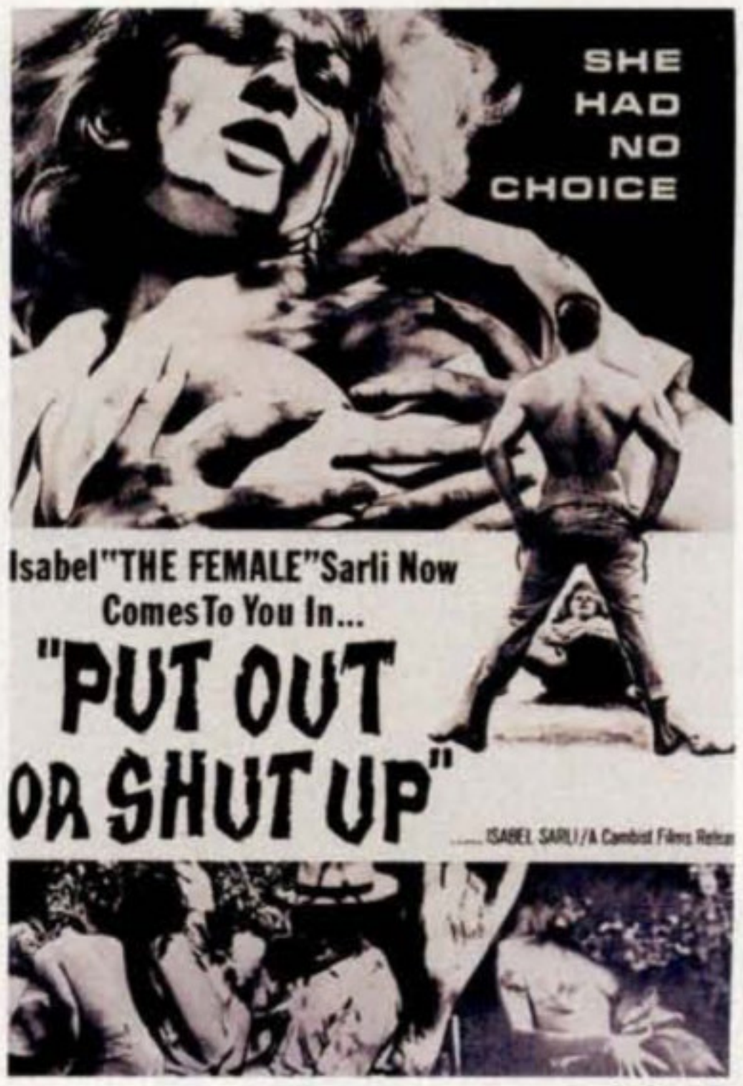
VINTAGE SINEMA

Most porn connoisseurs consider the 1960s and 1970s to be the Golden Age of Smut Flicks. Now more than 150 one-sheets for blue movies from that pre-video era have been compiled under one cover. Edited by Tony Nourmand and Graham Marsh of the Reel Poster Gallery in London, *X-Rated Adult Movie Posters of the 60s and 70s Volume One* includes promotional material from such classic rod-stiffeners as *Deep Throat* and *Debbie Does Dallas*. Relive an era when campy titles, groovy artwork and then-contemporary design went hand in hand with melodramatic warnings of sex-crazed divorcees, free-love nymphos and good-girls-gone-bad. To order a copy, go to **XRatedCollection.com**.

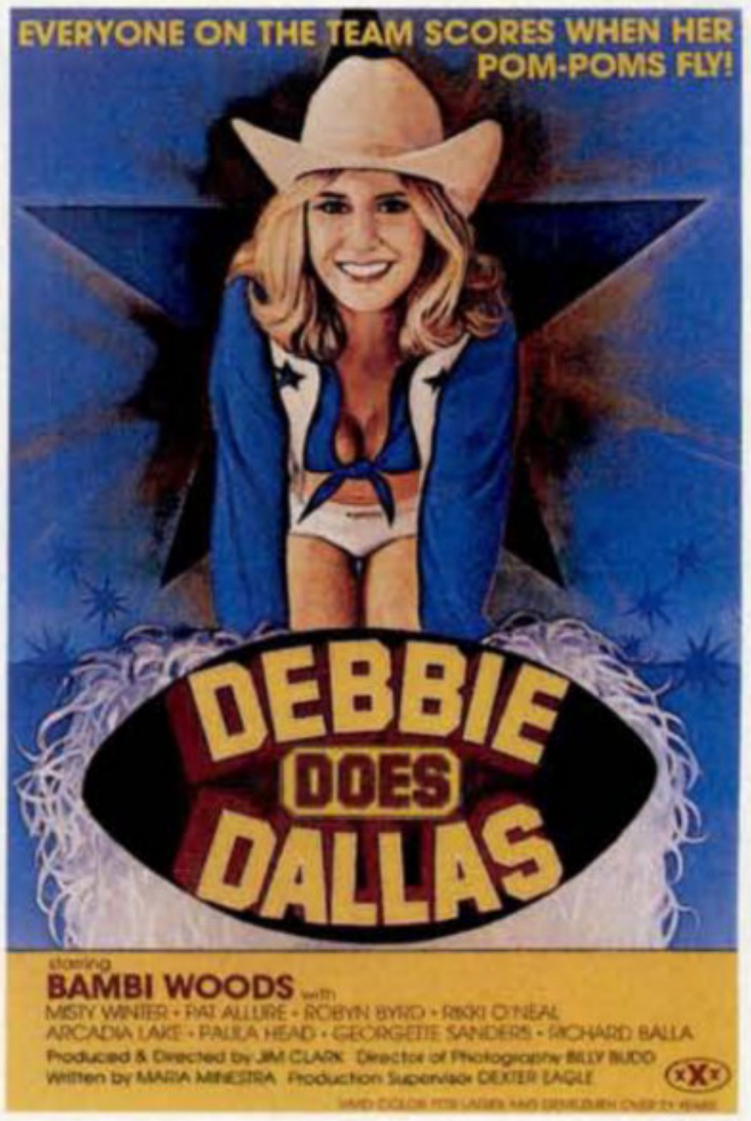




(1968)



(1970)



(1978)



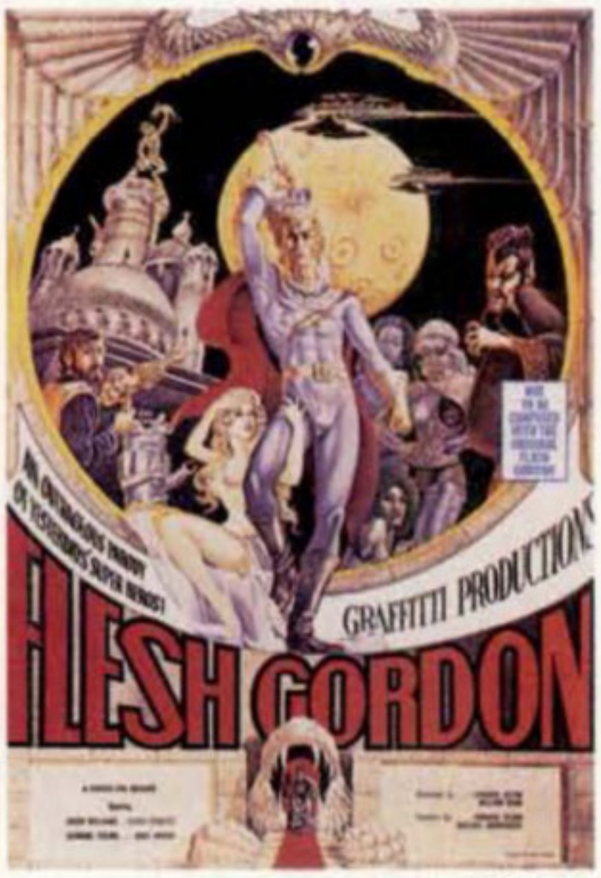
(1978)



(1978)



(circa 1970s)



(1974)


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FLYNT

GIVE ME YOUR TITS, YOUR ASS AND YOUR PUSSY

Toonen



Photographer: Ryan Riccitelli

For added excitement, Chuck Patterson jumps fixed objects, including fishing boats and massive rocks.

BLOW ME!

KITEBOARDERS THROW CAUTION TO THE WIND

Flying high with the country's craziest thrill-seekers

★ REPORT BY HANS FEUERSINGER



Rider: Kinsley Wong; photographer: Cecile

Offering panoramic views, high speeds and adrenaline rushes, kiteboarding is an extreme sport that's fast becoming a daredevil favorite. In 2003 alone 60,000 kites were sold worldwide, with overall equipment revenue estimated at $50 million.

Alluring to many aficionados is the sport's relative simplicity. Large polyester kites (measuring 25 to 80 square feet and reinforced with Kavlar struts) are hooked onto the rider by long lines and a padded mesh harness. Pulled into the sky and then powered by the wind, the kiteboarder uses a bar and handles that are attached to pivotal connection-points on the kite itself for pinpoint maneuvering.

As with any extreme sport, perils abound. Still in its infancy, kiteboarding has already been blamed for at least 17 fatalities since 2000. (See sidebar for some noteworthy mishaps.) Innovative manufacturers are facing the dangers head-on by designing safer gear, and Web sites such as California-based XtremeBigAir.com post accident reports to encourage rider comments on kiteboard safety.

Due to its hazardous nature, kiteboarding has been prohibited in parts of Texas, Oregon and Hawaii. The ban in Maui, Hawaii, is perhaps the most notorious. The Federal Aviation Administration shut down a kiteboarding spot located near the end of a runway at Kahului Airport, citing that it was in a "no-fly zone." FAA officials threatened to "take aggressive action" with fines around $1,000.

Not even recognized as a sport in the United States until 1999, kiteboarding burst out of Maui like a killer hurricane. What was once an experiment originating in Europe is today a growing force. Industry professionals estimate that kiteboarders number 250,000 worldwide, with almost half hailing from this country. Now that certified teaching schools are popping up in such sunny paradises as the Caribbean, Hawaii and Southern California, kiteboarding is poised to become the next hot mainstream sport.

One of its diehard enthusiasts is Chuck Patterson, who has devoted his life to extreme sports. When the Long Beach, California, resident isn't kiteboarding, skiing or snowboarding, he not only designs and markets kiteboard gear, but also works as a manager for a surf-clothing supplier, a consultant for athletes and a surfing instructor. Patterson's love of thrill-seeking has paid off handsomely thanks to sponsorships from such big-time companies as Da Kine and Adidas.

Constantly living on the edge (literally and figuratively), the versatile extreme athlete once set a skiing world record when he plummeted 142 feet off a cliff and broke only a binding upon landing. Patterson's other pastimes include big-wave surfing and island-hopping in Hawaii on his kiteboard without any safety boats. "I kited across the Molokai Channels from Maui to Molokai and then to Lanai," he recalls nonchalantly, "and that was probably around ten miles or so. We had a cell phone."

Not since the snowboarding phenomenon of the mid-'90s has an alterna-sport taken off so dramatically—and with such an impact on other avenues of excitement. Just as snowboarding's popularity cut into the alpine-skiing market, kiteboarding is causing a sharp decline in windsurfing's ranks. Once boasting more than 2 million participants, windsurfing was down to some 500,000 participants last year. Many defectors

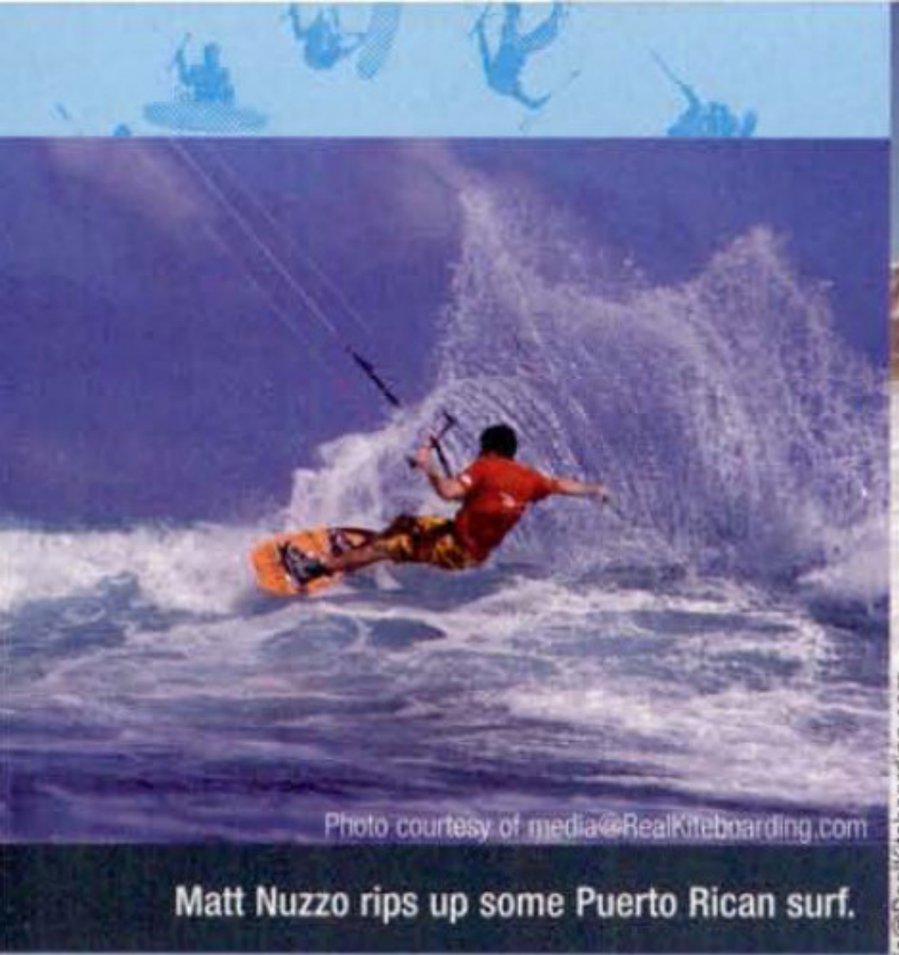


Photo courtesy of media@RealKiteboarding.com

Matt Nuzzo rips up some Puerto Rican surf.



Photo courtesy of media@RealKiteboarding.com

European "snow-kiters" are exceeding a minute of hang time by launching off hillsides with flight-efficient kites. These snow-loving speed demons can glide across huge valleys.



Professional kiteboarder Jason Slezak of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, spends almost half the year traveling for photo-shoots and competitions.

Photo courtesy of media@RealKiteboarding.com

now make up the expanding kiteboard movement.

One of them is Chuck Patterson, who explains, "I used to compete professionally in windsurfing. Once I got the kiteboarding bug, I sold it all. Kiteboarding came around, and it just encompassed all the sports that I've done."

* * *

Dying to strap into a board and harness? Getting started will cost you about $1,000 to $2,000 for gear. It's also strongly advised to take lessons from a school certified by the International Kiteboarding Organization (IKO). Under its aegis you'll first learn to fly a small trainer kite from the shore, move up to a bigger one, and then it's into the water. With the push of a button, air tubes inflate the kite, which then floats on the surface. With the flick of a wrist the kite gets airborne and—with just a slight breeze (6 mph minimum)—you're off! Once your flight is over, you can press a button to deflate the kite, which fits into a backpack.

According to IKO-certified instructor Kinsley Wong, most students learn to go upwind after several lessons, then in a month or so tackle a bigger challenge, what's simply known to devotees as catching massive air.

"Every day we teach new students," says Wong, a bonafide kiteboarding pioneer from California's Pismo Beach, near San Luis Obispo. "I definitely think the numbers will be in the 3-million range in five years or less. Everyone I've taught kiteboarding to is addicted."

An increase in kiteboarders will most surely result in a growing number of hospital visits. Painful injuries are commonplace. Newbies are often "teabagged"—flopped behind the kite facedown and pulled without any control. Even expert kiteboarder Wong has broken a foot on several occasions, as well as a rib and his tailbone, along with getting his head stitched up. Likewise, Chuck Patterson recently shattered a heel bone when he fell 50 feet.

Obviously, only a certain breed is cut out for the daredevil sport. "Everyone's different," Patterson says. "With some people it just clicks so quickly, and five days later they're out there starting to do airs and having a blast. It's an extremely easy sport once you have the right training. The best way to do it without headaches and without hurting someone on the beach, including yourself, would be to take one or two classes so you're not skyrocketing up in the air and landing on a house or something."

Even Presidential candidate John Kerry has jumped onboard. "I'm a kiteboarder and a windsurfer," Kerry recently told the *Boston Globe*.

Today's kiteboard professionals can walk away with thousands of dollars at competitions, with the potential to make $60,000 to $80,000 a year through endorsements and purses.

Come autumn the annual Red Bull King of the Air (KOA) competition—kiteboarding's Olympics—takes place at Ho'okipa Beach, a wind and watersport hotspot located on the northern shore of Maui. Pro kiteboarders go head-to-head in a spectacle of aerobatics and high-speed maneuvers in such categories as Big Air and Hang Time, with male and female divisions. Tricks include the 720-degree kite loop and the double-spin board-off fin grab, which sends competitors 50 feet into the air, flipping and twirling like free-falling trapeze artists.

Maniacal wind freaks like Wong and Patterson catch bigger air and longer hang time than they could in other extreme sports. Mountain bikers casually drop off 60-foot cliffs, and pro motocross bikers can launch 50 feet off the dirt, but their airtime is limited to a few seconds. On the other hand, competent kiteboarders can launch themselves to around 60 feet and then hover, soaring like a hang glider catching a draft, sometimes remaining airborne for up to 13.2 seconds (the current world record) and traversing 150 feet in distance.

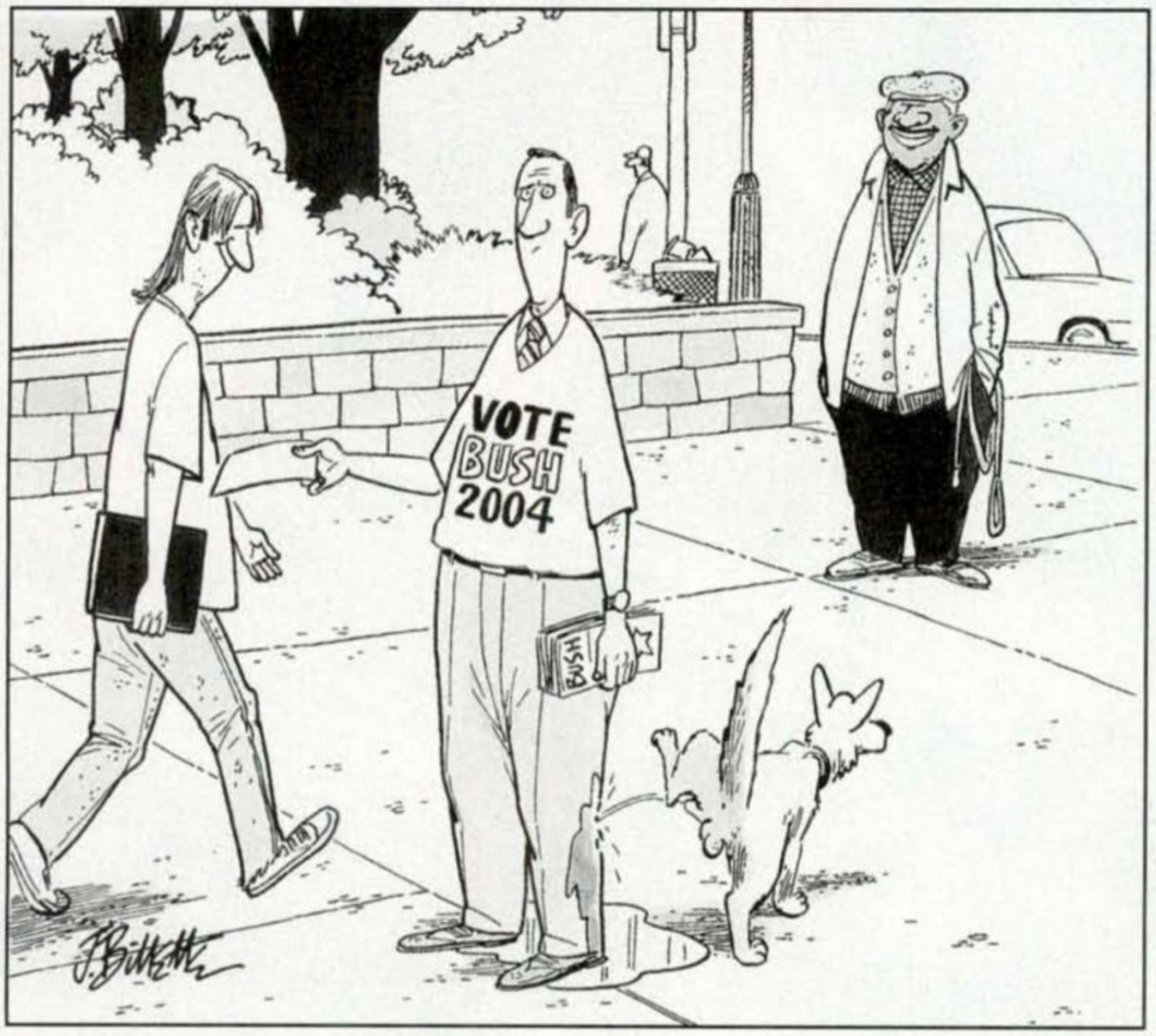
While windsurfers can go faster on average (53 mph is their top mark), they only get about ten to 20 feet of air. The speed record for kiteboarding is a mere 43 mph, but riders can soar four times higher than most windsurfers. In a thrill-seeker's book there is no comparison.

"It's just one of those things that's an adrenaline rush—going really big," Patterson touts. "It keeps the blood pumping."

Snowboarders are getting in on the kiting craze too. In snow sailing, riders hook into kite setups while secured to their boards and blaze across expanses of white. Back-country skiers have hopped onto kiteboarding's high-flying coattails as well. Mountaineers—who used to hike up long, steep peaks just to ski back down—are now letting the wind carry them to the summit. Flying out of control above a 12,000-foot precipice? Sounds perfect for a HUSTLER dude in search of new thrills.

For more information, check out RealKiteBoarding.com, XtremeBigAir.com or call 866-REAL-KITE.

Hans Feuersinger is HUSTLER's Editorial Assistant and a freelance reporter in Los Angeles, California.



WHEN KITEBOARDS ATTACK!

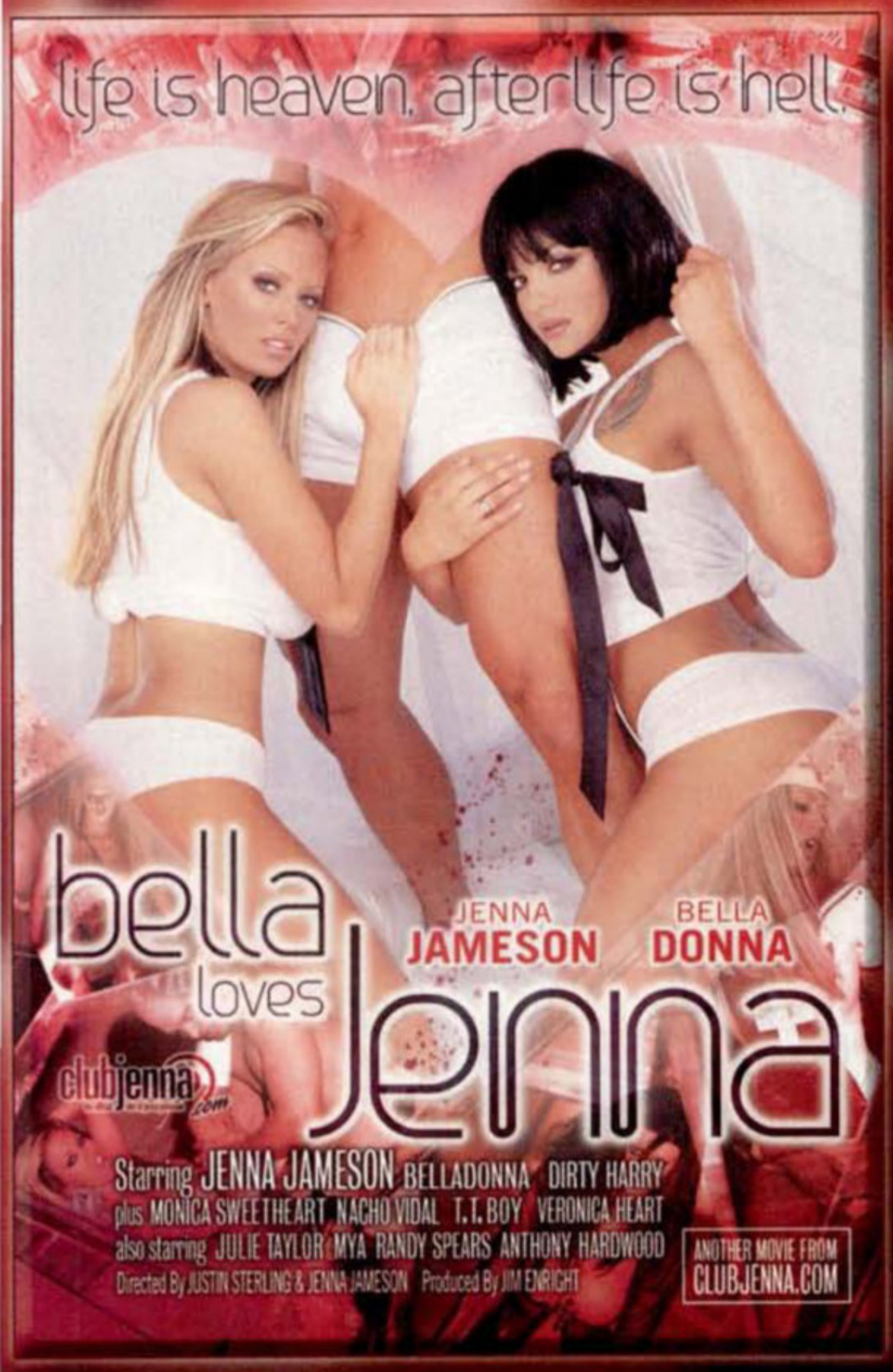


- At a 2002 competition, German champion Silke Goridt's kite became tangled with that of another participant. Tragically she perished after being hurled at high speeds into wooden wave-breakers.
- In March 2004 a New Zealand man was lifted off the ground by a sudden gust and carried 225 feet while 16 feet above the ground. After picking up considerable speed, the kiteboarder smashed into a house and suffered a fractured pelvis, six broken ribs, a broken shoulder, a punctured lung and a concussion.
- While jumping over sandbars with her kite, 16-year-old kiteboarding champ Carolina Diaz was suddenly struck by a 30-knot blast of wind, which forced the harness to her neck. After being lifted into the air, she unclipped and fell to the ground, fracturing two vertebrae and hyperextending her spinal cord. Diaz has since defied odds by regaining movement in her limbs.
- An English kiter was preparing to head out to the water when a 25-knot gust abruptly lifted him skyward. The man eventually drifted onto high-tension transmission lines—whose collapse resulted in blackouts and traffic jams—then onto the roof of a two-story dwelling. After his perilous ordeal the kiteboarder received only minor injuries after finally tumbling to Earth.

PRESIDENTIAL ABDUCTION

NEVER GOT A BRAIN WITH THE ANAL PROBE BEFORE...

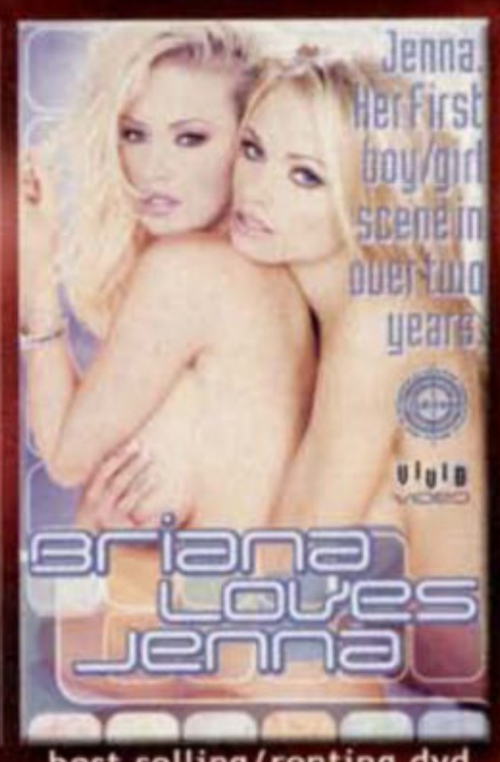
::jenna is back:::



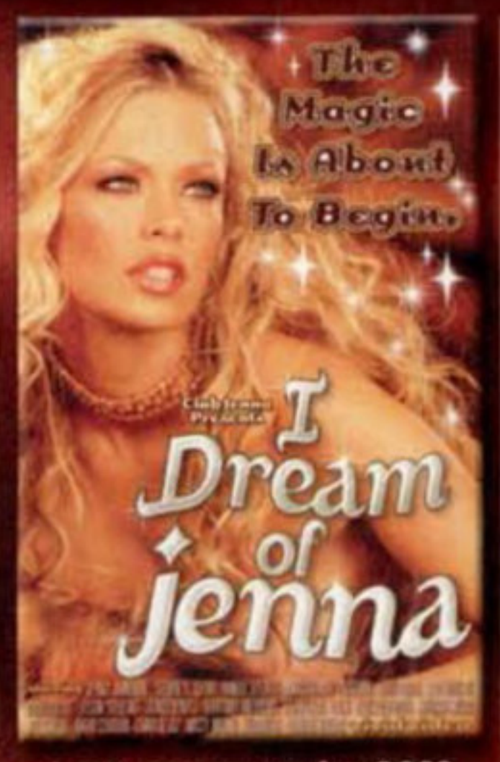
It's the most shocking film of Jenna Jameson's career. With more Jenna scenes than ever, the long awaited follow-up to *Briana Loves Jenna* - the top-selling adult video of last year - pairs sex's greatest superstar with its fiercest, most breathtaking sexual acrobat, Belladonna.

Bella loves Jenna is the most anticipated title in the history of adult film, it has it all and then some. It's the largest adult release of all time, outselling the infamous Pam and Tommy Lee tape! The boy/girl scenes in this movie are beyond explosive and the Bella/Jenna scene is without a doubt, award winning sex at its finest from the Queen of Porn.

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where you can find all the Jenna movie titles and more!

jennasloveline.com
looking for someone special? well look no further, because Jenna has the answer.

THE FLAMING LIPS



Photo by J. Michelle Martin

The frontman for an enduring and innovative rock group sheds light on a bogged-down movie, experimental music and his spin on the term *psychedelic*.

Exclusive Interview by Dan Kapelovitz

Formed in Oklahoma City in the early '80s and best known for the hit "She Don't Use Jelly," the Flaming Lips have outlasted most of their contemporaries. Perhaps more than any band since the Monkees (or perhaps Pink Floyd), the Lips—Wayne Coyne, Steven Drozd and Michael Ivins—have straddled the line between sonic experimentation and mainstream music. The only group to both perform on Beverly Hills 90210 and release a quadruple CD with the discs intended for simultaneous listening, the Grammy Award-winners have also struck a chord with big-time advertisers. (Their tunes can be heard on commercials touting everything from computers to automobiles.) More daring than their peers, the Flaming Lips have performed in parking lots with car stereos supplying the amplification, and also put on shows with multiple boom-boxes providing the sound. To update their faithful fans and introduce themselves to newbies, leader Wayne Coyne goes one-on-one with our Features Editor.



Coachella festival photo by ZUMA Press

HUSTLER: What projects are you currently working on?

COYNE: We're doing our own movie, *Christmas on Mars*, which has been kind of an ongoing thing for about four years.

Why has the film taken so long to finish?

I call it being interrupted by success. When I started to make the movie, it was 2001. We were beginning to make the record *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots*. When you put out records, you don't know if they're going to be popular for six months or three years; so I really anticipated the worst. Luckily, just by the way things worked out, I haven't been able to work exclusively on the movie since 2001.

Would the Flaming Lips ever score a porn film?

I'm up for anything really. It would depend on how much freedom [we'd have] and what the ideas were behind it. Usually, once you get in there and start working with people, everything becomes sort of the same. Everyone likes music, and everyone likes art, and everyone likes naked women. What's there not to like?

Do you have any new experimental projects in the works?

If we're lucky, there'll always be a side of us that says, "We are not trying to really compete in the mainstream, typical pop-band fashion." Parts of what we do is like that. We'll play shows with the Red Hot Chili Peppers or even do something like Lollapalooza, but we'll always have a leg of us that goes off and does weird stuff. We are being approached even at this moment about doing a symphonic piece made with cell-phone rings.

How did you get inside that giant bubble during your concert at the Coachella Valley Music and Arts Festival?

It had a big zipper and a Velcro opening. I practiced to make sure it would work. I didn't want to go out there and have some poor drunk kid suffocate underneath me.

Were you concerned about the possibility of suffocating inside the thing?

I thought of that, but it was a ten-foot bubble. That's really a lot of air.

Was the bubble custom-made, or does a company actually specialize in giant hamster balls?

The Internet is such a wonderful place. Me and my wife literally typed in *giant walking ball*, and about 25 sites came up, most of them in Italy. The one that I actually called was run by a guy who said, "You're not going to believe this—I'm an Okie man." Of all the places I called, I get one that had a weirdo from Oklahoma. Go figure.

How did the *Beverly Hills 90210* gig come about?

That was a perfect turning point for us, because I think *(continued on page 75)*

NEWS

Cyndi Lauper's Crappiest Gig



Eighties icon Cyndi Lauper just wanted to have fun at a springtime concert in Mansfield, Massachusetts. Instead, she got a taste of slimy, white birdshit, which landed in Lauper's gaping mouth during her first number. "I think it's disgusting," the Brooklyn native muttered after wiping off her turd-covered tongue. Apparently, the bird was sending a message: "No one wants to hear your new material, Cyndi; stick to your hits."

Phish Calls It Quits



Stinky, dreadlocked hippies everywhere are in mourning. With the release of their latest album, *Undermind*, legendary jam band Phish has decided to disband. "We should end it now while it's still on a high note," said leader Trey Anastasio—whose group has drawn throngs of potheads—in an announcement posted on Phish.com. Did he say *high*? Let's smoke!

Lopez and Anthony Tie the Knot



It looks like sexpot singer Jennifer Lopez is over her romance with Ben Affleck, her *Gigli* co-star. When the couple broke up in January, Latin songbird Marc Anthony saw an opening. Playing the rebound card, he married J.Lo (her third nuptials) in early June at a top-secret Beverly Hills ceremony, and now he's tapping the well-endowed diva's resources. Hey, Marc, we suggest you get all the ass you can before "Jenny From the Block" finds a new boy toy. After all, her first two marriages combined barely totaled two years.

Legendary Guitarist Found Dead

The body of Robert Quine, 61, lead guitarist for Richard Hell's group the Voidoids, was discovered over the Memorial Day weekend in his New York City apartment. Reportedly despondent over the death of his wife, the punk rocker apparently died from a heroin overdose. The influential soloist worked with such legends as Lou Reed, Tom Waits and Matthew Sweet. Two out of three ain't bad.

REVIEWS

Pitbull: *M.I.A.M.I. (Money Is a Major Issue)* (TVT Records)



The 1983 film *Scarface* put Cuban-American gangsters on the map with the story of Tony Montana, a street thug who climbed to the top of the drug world. Miami rapper Pitbull may become just as notorious a Cubano. Staying true to his island roots on his debut album, Pitbull is at the end of his leash spitting both in Spanish and English. Producers Lil Jon, the Diaz Brothers and Red Spyda offer Latin-flavored beats to back the up-and-coming lyricist's intriguing, raspy voice and potent delivery. If that's not enough, guests include Wyclef Jean, Lil Jon, Fat Joe and TVT labelmate Oobie. You can almost hear machine-gun-toting Tony rasping, "Say hello to my little friend!"

Wäntage USA's 21st Release Hits Omnibus (Wäntage USA)



If you have ever wanted to explore the indie/grunge/punk-music scene (or wanted to indulge even more in it) without having to support some trust-fund kid, we suggest that you give this 47-song compilation a listen. Released by a do-it-yourself label, this two-disc sampling of Midwest artists (as well as some from Latvia and Norway) is a cornucopia of guitar-rock featuring heavy riffs whose influences range from metal to rockabilly to postpunk. Highlights include Dub Narcotic; the spacey, Martian sounds of Sean and Ian; and the quick-paced string antics of Japanther. Available at WantageUSA.com.

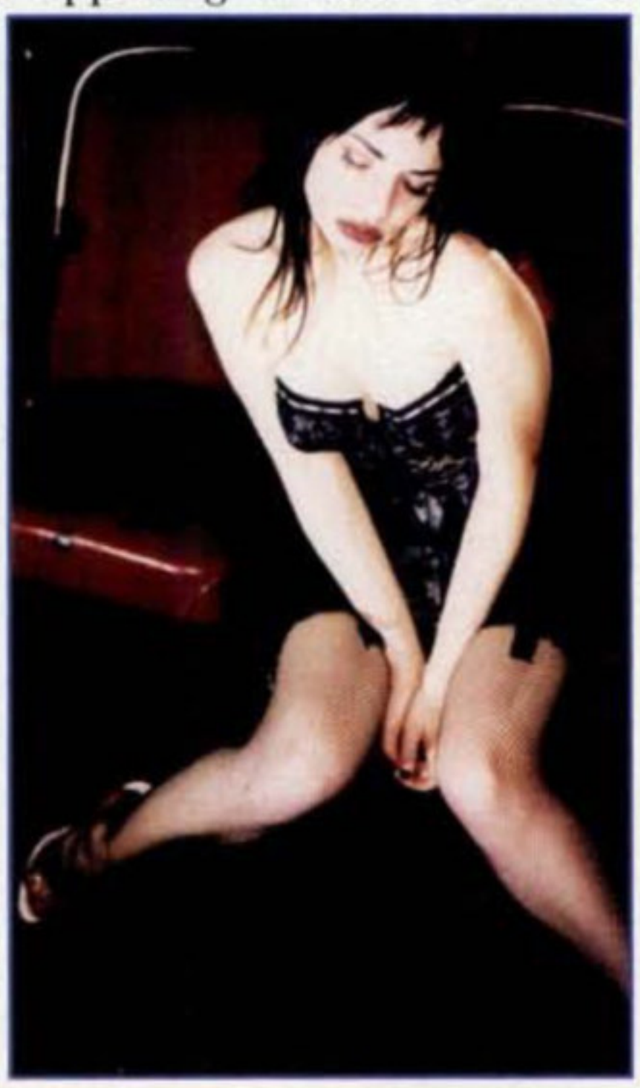
Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood: *Nancy/Lee 3* (Warner Music Group)



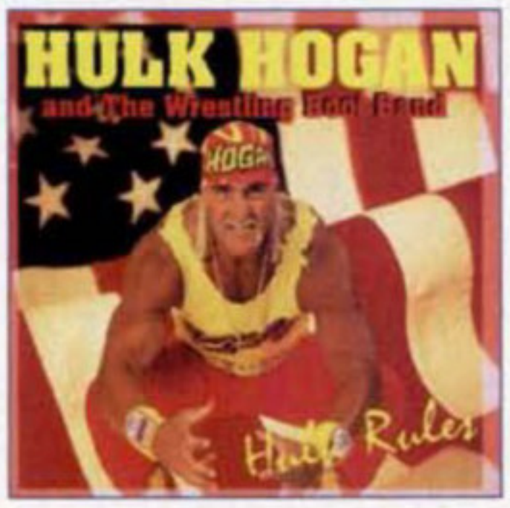
Nearly four decades after Nancy Sinatra sang "These Boots Are Made for Walkin'," she and the multiplatinum hit's songwriter returned to the studio. The result? Thirteen tracks bound to please Nancy & Lee fanatics and the uninitiated alike. Sinatra's singing sounds as good as ever, and Hazlewood's voice seems to have grown even deeper and more gravelly—which is to say, better. While none of the new numbers approach their unforgettable duo classics ("Summer Wine," "Sand" and "Some Velvet Morning," among others), the couple's magic still shines through in the likes of "She Won't" and "Gypsies and Indians."

GRATUITOUS COOZE

Greet with full attention Elysian Fields centerpiece Jennifer Charles. Appealing to those of us who enjoy smoky bars and sleazy detective novels, this sultry seductress boasts of more than just a billowing bustline. Her lungs can produce sounds as smooth as her silky skin, and the siren has worked as an artist's model and a yoga instructor. The prospect of getting into funky positions with this hottie is enough for us to exercise at least one muscle.



THRIFT-STORE SCORE!



Hulk Hogan and the Wrestling Boot Band
Hulk Rules
(Select Records)

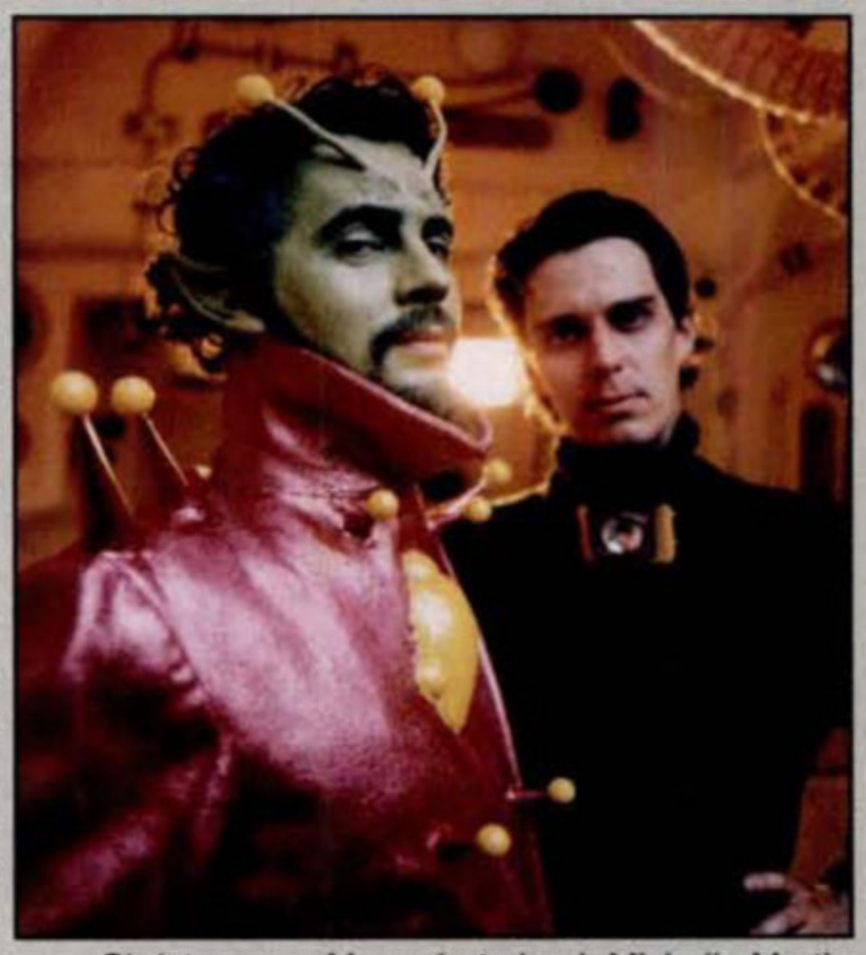
Before Hulk Hogan became a professional wrestler (or "the most powerful force in the universe," as his liner notes boast), the muscle-bound renaissance man played bass guitar. Luckily, his ring prowess gave Hogan enough clout to release his own album. While the CD features nearly every genre of music—from the rap tune "I Want to Be a Hulkamaniac" to the heavy-metal anthem "Hulkster in the House"—the best song by far is the ballad "Hulkster in Heaven." In a poignant tune inspired by a young fan's death, the Hulkman croons, "The world just lost another Hulkamaniac. I wish Hulk's love could bring you back again." Alas, even the most powerful force in the universe can't raise the dead.

(Flaming Lips Q&A continued from page 73) if *Beverly Hills 90210* had called a month earlier, we probably would have had some sort of stupid indie-rock credibility issue and said, "That's not cool." Luckily we had just gotten over that. So many people have come up to us since and said, "I'm so glad you guys did [*90210*], because we always had issues with that. When you guys did that, it made us see how much fun it can be to be in a band and not worry about being cool all the time."

Tell us about the CD *Zaireeka*, with the four discs that were to be played at the same time.

It was designed to work even if it wasn't all that precise. Sometimes I think the music worked a little bit better when it was disorienting, and you couldn't tell exactly where every rhythm was hitting.

It was designed to play four [discs], but we always felt like three was really the best, and two was fun. Four was a bit like maybe I would take one hit of acid, and then you know friends who would take two, and then your freaky friends would take four. We sort of designed *Zaireeka* for people who really like to indulge in an extreme freaky experience.



Christmas on Mars photo by J. Michelle Martin

When was the last time you dropped acid?

I only did it like three times, and I never enjoyed it. I always thought I was going to die or kill myself. I remember taking it and thinking I already had died. Its effects vary from person to person. It must be like skydiving—some people jump out of an airplane and think it's the greatest thing that ever happened. But I would shit my pants and hate it, and be so glad I didn't fucking die.

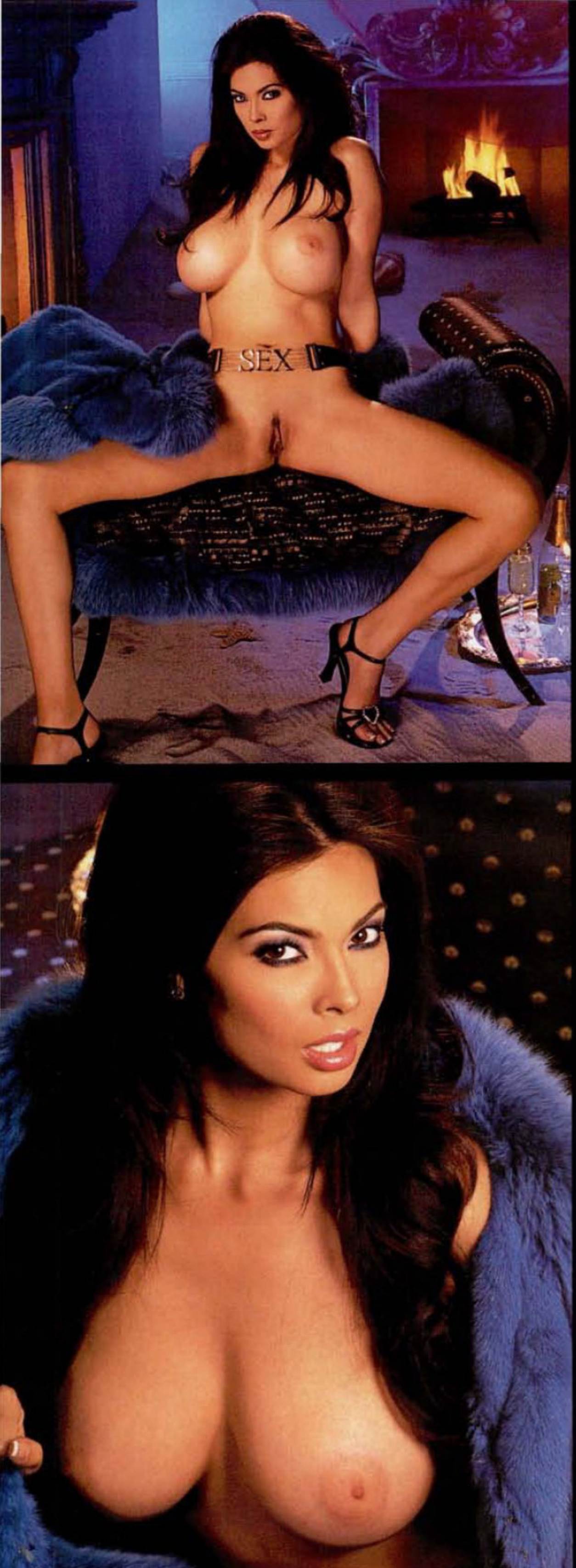
People always think of the Flaming Lips as a drug band.

Yeah, and elements are deserved. I never did that many drugs. Guys within the band have, and we've always played to that drug-damaged personality. My older brothers and all of their friends did drugs and listened to music. So from the time I was about nine or ten, I've been surrounded by drug addicts of one sort or another.

Would you describe Flaming Lips music as being psychedelic?

I can understand why people would call it psychedelic. We just don't have any limits. That part of psychedelic music is great because it does deal with the psychicness, the inner life, but sometimes it just becomes too much of a cliché, and you get thrown in with the Grateful Dead and jam bands. I'm not necessarily an enemy of them; it's just we're not really about that.

We want to have some intense experience, but it doesn't necessarily have to be trippy. It can be intense, and it can be melancholy. It can be sad. It can be rock. It can be noise. It can be really anything, but because we have no limits where we'll go, people say we're psychedelic; and I accept that. There's a madness inherent in our approach, but it's in our music; it's not necessarily in our minds. We aren't mad people trying to make music; we're normal people who love making music that's intense.



TERA PATRICK

ALL FIRED UP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Born in Great Falls, Montana, Tera Patrick spent several years in the medical field before diving into the skin biz. "I worked as a nurse and an emergency medical technician," recalls the curvy Leo. However, the Eurasian beauty (her mother is Thai and her dad English) found the financial rewards of health care to be sorely lacking. "The money just wasn't what I was looking for; that's why I got into porn."



These days the twentysomething's income has grown considerably as she feature-dances across the country, performs in a myriad of classy XXX flicks, produces others under the banner Tera Vision and turns on cyberfans at OfficialTeraPatrick.com.


SEX



Whenever the sexy workaholic takes a breather—being a superstar doesn't come easy—she gets off studying criminal behavior. "I watch a lot of crime shows like *Forensic Files* on Court TV," she tells us. "I'm really fascinated by criminals, especially serial killers." What about serial masturbators? We're fascinating too.



Tera gets down and dirty in *Tera, Tera, Tera*, a Vivid/ Tera Vision Production, which is available online at VividStore.com or DVDEmpire.com. To find a local adult-video outlet that carries Vivid videos, call 866-466-6969.

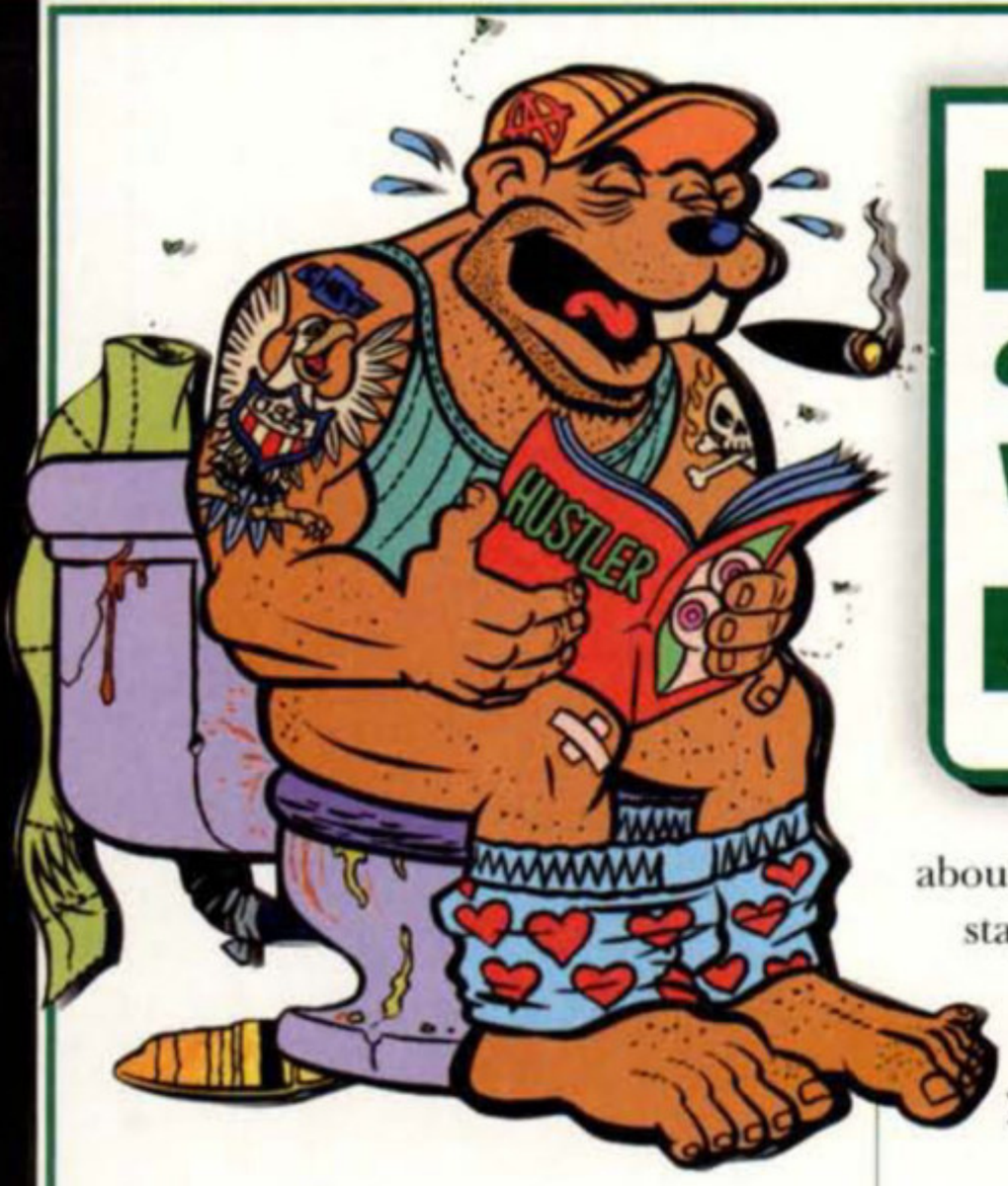
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Me Up!

exxoo, Tera


To see more of this Vivid Girl's most intimate areas, go to Vivid.com.
SEX



Question: What's the only difference between George W. Bush and a bucket of shit?

Answer: The bucket.

A theatrical agent, hyping a new strip act to a nightclub manager, began by raving about the lady's unbelievable 72-26-38 figure. "What kind of dance routines does your girl do?" asked the manager, duly impressed by her measurements.

"Well," the agent replied, "my client doesn't actually dance at all. She just crawls out onto the stage and tries to stand up!"

Question: Why did Maria Shriver, JFK's niece, marry movie star Arnold Schwarzenegger?

Answer: So she and her husband can produce a bulletproof Kennedy.

A guy went to his local federal building to apply for a government job. "Are you a veteran?" an interviewer asked him.

"I sure am," the man replied proudly. "In fact, I did two tours in Vietnam."

"Good," said the bureaucrat. "That counts in your favor. Do you have any service-related disabilities?"

"Well, yes," the vet answered. "During a battle an explosion removed my private parts, and I was declared disabled. It doesn't affect my ability to work though."

"Sorry to hear about your injury," the pencil-pusher offered, "but I have some good news for you: I can hire you right now! Working hours are from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. So come on in at about 10 o'clock, and we'll get you started."

"If working hours are 8 to 4," the applicant wondered, "why do you want me to come in late?"

"Being government workers," muttered the desk jockey, "we don't do anything but sit around and scratch our balls for the first couple of hours. No point in your showing up for that."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *NASCAR* as: Non-Athletic Sport Centered Around Rednecks.

Attending a recital at the Moskowitz Auditorium, a visitor to Israel was very impressed with the edifice's architecture and acoustics. Later he asked his group's tour guide, "Is this magnificent concert bowl named after Chaim Moskowitz, the renowned Talmudic scholar?"

"No, it isn't," the guide replied. "It's named in honor of Morris Moskowitz, the writer."

Whereupon the tourist remarked, "I've never heard of the man. What did he write?"

"A big check," the Israeli told him.

A devout Catholic fellow entered the confessional and admitted, "I had an affair with a woman—almost."

The priest asked, "What do you mean by *almost*?"

The married man explained, "Well, we got undressed and rubbed our privates together, but then I stopped before we did anything."

"Rubbing your privates together is the same as putting it in," the priest admonished. "You're not to see that woman again. For penance say 50 Hail Marys and put $50 in the poor box."

The penitent stepped out of the confessional, murmured his prayers, then walked over to where alms were collected. As the man was about to leave the church, the priest—who had been watching—ran over to him and barked, "I saw that you failed to put any money in the poor box!"

The philanderer quickly replied, "Yeah, but I rubbed a fifty on the box, and apparently that's the same as putting it in."

Question: What's the difference between a blond man and a blond female?

Answer: The blond chick has a higher sperm count.

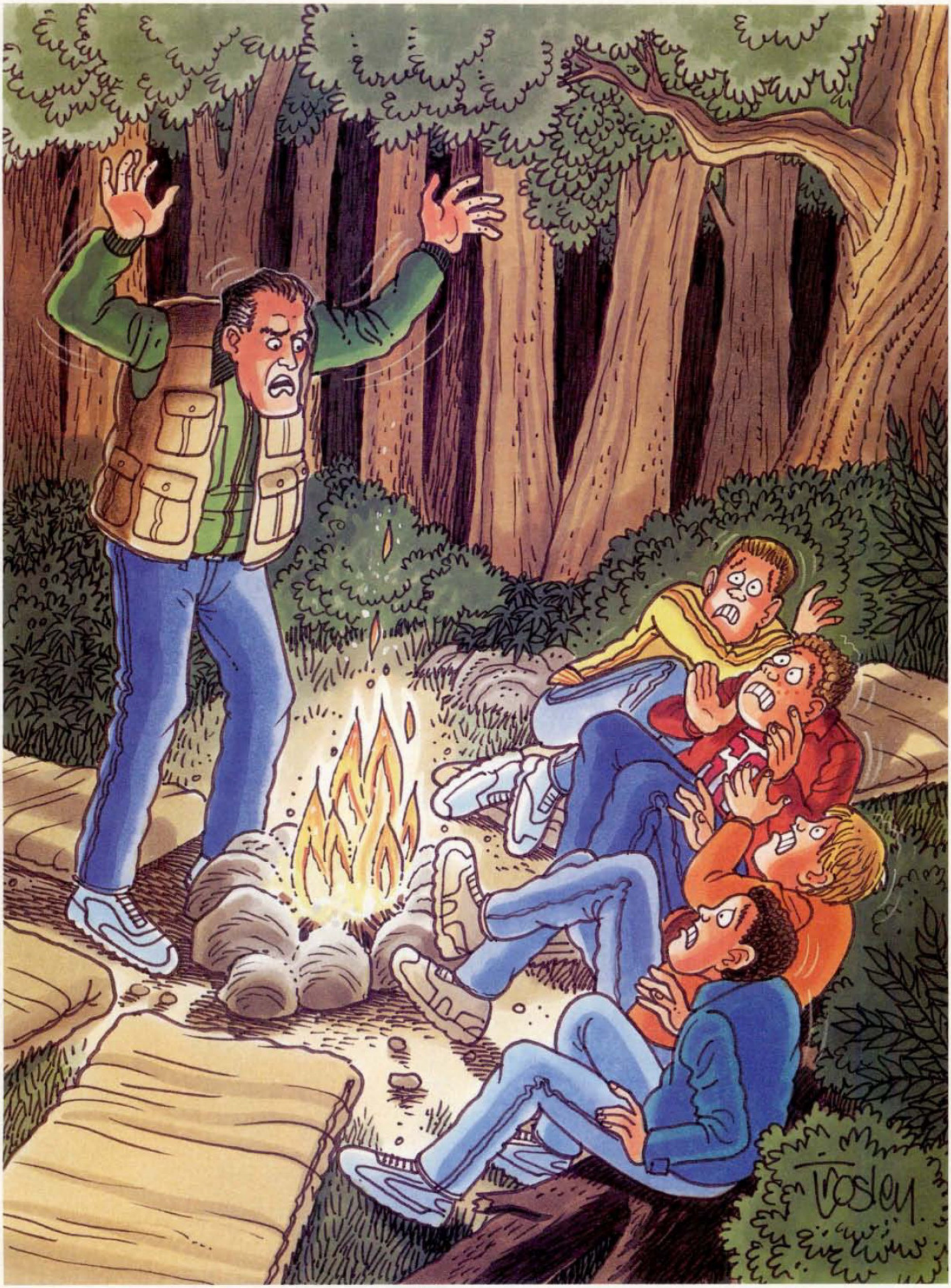
Patrick picked up a hot babe at a bar, and the couple decided to get in his dooley and drive out to the country. After a few minutes of making out, the cockteaser stopped and said, "I probably should have told you this earlier, but I'm a hooker, and I usually get $75 for my services."

Too horny to care, Patrick paid the cash and fucked the broad's brains out. Afterward he lit a cigarette and sat there staring out the windshield.

Finally the ho bellowed, "Why are we sitting here? We can split now."

"I probably should've mentioned this earlier," Patrick piped through a cloud of smoke, "but I'm a taxi driver, and the fare back to town is 75 bucks."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50.
Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"And then after he got drunk and did lots of drugs, he became the President and blew up a whole country!"

MILK & HONEYS

Pacifying a Lactation Fixation

AN ARDENT BREAST WORSHIPER RECOUNTS HIS JOURNEY FROM ADOLESCENT FANTASY TO GROWN-UP FULFILLMENT.

★ **WET-NURSING WITH MARK CROMER**

I'll never forget the first time I saw it. That initial pearl-white drop of milk glistening under klieg lights as it percolated at the tip of an erect pink nipple. When you're 17 years old, staring at a tit the size of your dad's sedan (thanks to 35mm film and the physics of projection) is a magically subversive moment that doesn't fade easily from memory. What beheld me was a far cry from those boring films I'd dreaded in my tenth-grade biology class. Rather than stifling a yawn, I could feel my pulse pounding through my jeans, which were stretched tight by a zipper-busting, adolescent hard-on.

The scene was a vintage moment from classic smut: Platinum-blond Angel Cash (for whom the term *floozy* could have been coined) was being caressed from behind by a doxy known as Aunt Peg. Gingerly massaging Cash's bountiful breasts, the older woman was lost in reverie until her face registered utter shock. "What's that?" Peg muttered, her fingertips moistened by the *leche* leaking from her voluptuous partner's nubbin.

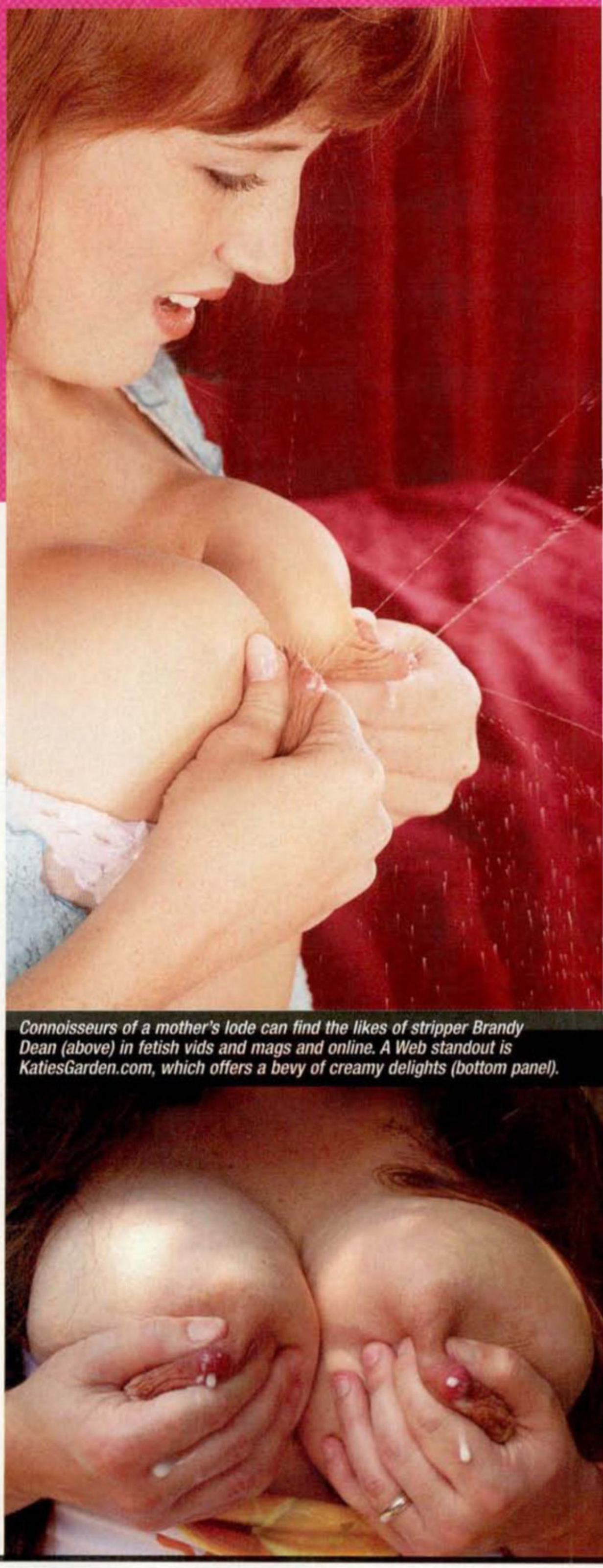
"It's milk," Angel squealed. "I have milk!"

"Oh, my God!" Aunt Peg gasped as she slipped her head around the comely milkmaid's shoulder and eagerly sucked at the result of her handiwork.

I sat transfixed. Bewildered. Stunned. I was awed by a *functioning* tit. Synapses fired in hyperdrive as blood vessels dilated, and my stomach tightened. This was fucking hot! Why hadn't I thought of this before?

That was in the early 1980s, on a night I had slipped out of my parents' suburban home in Pomona, California, and made the three-freeway trek down to Buena Park, pulling my '63 Ford Falcon into the parking lot of the Studio Theater. A state-of-the-art movie house when first erected across the street from Knott's Berry Farm, the Studio offered typical Hollywood fare for years. However, by the late 1970s—its heyday long gone—the establishment's new owners switched to hard-core sex films for bored tourists and high-school kids hopped up on teenage-grade testosterone, like me.

It was in the dark confines of a cavernous, decaying theater—the whir of the projector audible over cheesy porn soundtracks—that I was treated to the eye-widening sights of Grand Canyon-size pussies being plundered by ICBM-class cocks, to the wonderment of volcanic eruptions of semen eagerly lapped up by real women



Connoisseurs of a mother's lode can find the likes of stripper Brandy Dean (above) in fetish vids and mags and online. A Web standout is KatiesGarden.com, which offers a bevy of creamy delights (bottom panel).

who had naturally sloping breasts and full patches of pubic hair.

I fell in love with these freewheeling hippie goddesses of the Sexual Revolution, who—smiling with delight as they rode cocks—offered a gleeful rejoinder to the Stalinist echo of feminist screeching. It was here, in the XXX warrens of erotic sacrilege and sacrament, that I first made an awesome discovery: Lactation wasn't just for nursing infants—a concept I hadn't really considered before. After watching milk oozing out of Angel Cash's bodacious knockers, my life would never quite be the same. The nutritional purpose (and concomitant beauty) of a woman's endowments had been laid bare.

I couldn't stop wondering about the taste of a mother's milk. Consequently, Suzie Cheerleader no longer was the foundation of my masturbatory fantasies. In short order she was replaced by the plethora of housewives I admired in grocery-store aisles, all those women whose bras were stuffed with pads guarding against an inadvertent "let-down" should her baby start to cry—which, of course, was what I hoped for.

Indeed, my daily dreams were no longer spent in a beachside hammock with my Catholic neighbor Theresa, the tomboyish honey who'd given me my first taste of tit. Rather I became obsessed with her mother, who—like Ethel Kennedy—had kept her womb locked on an assembly-line production schedule. In my mind just the thought of Theresa's mom unbuttoning her blouse and sliding the caps off a nursing bra as she straddled me on the couch—a wicked little smile crossing her beatific face—was better than anything a porn flick on the big screen could hope to offer me.

But don't think I was satisfied with seeing lactating breasts that one night at the Studio Theater. To the contrary, I now had to see more. Back in the '80s this was not as easy a task as it would be for a teenage boy today, armed with a computer, Google and various Internet newsgroups. Twenty years ago it required actual footwork—and a fair amount of bullshitting, as I was still underage during my attempts to visit adult-book stores.

Making my task more challenging back then was the fact that over-the-counter pornography was still a relatively young art form, a genre of filmmaking and magazine publishing that was barely over a decade old. The industry was just starting to make the transition to video, and those wonderfully seedy sex stores I frequented still stocked 8mm loops, and with some digging I could find titles like *Milk & Honey*.

But on occasion my expeditions were rewarded with some real milky gems, such as *Home for Unwed Mothers*, which remains perhaps one of the only commercial-video releases that jettisoned hard-core sex altogether and focused instead on lactating women sucking each other dry. Obviously understanding the art and the audience, the director offered up the fetish in lush detail. In hindsight I wouldn't be surprised if the person behind the camera had been a woman.

In recent years far better lactation fodder has surfaced on the Internet, the most brilliantly potent of which is KatiesGarden.com, which features a hausfrau with four-inch areolas and enough moo juice to feed the 82nd Airborne Division on deployment in Iraq. Hands down, Katie is the Web's queen of lactation. The lady herself is vibrant, hot, sexy and intelligent—and get this! A portion of the revenue from her site is divvied up to breast-cancer research and an array of progressive causes. (Additional info is available at KatiesGarden.com.)

During my salad days in college I hit my stride with women and enjoyed a truly delicious buffet of tits that came in all shapes, sizes and colors. Sadly, the one common denominator was that every pair had been as dry as the Sahara. Since I wasn't obsessed to the point of trying to date a woman simply because she was lactating, I finally concluded that—barring some stroke of luck right out of the pages of HUSTLER FANTASIES Magazine—I'd only get to sip from a woman's tap when I finally settled down to raise a family. Actually, I didn't have to wait that long.

In the late 1990s, almost 15 years after I first ogled Angel Cash's milking melons on the big screen, I was still unmarried and living the writer's life, hitting a different bar on any given night. One evening at a hick dive in San Dimas, California, I met a woman named Tina. Her body was thick and well on its way toward dumpy, but on a more positive note she sported a full mane of brown hair, lightly freckled ivory skin, a face not too far removed from actually being pretty and her most distinguishing assets. Even after several vodka tonics I couldn't miss Tina's jugs, which I'd confirmed—in a sneaky roundabout way within moments of our hooking up—were fully loaded milk bombs.

Pleasant, soft-spoken, almost shy and yet undeniably a trailer-park prodigy, Tina soon revealed that just three months earlier she'd given birth to her sixth child! Now, under other circumstances, I might have asked, "Why are you in this joint? Where are your kids? How could you possibly breed six times? Are you under a court order of any kind? Is PROPERTY OF HELLS ANGELS tattooed anywhere on your body?"

But quite frankly, I didn't care what the lady's story was. I knew what I had to do. That first night I continued to make



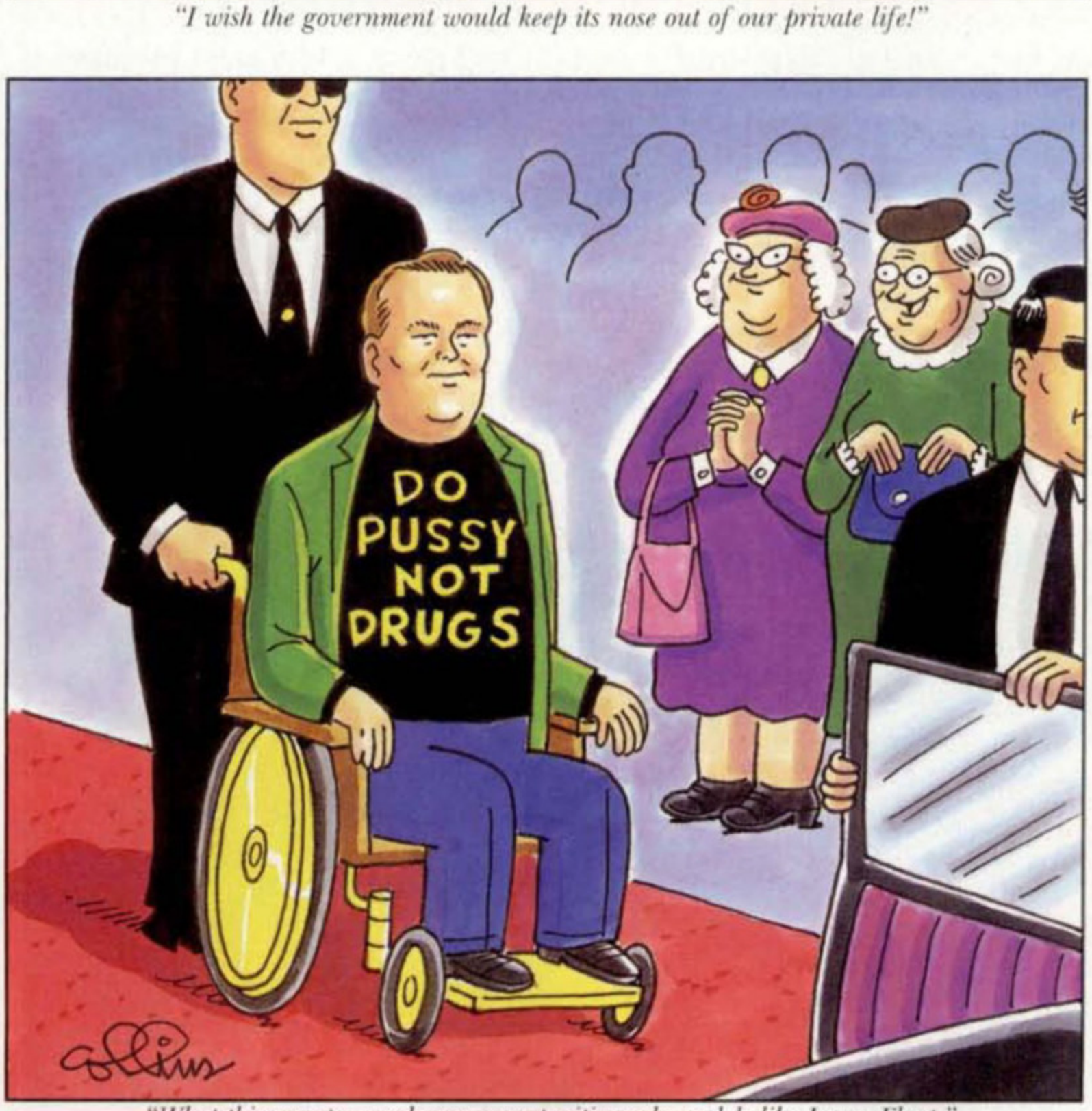




Brandy Dean photo by R.B. Kane
Bottom photos courtesy of KatiesGarden.com



"I wish the government would keep its nose out of our private life!"



"What this country needs are more positive role models like Larry Flynt."

polite time, a rare gentleman in Tina's life who duly asked for her phone number before leaving. With this one I was going to take no chances and ruin everything by jumping the gun and asking her out to my car to neck. Fortunately, I didn't have to wait long.

On our first date I brought lunch to her place, and the closing make-out session in her bedroom ended 15 long years of waiting. Even though on the other side of the door three of her six kids were screaming and running around in the living room, what took place was everything I thought it would be.

First, the slow removal of Tina's sweatshirt, revealing the sheer magnificence of her breasts, which strained through a shiny white bra that was stuffed with sponge pads—a shy smile on her angelic face as she reached around and unhooked the boulder-holder. She giggled something like, "I hope you like milk."

As I started to gently touch them, I think I replied, "You have no idea!" At the slightest touch of my fingers, droplets of milk surfaced from her nipples. I figured she hadn't nursed her newest-born in the past few hours.

When I finally wrapped my lips around a pudgy nerp and sucked hard, almost instantly my mouth was filled with a warm, thin liquid that was extremely sweet. Every ensuing suck yielded more instantaneous mouthfuls of mother's milk and louder moans from Tina. The long-awaited event was erotic, surreal—and incredibly fulfilling.

Dutifully I worked each supple breast separately, then simultaneously, spraying milk into the air, sucking some from a nipple, tugging the rubbery spigots and marveling at how much milk she was producing. Meanwhile, Tina giggled and squirmed, seemingly pleased that I was so delighted.

Finally my milk-cherry had been taken. Just like the time I'd lost my virginity, the glorious moment became a fond memory, a demarcation point of better things to come. Since that fateful encounter with Tina, I have had the good fortune to enjoy the marvels of several other lactating ladies, and it has always been a treat—like a glass of milk to go with her cookies.

Mark Cromer is a veteran journalist who has reported on legal issues for the Los Angeles Daily Journal, and written feature stories for the Los Angeles Times and the LA Weekly. He can be reached at MrCromer@aol.com.

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LOVING THICK WOMEN
Big girls need lovin' too!
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#FRV516



RAUNCHY CUMSHOTS
Slooge slurping hotties!
7HRS.
#FRV592



HERMAPH-RODITES WOMEN W/ COCKS
7HRS.
#HP104



WARNING: OPEN THE DOOR
We can't show any pictures, too hardcore!
4HRS. #SPE485



THE BIGGEST TITS IN THE WORLD
The title says it all, HUGE TITS!
4HRS.
#ME439



GIGANTIC TOYS
You won't believe the toys these girls can handle!
4HRS. #FRV531



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#LTN49



STRETCHING ASSHOLES
You won't believe the size of these assholes!
7HRS. #ME394



TEENS ON TAPE
Barely legal girls strip for the camera!
4HRS.
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EVERY LAST DROP
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#ME187



WOMEN LICK ASS TOO
Super hot lesbians love licking ass too!
4HRS. #LSB224



FURRY CREAMY PUSSY
The wettest, furriest pussies ever!
4HRS.
#ME395



OOZE FEST
Slooge flowing from the sexiest pussies!
7HRS.
#ME433



TITTY JUICE
Luscious, lactating hotties shooting warm milk!
7HRS.
#ME429



INDIAN PORN
Dark exotic girls that can't get enough sex!
4HRS.
#FRV458



DRIPPING SNATCH EXTRAVAGANZA
Hot girls letting it flow!
4HRS.
#FRV442



TAKEN BY BLACK MEN
Not 1 big black man but 2!
4HRS.
#NR299



OUTDOOR FUN
This girl loves to give her dog lots of exercise!
7HRS.
#ME191



GIVING IT UP TO THE BLACK MAN
Little white girls open their legs for their black lovers.
7HRS.
#MB395



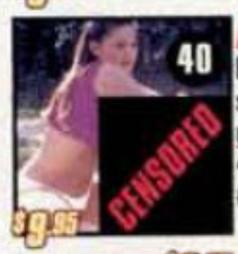
INTENSE DESIRES 2
More great hardcore footage!
7HRS.
#MB301



LITTLE WHITE GIRL BIG BLACK MAN
The tiniest chick ever with the biggest black man!
4HRS.#NR298



INDIAN PORN SLUTS
Kama Sutra to its fullest!
4HRS.
#FRV591



BANNED
Playful women, strange gratifications
4HRS.
#SPE670

ADULT'S YOUNGEST BLACKS
Hot young black girls!
4HRS.
#ME194

BIG TIT LACTA-TIONS
Grab these big firm milk filled tits!
4HRS.#FME424

MONSTER COCKS
The biggest fattest cocks ever!
4HRS.
#KSV412

PUSSY SQUIRTS
Wet pussies shooting warm liquid!
4HRS.
#FME422

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GIRLS AT PLAY
Young playful school girls take it off for the camera!
7HRS.
#ME195

LICKING THE MAN-HOLE
Women who love to lick ass!
7HRS.
#ME113

MY TEENAGE NEIGHBOR
You've wanted her sweet ass for soo long!
4HRS.
#FRV505

THE WORLDS CRAZIEST GANG BANGS
So much action it's almost hard to follow!
4HRS. #FME420

BARELY LEGAL NYMPHOS
Little girls learning about sex!
7HRS.
#MB342

COCK GAGGING
Be careful that you don't gag!!
7HRS.
#MB369

EXTRA BIG AND NATURAL
Huge tits, no silicon here!
4HRS.
#FRV389

SENIOR NYMPHOS
Grannie can't get enough cock!
7HRS.
#MB279

A BLACK MAN TOOK MY VIRGINITY
Little white girls getting pounded by black cock for the first time!
4HRS.
#FME415

HOT SHE-MALES WITH HUGE COCKS
The biggest she dicks ever!
4HRS.
#SM339

INTERNAL OOZE
Hot girls let loose with the juice!
4HRS.
#ME389

SHE-MALES NEED 18" TOO
She-males screwing big dicks!
7HRS.
#MB349

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#04 ☐	#12 ☐	#20 ☐	#28 ☐	#34 ☐	#40 ☐	#48 ☐	#56 ☐
#05 ☐	#13 ☐	#21 ☐	#29 ☐	#35 ☐	#41 ☐	#49 ☐	
#06 ☐	#14 ☐	#22 ☐	#30 ☐	#36 ☐	#42 ☐	#50 ☐	
#07 ☐	#15 ☐	#23 ☐	#31 ☐	#35 ☐	#43 ☐	#51 ☐	
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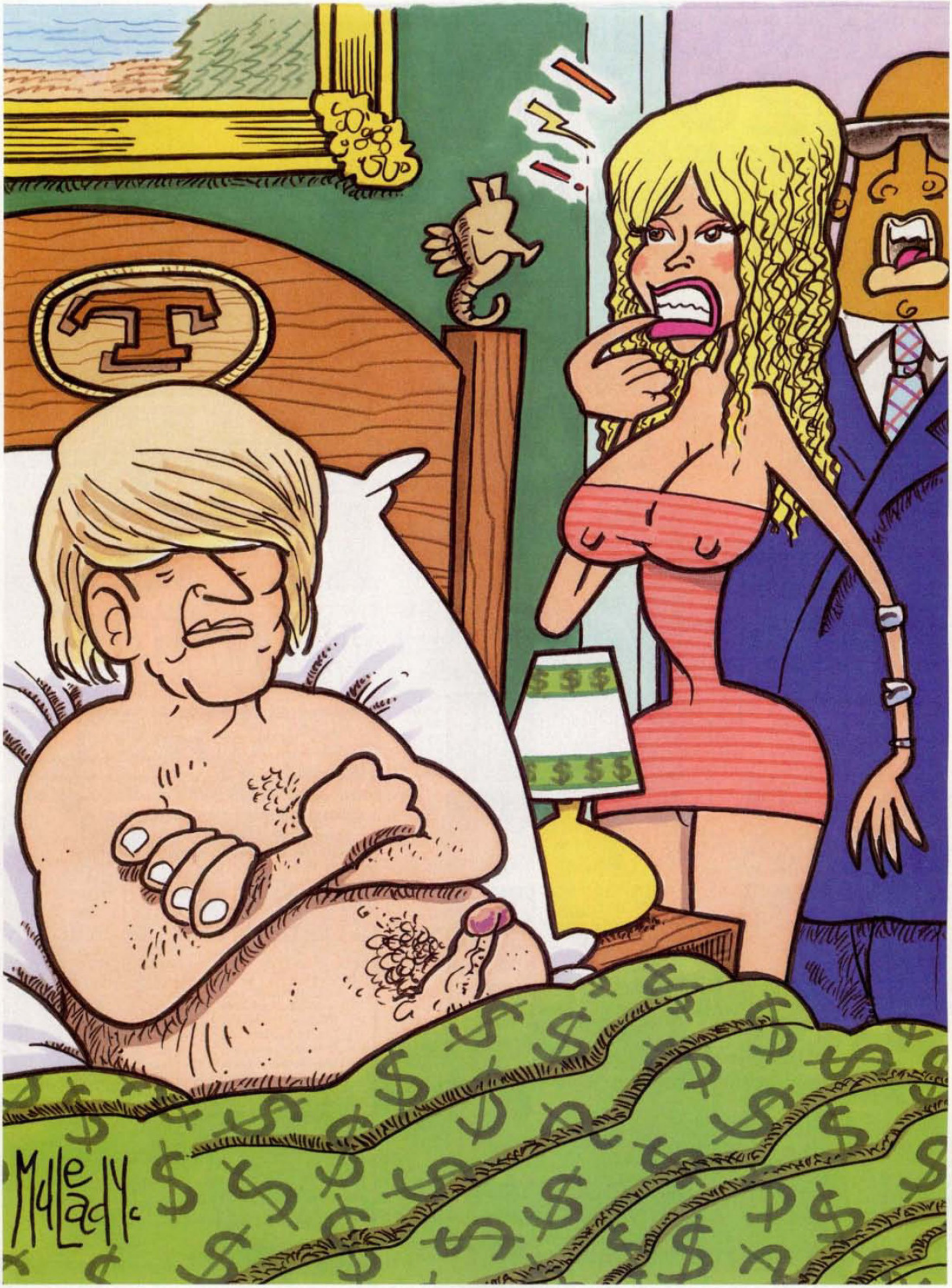
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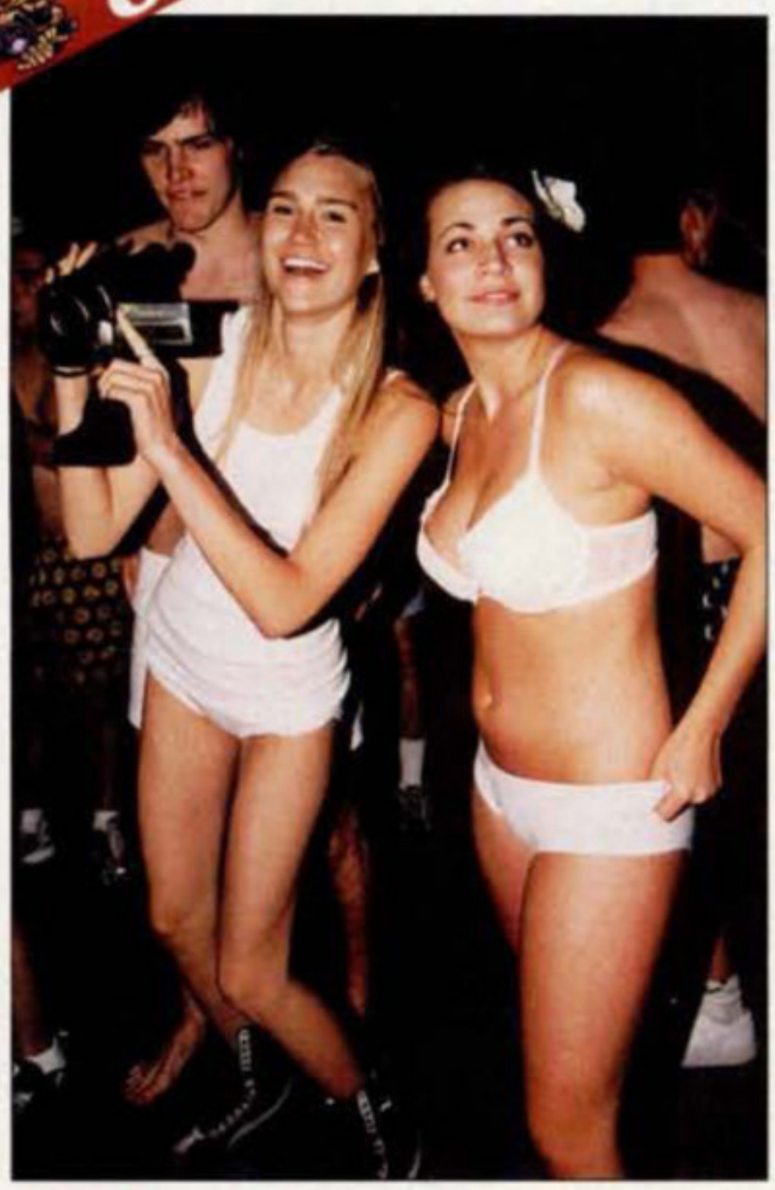
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"The Donald wants the blowjob, or else the bodyguard will give you the boot!"

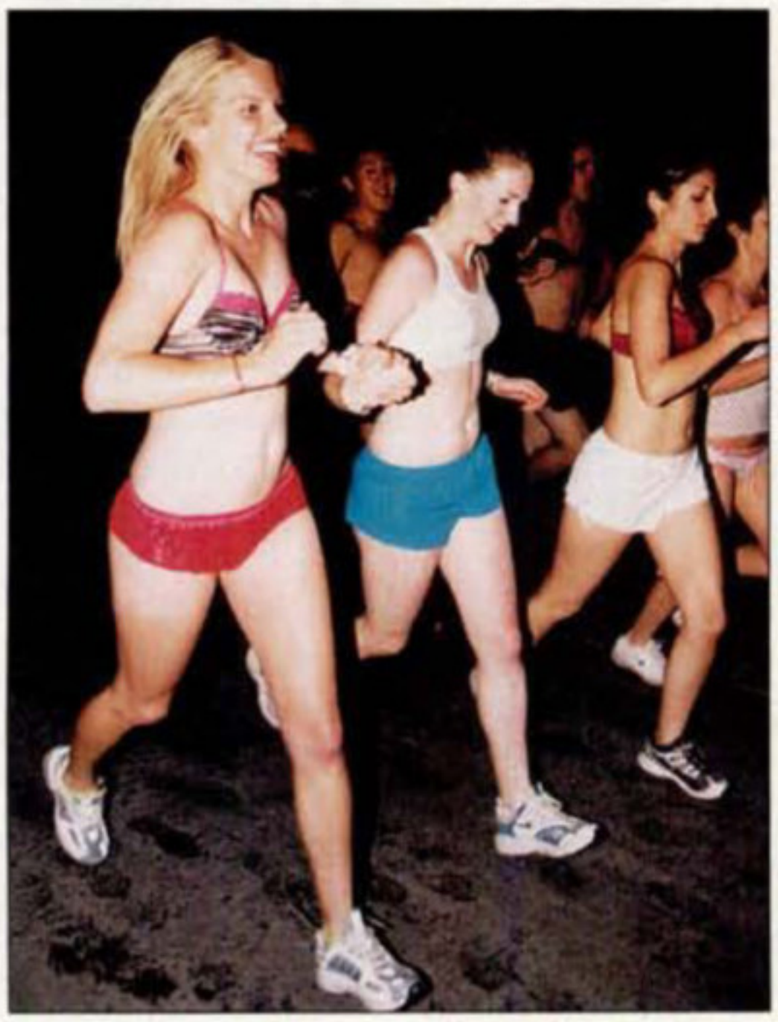
Hitting the Streets for Stress Relief!

★ **News From UCLA** by Jonathon Dabach



The University of California, Los Angeles—UCLA in its more familiarly appellation—is perhaps best known for countless movie appearances. From *Old School* to *Higher Learning*, the campus (located in upscale Westwood) has been besieged by Hollywood film crews for decades. The school, however, has never garnered a smutty reputation.

Older alumni might remember frat parties as typical drink-and-go-home-alone-type affairs, but something has changed in recent years. There's only so much stress any college student can take before he or she has to let out some steam, especially at final-examination time. Keeping up with their male counterparts, some coeds may drink their way into a calm state in which they can focus on their studies, but others have adopted alternate methods to relieve tension. Thankfully for me and the entire male student body, many girls at UCLA have chosen to release their pent-up emotions by gathering together and showing skin.



It's rather chilly at the intersection of Landfair and Gayley when I arrive shortly before midnight. Some students have dressed up in elaborate costumes and makeup. Most of those on hand, however, don sweatshirts and jeans. A pair of drunken collegians among us, their faces contorted in sophomoric grins, preamble the scheduled event by shucking their duds and running around aimlessly. For the time being, their lack of inhibitions is the envy of everyone.



Like New Year's Eve, the countdown begins from ten and goes slowly to one. At the stroke of midnight we all throw our outer clothing to the ground. Nipples harden in the chilly air. A few eager voyeurs videotape the proceedings as a form of free porn to watch later. Most of the participants simply giggle and enjoy the show.

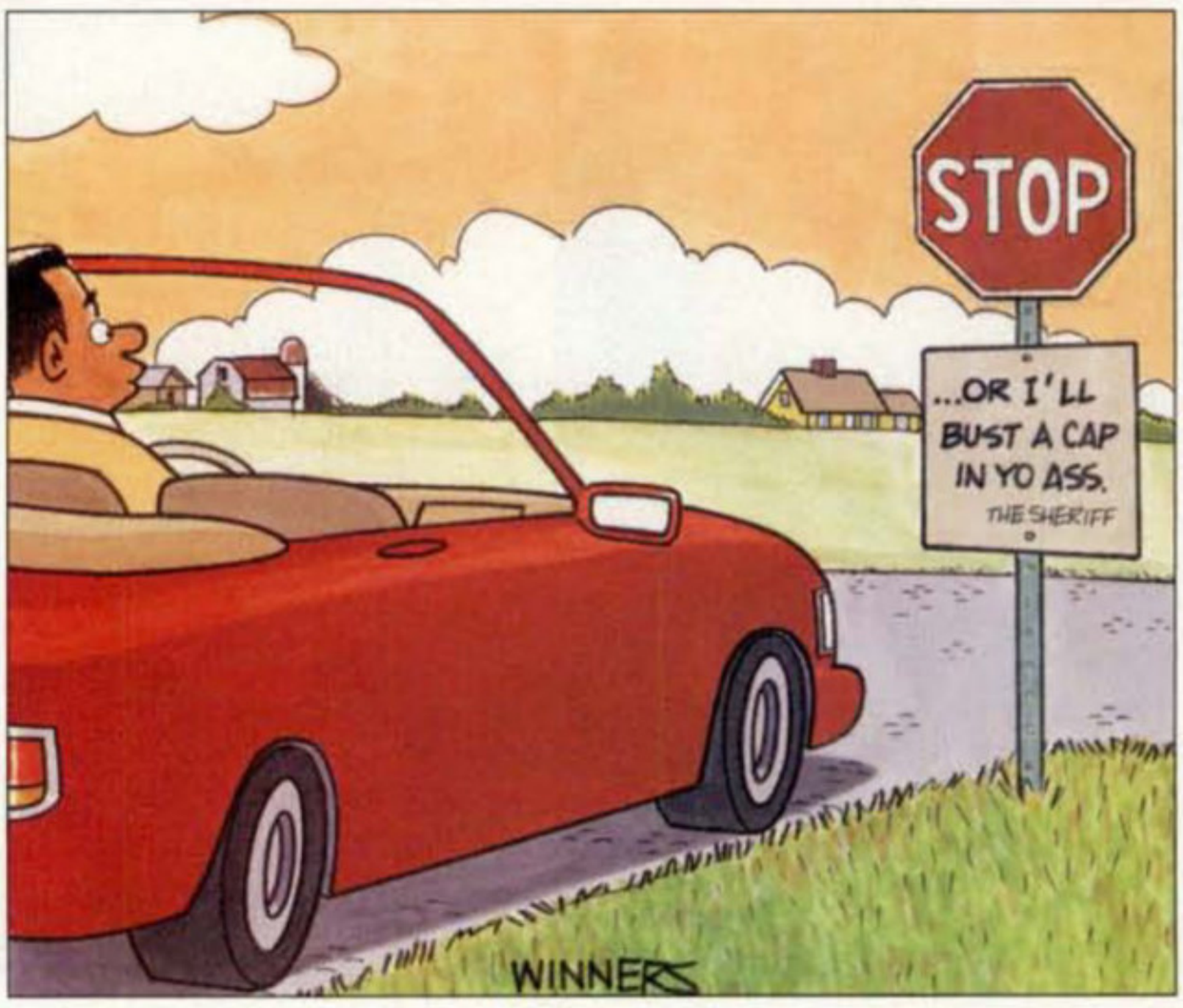
Having only begun in March '03, the Undie Run is still striving to become a UCLA tradition—and a possibly more effective alternative to the well-established Midnight Yell. For years and years, frustration with voluminous textbooks and bullshit math equations would get so high at the end of a ten-week quarter that the collegiate residents of Westwood had to do something to take the edge off. Mostly to curse their teachers, Bruins would collectively stand by their open windows and scream like banshees every night of finals week just as the clock struck 12.

Over the years, slowly but surely, the worked-up students moved into the streets, where they could frolic alongside each other and howl at the top of their lungs about how they wished they'd never gone off to college and whatnot. Eventually a daredevil took off his or her clothes and ran around in nothing but underwear. It didn't take long for everyone else to catch onto the idea.

Most UCLA undergrads have ambitious majors. A number of the midnight streakers surrounding me are eventually going to become scientists, lawyers and politicians. Imagining these coeds working behind a desk years from now in conservative business suits makes it all a little more exciting to watch as they revel through the crowded streets of Westwood, yelling, flirting and being totally free—wearing nothing but sneakers, big smiles and their undies.

Jonathon Dabach is a UCLA film student who moonlights as a professional magician.

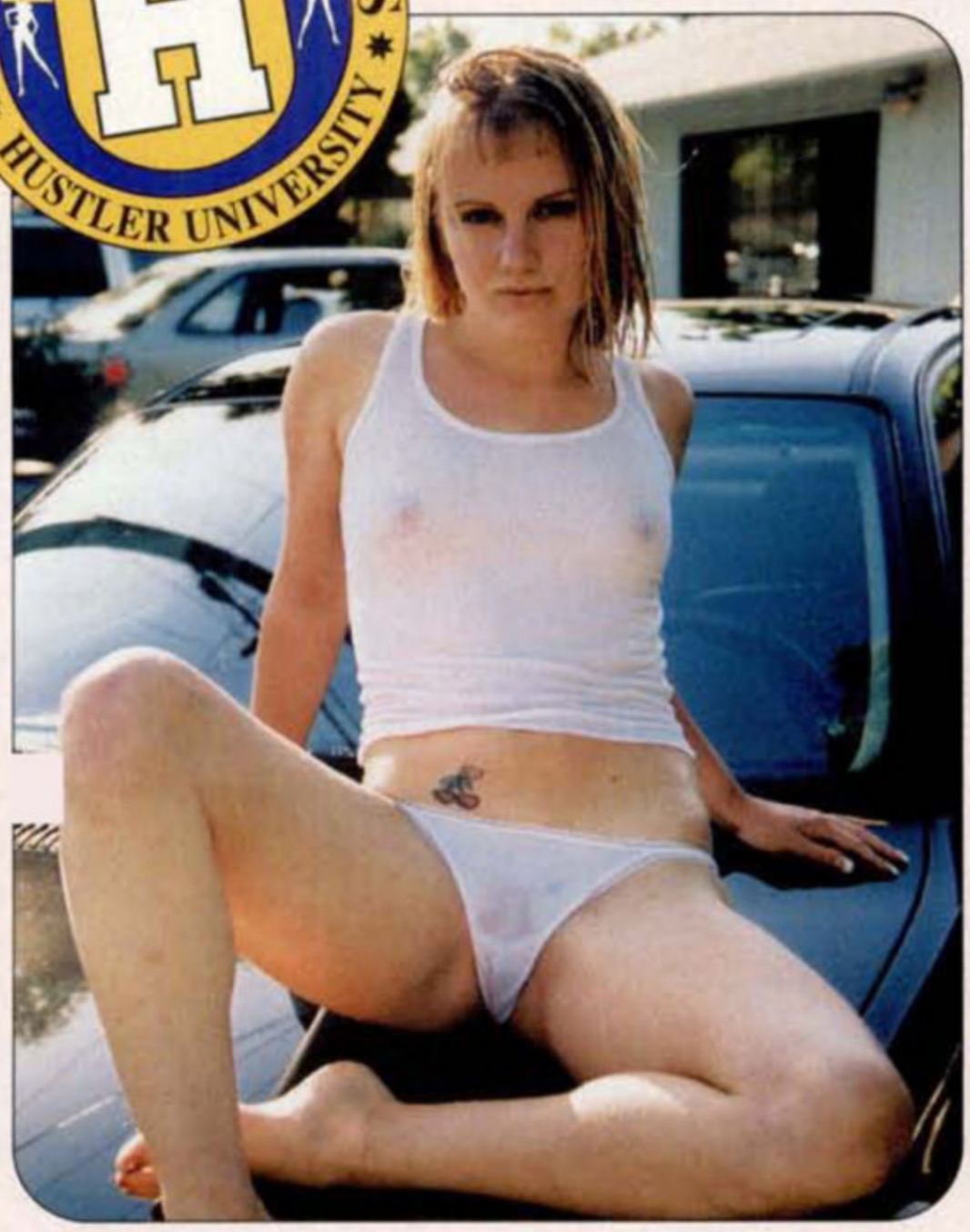
Attention budding college journalists: If you have an idea for a newsworthy report from your institution of higher learning, please contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com*.

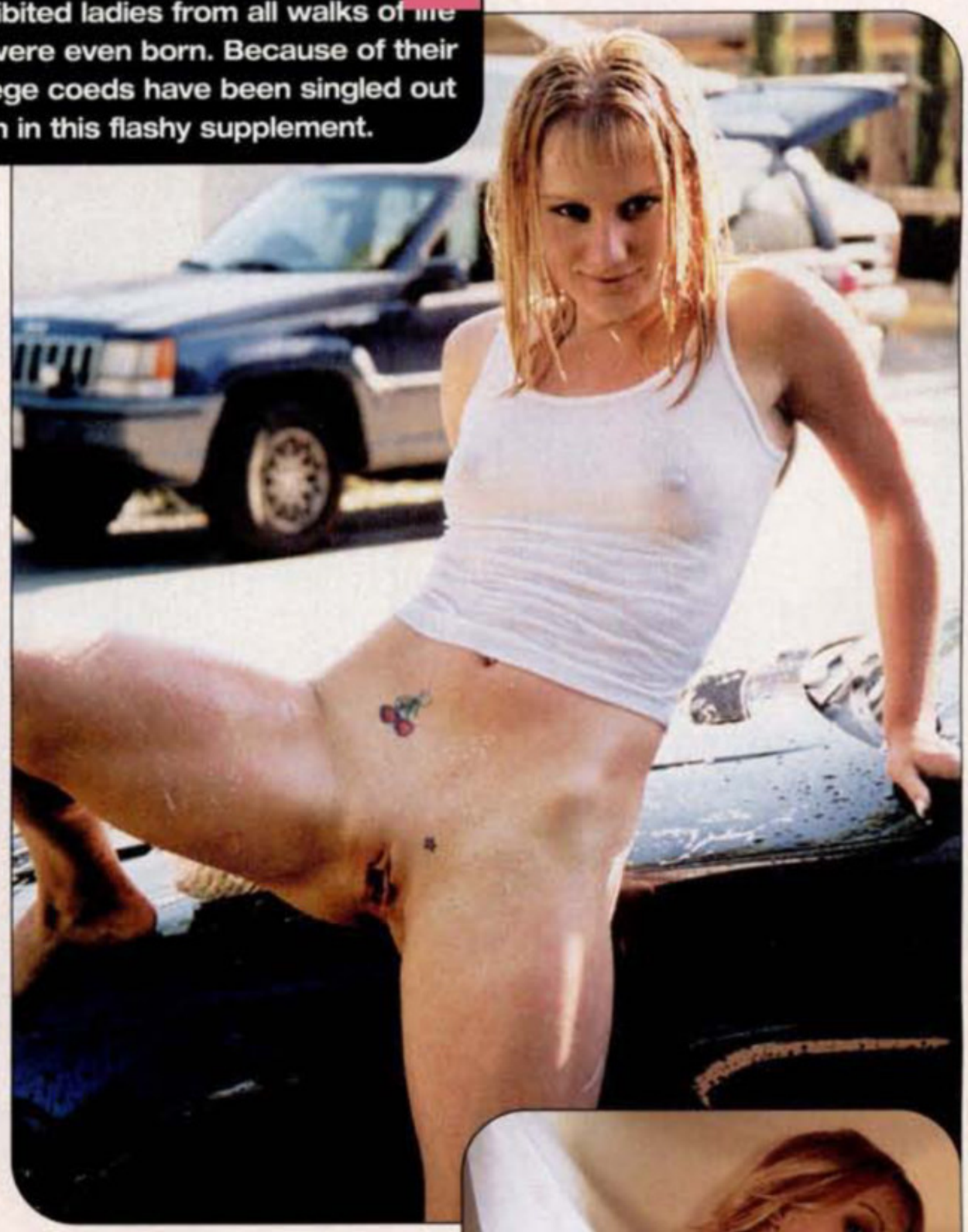


WE'RE PAYING CA$H FOR HOT STUDENT BODIES!

HUSTLER's amateur photo-contest, *Beaver Hunt*, has been a showcase for uninhibited ladies from all walks of life since before these chicks were even born. Because of their vast appeal, unbashful college coeds have been singled out for special recognition in this flashy supplement.

REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
HUSTLER
HUSTLER UNIVERSITY







CHERRY PIES





"I want to have sex with an over-35 executive while I'm bent over his desk!"

Already Cherry Pies has stripped at school bashes and been devirginized by a professor; so sending us nudie pics was a piece of cake for the Californian from Walnut Creek. "I'm devilish and all over the bad-girl thing," chirps the 20-year-old English "and older-men" major at **Diablo Valley College**. Once a soccer-playing cheerleader, Cherry Pies is now keen on roller hockey, bowling and pool, works at a jewelry store (plus summertime lifeguarding) and keeps up a snazzy 3.6 grade-point average. What a babe!

—Photos by Friend

MANDY





A sophomore at **Western State College of Colorado**, 18-year-old Mandy sure looks like a gal who hails from a mountainous region. "Guys always ask how big they are," says Mandy, and it doesn't take a pervy geologist to know of what she speaks. "I have all-natural 36DDD breasts, and they're still growing!" The Denver native, who's majoring in psychology with a 2.5 GPA, supports herself as a waitress, but she still finds time to get her kicks. Working out, shopping, partying and camping are a few of the voluptuous vixen's extracurricular activities. Mandy's most memorable—or should we say mamorable?—hanky-panky experience since matriculating at Western State is "having sex on a camping trip in the Rockies; that topped them all!"

—Photos by Friend







ELIGIBILITY: Candidates must be 18 years of age or older and currently enrolled in an accredited school. To be exposed here, follow instructions on model-release/entry form that appears on page 161 of this issue and indicate *Real College Girls* on submission envelope. All RCG applicants have a shot at the

$5,000 grand prize!



KIMBERLY & MARCO

SWIM TEAM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

When Kimberly arrives at Marco's pool party, the hot babe is shocked to discover that she's the only invitee and that swimsuits are optional. As the shapely gal starts to go home, the horndog host promises her there'll be no funny business, then innocently offers to give Kimberly some swimming lessons. It isn't long before the orgasmic duo is doing the breast (and nipple) stroke, the (get-on-your) back stroke and the always-gratifying doggy (style) paddle.











Proving he isn't a cheapskate when it comes to party favors, Marco blows a big wad on his very receptive guest.



Kimberly gets soaked between the legs in *Hot Showers #15*, *Young Girls' Fantasies #5* and *Barely Legal #45* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.



JENNA TALES

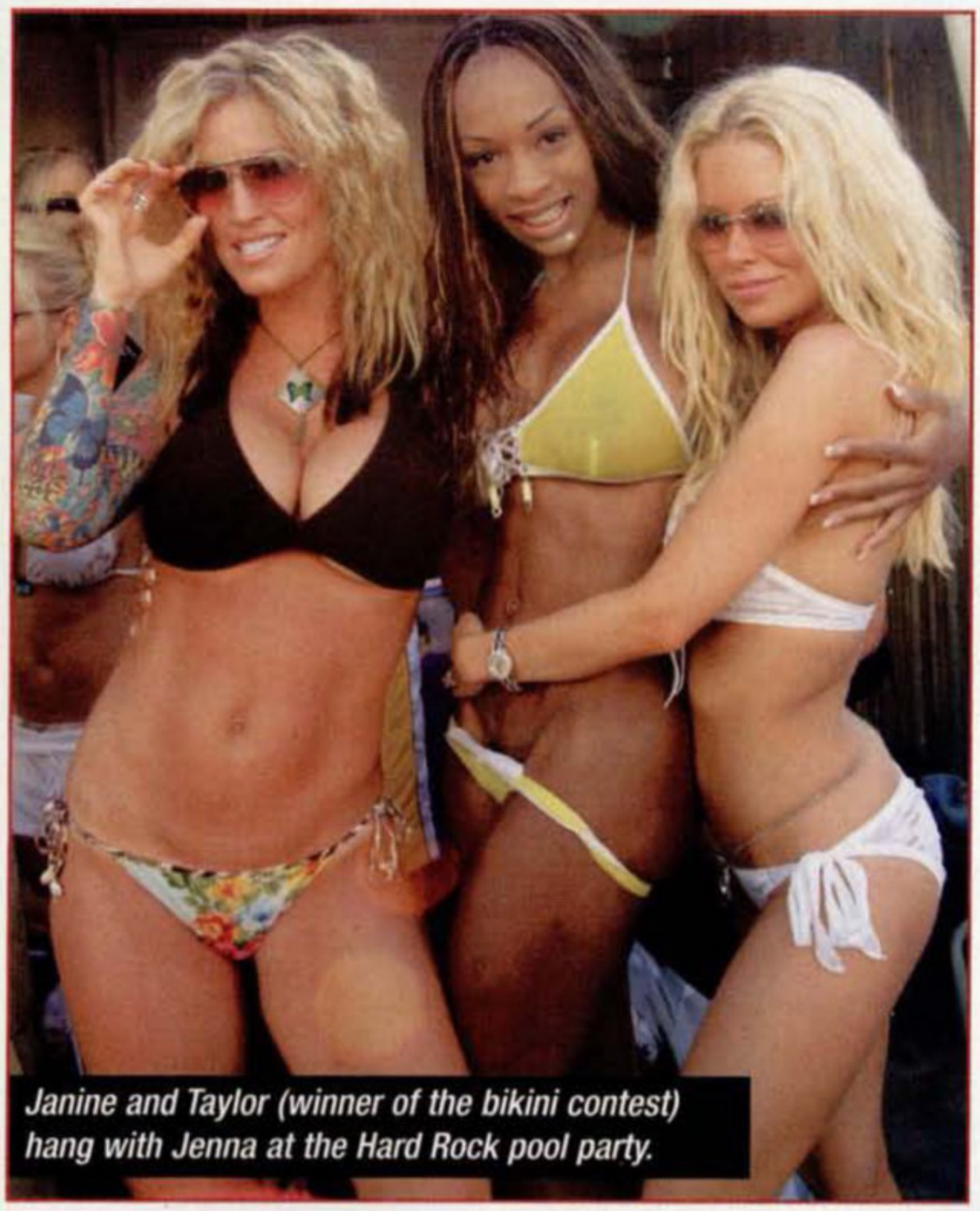
ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON

What's up, guys? Things have calmed down a bit since I finished filming *The Masseuse*; so I've been preoccupied with my number-one favorite activity: shopping. Besides an assortment of new outfits, I bought the cutest micromini chihuahua, which I've named Carmen Dior. She goes everywhere with me. Since she literally fits in my purse, it isn't hard to sneak her into restaurants! The little scamp just loves eating steak. Let me tell you, itsy-bitsy Carmen is so spoiled.



I recently came home from a little vacation down in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. I really needed a break because I've been working so hard lately. I totally recommend going there if you get the opportunity, and it isn't too far from the States. (Flying time from Phoenix, for instance, is only about an hour and 45 minutes.) Cabo has a lot to offer tourists, and what amazing sunsets! During my getaway I shacked up right on the beach at a breathtaking resort called Las Ventanas. Besides having the best food I've ever eaten in my life, there's a tequila and ceviche bar, as well as a wine room. Gee, I ate so much lobster and drank so many margaritas, I thought I was going to explode.

Before I forget, Tera Patrick and I were saved by a nose from sparking another Nipplegate scandal, similar to the one surrounding Janet Jackson during the halftime show at the Super Bowl. Vivid Video leased space for two billboards atop the Rainbow Bar & Grill on the fabulous Sunset Strip in West Hollywood. For those of you who haven't been there, the Rainbow is a popular hangout for showbiz and music personalities. During the week, Lemmy from the metal band Motörhead often holds court there. He's such a cool guy. Anyway, the billboard displays almost all of my breasts, but one nipple is hidden by my elbow, and the other is obscured (just barely) by the nose of my male co-star. On the flip side of the billboard is a giant image of Vivid Girl Tera Patrick that's part of the promotion for her new film *Tera, Tera, Tera*. Her breasts can be seen overflowing a strapless minidress with a hemline that shows a flash of her panties. Tera looks so hot!



Janine and Taylor (winner of the bikini contest) hang with Jenna at the Hard Rock pool party.

By the way, I just got my hands on photos back from my big charity event at the Hard Rock Hotel—the theme of last month's column. I thought I'd share a delicious image with all of you guys who weren't able to make it out to Las Vegas. I hope you enjoy it.

If there's anything you'd like to see in the next installment, or even if you just want to say hi, don't hesitate to write. I love getting mail from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at

Jenna Tales
c/o HUSTLER Magazine
8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

See you on the flip side!

XoXo,
Jenna

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Randy Haberek**





*Lauren Phoenix **(Swallow Every Drop):** "Is there an echo in here?"*



***Swallow Every Drop:** Fallon and Jessica Sweet share a tender moment.*



***Swallow Every Drop:** Lauren Phoenix savors the taste of her cherry-flavored pantyhose*

Swallow Every Drop

Directed by Stoney Curtis.

Starring Lauren Phoenix, Renee Pornero, Isabel, Jessica Sweet, Victoria Sin, Fallon Summers, Andrew, Dirty Harry, Lee Stone, Phil Gash and Alberto.

DVD: Lethal Hardcore.

Swallow Every Drop is a series of vignettes devoted to cum-guzzling *über*-whores who defile themselves any way possible for the protein they crave. For openers, lovely Lauren Phoenix addresses the camera while playing with her shaved slit. "My pussy and ass are so lonely today," she coos. But not for long, as some lucky dude promptly stuffs his sausage down Phoenix's throat prior to a scorching rectal-rooter session that practically collapses her colon. Not to be outdone, Fallon Summers and Euroslut Victoria Sin tackle elder swordsman Lee Stone's shaft with wild abandon. As Fallon is being stabbed with cock, her pal tosses Stone's salad. The only one of the hot duo to get an ass-drilling, Victoria gladly surrenders her sphincter reverse-cowgirl-style. Finally the lascivious ladies are rewarded for their herculean efforts with a jet blast of splooge to the tonsils. Simply put, *Swallow* is good to the last drop.

—Stewart Wallace

COURTROOM COMEDY

When porn relationships collapse, the two XXXers usually just divide the sex toys and move on to their next victims. Sometimes, though—especially when large quantities of money and/or feelings of treachery are involved—the only viable course for the proactive partner is to drag the dirty laundry through semen-soaked coals and get sweet revenge. Such was the case with jizz-jockey Ashley Blue and Trent Tesoro when their once-upon-a-time storybook romance quickly went sour following her contention that Tesoro had a cosmic appetite for fresh meat.

So they parted ways...with much ado. Wanting the two-timing Casanova out of her life for good, but not bent on tossing him to the curb, Ashley lent her former boyfriend enough money to get his own pad. When Tesoro failed to fully repay Ms. Blue, the superslut dealt with her woes the American way—by taking her ex to court. The television court of Judge Greg Mathis, that is.

Sparked by her beau's unfaithful ways, the plaintiff sued for repayment of a $2,000 loan made to Tesoro's mother, the balance of the $2,500 Ashley had advanced him to move out ($700) and $850 for an unpaid phone bill, totaling $3,550.

Judge Mathis toyed with the squabbling jizz-bizzers, and courtroom spectators roared thunderously when he asked, "Are you all real freaks, or do you just play the role?"

Ashley ultimately brought up Tesoro's purported drug use as the root of his irresponsibility in settling the matter. Tesoro, often giggly and dithering, had an arduous time defending the allegations brought forth, at which point Judge Mathis interrupted him and inquired, "Are you high right now?"

Judge Mathis expressed his feelings that the nucleus of the lawsuit was Ms. Blue's anger over Tesoro's running off to a new girl, not a desire to be compensated for what she was owed. Porn actress Kate Kaptive, Tesoro's new squeeze, testified as a character witness, but did little to help her drowning partner.



Judge Mathis's verdict ordered Tesoro to pay back the $700 loan and $850 phone bill, but the sum lent to his mother was not part of the settlement. The boob-tube jurist felt that any repayment in this regard was the older woman's responsibility, not her son's. Apparently ending the whole to-do, Tesoro's debt to Ashley Blue was paid by the producers of the Warner Brothers show.



Tails of Perversity #11: *Tireless Alicia Rhodes gets a four-point inspection and a fill-up.*



Tails of Perversity #11: *Another narcoleptic moment for Roxanne Hall.*



Mandy Bright ***(Wrecked 'Em):*** *"No, he's not going to skull-fuck me!"*



Pason **(Marked For Anal):** "What do you mean, my performance is flat?"



Wrecked 'Em: Melissa Black demonstrates her favorite yoga position.



Marked For Anal: Honey and Pason in the midst of enthusiastic yawns.



Jackie & Jill: Lezley Zen takes a break from her studies.



Lilly Thai **(Jackie & Jill):** "Dude, you need a breath mint!"

Tails of Perversity #11

Directed by William H.

Starring Roxanne Hall, Alicia Rhodes, Christie Lee, Vicki Richter, Trinity Page, Cameron James, Brandon Iron, Herschel Savage, Mick Blue, Tony T., Jake Malone and Jim Orlando.

DVD & VHS: Elegant Angel.

Tails of Perversity #11 is a stylized journey into the twisted mind of director William H., who flawlessly lenses the deviant behavior of his subjects. In a dingy dungeon, aptly named Trinity begs to have her face fucked by a mook trio. Soon the raven-tressed babe gulps man-muscle as her gag-reflex kicks into overdrive. For good measure one of the swordsmen even stuffs a foot down her gullet. Eventually Trinity—upside down in a stockade—takes three massive loads on her mug. In another scene, foul-mouthed Brit Roxanne Hall forces some lackey to lick her boots while verbally abusing the poor bastard. She then ties him up and makes him watch her orifices get jackhammered by a complete stranger. As if that isn't enough steam, cock-crazed Limey Alicia Rhodes picks up a fellow at a bus stop for a no-holes-barred fuckfest. *Tails of Perversity #11* is a zipper-busting good time. ***—S.W.***

Wrecked 'Em

Directed by David Perry.

Starring Mandy Bright, Janet Alfano, Demi Cool, Melissa Black, Clarissa May, Vivienne La Roche, Toni Ribas, David Perry, Frank Gun, Chouy, Jean-Yves Le Castel, Mike Foster and Robert.

DVD: Zero Tolerance Entertainment.

If you can get past the somewhat homoerotic dick-on-dick action, then *Wrecked 'Em* might be your bag. Justifying our rating, this collection of vignettes features some of the nastiest Euro-bitches to ever get their hands on a cock. The point of *Wrecked 'Em* isn't to showcase two sausages crammed inside a bun for shock value; it's to prove that the vociferous whores across the Pond are more willing to degrade themselves than American sluts. In fact, *Wrecked 'Em* is more of a testament to this postulate than anything else. By delivering a scorching performance, leggy Mandy Bright (*AVN*'s 2004 Foreign Performer of the Year) demonstrates why she earned those kudos. Mandy sports a shit-eating grin in the midst of her crap hatch being stretched to the limit by two monstrous fucksticks. *Wrecked 'Em* is like a car crash—as an observer, you can't take your eyes off the carnage. ***—S.W.***

Marked for Anal

Directed by Skeeter Kerkove.

Starring Joselyn Pink, Pason, Haley, Sabina, Honey, Vicky Vette, Benjamin Brat, Scott Lyons, Claudio, Bad Bob, Mr. Pete and Alex Sanders.

DVD: FusXion/Metro Interactive.

Skeeter Kerkove's got one helluva job—grabbing silky-smooth shebooty and all the while proclaiming, "Sodomy rules, baby!" The first tramp to be defiled is nasty Pason. The hottie may look young, but check out her wise-beyond-her-years sex moves, such as deep-throating Benjamin Brat's massive bratwurst and rimming his furry ass crack. Damn, girl! Did you spend the summer at a ho training camp or something? "I'm on a mission from God," Kerkove testifies, busting in just long enough to introduce Swedish-born sexpot Sabina, whose shit hole is promptly mauled by gnarly Bad Bob and Claudio. Standout Vicky Vette—with her busty, wholesome good looks and tight bunghole—proves she's a cut above the vid's other spunk-gobblers. The facial cum bath she endures at *Marked*'s end personifies the very same down-and-dirty attitude that made Vicky Vette HUSTLER's 2003 Beaver of the Year. *Marked for Anal* hits the bull's eye. ***—T. Lux***

Jackie & Jill

Directed by Paul Thomas.

Starring Kira Kener, Lezley Zen, Karina, Lilly Thai, Julie Robbins, Chris Cannon, Nick Manning, Jack Lawrence, Kurt Lockwood, Mario Rossi, Gavin Marx and Anthony Hardwood.

DVD: Vivid Entertainment.

Part Thai and part Norwegian, Kira Kener has velvety tan skin, a cute face, pert boobies and a clean, tight pussy that qualify her as the quintessential girl-next-door. That is, if the neighbor in question has a penchant for kinky sex and lesbian lust. Portrayed by Kener, Jackie is "looking for love in all the wrong ads." Until she meets Jill (the rough-on-the-edges but sexy Lezley Zen) during a Paul Thomas autograph session at Jill's bookstore. The owner, it seems, has been screwing a delivery boy in the back room. But when Jill meets Jackie, she promptly abandons the submissive boy toy. Kener and Zen's characters then enter a complex girl-on-girl seduction ritual that will leave the viewer drenched. The flick ends with Jackie splitting from her lesbo lover for a deep-dicking from stud Chris Cannon. *Jackie & Jill* proves that not all XXX fairy tales can have a happy sapphic ending. ***—T.L.***



Cameron **(Barely Legal #47):** "Has anyone ever told you that you look like the singer from Pavement?"

Stack 'Em Deep: Lauren Phoenix hangs on for dear life.





Emily DaVinci **(Stack 'Em Deep):** "Can I get double prints for my scrapbook?"



Kathleen Kruz **(Barely Legal #47):** "You don't mind if I use my choppers, do you?"

Twisted Tales

Directed by Andre Madness.

Starring Trinity, Simone, Krystal Steal, Nikki Benz, Eric Masterson, Kris Slater, Trevor Zen and Jay Ashley.

DVD: Pleasure Productions.

Take some of the hottest girls in XXX porn (namely stacked blondes Nikki Benz and Krystal Steal), throw them into a string of straightforward yet boner-inducing scenarios, and—*voilá!*—you've got *Twisted Tales* in a nutshell. The segment titled "Come to Me" features Trinity seducing a plumber (Kris Slater) for a round of hot sucking and fucking. With a beautiful pink pussy, the vixen moans like a girl possessed until Slater busts a gigantic load of nut butter all over her pretty face. Trinity appears again, in "The Gift," with former HUSTLER Honey Krystal Steal. Of course, bi-girls will be bi-girls, and these two certainly enjoy their homemade beaver buffet before allowing Eric Masterson to join the party, leaving Steal's slit dripping like a leaky faucet. The final two scenes—"Oh, Brother," featuring Simone; and "What Dreams Are Made Of," with Nikki Benz—contain some seriously sordid sphincter-stretching. In the end, *Twisted Tales* will leave raincoaters bent out of shape. **—T.L.**

Barely Legal #47

Directed by Clive McLean.

Starring Larisa Fox, Kathleen Kruz, Ashley Fires, Jayna Oso, Cameron, Jynx, Jason, Benjamin Brat, K.C. and Cheyne Collins.

DVD & VHS: HUSTLER Video.

That's what I like about these barely legal girls, man. The video series keeps getting older, but its babes remain youthful. *Barely Legal #47* reaps another fresh crop of hotties for your pud-pounding pleasure. Dewy brunet morsel Larisa Fox will drain your balls the instant you glimpse her gorgeous face, porcelain boobs and tight young clamshell wrapped up in a wispy bush. The first-timer, whose perky voice is a turn-on, pops her porn cherry in an ultrasteamy love scene. Her lips sparkling, sexy Kathleen Kruz engulfs a blue-veiner with gusto, bobbing her head like a hungry chicken during a deep face-fuck before surrendering her snatch to a fierce drilling. Shy blonde Ashley Fires seeks her first lesbian experience from curvy cunt-for-hire Jayna Oso and her bag of dildos, while lust-crazed Cameron jumps into a raw hammering that exemplifies *Barely Legal #47*'s rock-hard combo of red-hot legal teens and scorching pole work. **—Jimmy Papagiorgio**

Stack 'Em Deep

Directed by Bobby Damone.

Starring Lauren Phoenix, Lyla Lei, Ava Devine, Simone, Emily DaVinci, Ariana Jollee, Mr. Pete, Lee Stone, Benjamin Brat, Brian Surewood, Rod Fontana, Alex Sanders and Exzavier Wray.

DVD & VHS: Acid Rain Video.

When it comes to bootylicious babes, *Stack 'Em Deep* delivers a wide selection. While every tramp has the depths of her colon plumbed by a kidney-stretcher or two, viewers are free to cherry-pick their favorite flavor of ho. There's a fuckable trollop for everybody's taste: from leggy blonde Lauren Phoenix to Asian sex kitten Lyla Lei; and from the 38F bolt-on balloons of raging slut Ava Devine to the small titties and snow-white bod of petite redhead Emily DaVinci. Not a second of the flick's two and a half hours is wasted with BS plots or interviews. These ginches explode out of the gate with raunchy guerrilla-style action that heads straight for the O-ring. But the exceptions to the strictly anal and double-penetration rule make for the hottest scenes, especially when Nubian goddess Simone is unleashed in a blistering ball-drainer. *Stack 'Em Deep* will get you harder than one of those roadside concrete barriers. **—J.P.**

Valley Girls

Directed by Andre Madness.

Starring Teagan Presley, Lisa Marie, Kimberly Kane, Lena Julliett, Ice La Fox, Rich Handsome, Lee Stone, Talon, Jay Ashley and Tony Tedeschi.

DVD & VHS: Madness Pictures.

Like, omigosh! Gag the young babes in *Valley Girls* with big, hard cocks. Amazing new 18-year-old "it" girl Teagan, like, totally rules. With a gorgeous face, firm little body and mischievous smirk, the dirty-blond ex-jailbaiter is poised to blow up into instant porn stardom. Teagan's "fuck yes!" enthusiasm is matched by some serious skills in the sack, and it's no wonder her swordsman drops a creamy load all over her comely face. Hot piece of ass Lisa Marie keeps things pumping with a standing 69, voracious cocksucking and a Red Bull-fueled fuckathon. During a deep, wild ride on Lee Stone's hooked python, cute blonde Kimberly Kane has fun showing off her stunning bod and pierced nipples. The insatiable slut almost hyperventilates from grinding the stud so hard. The crazed monkey sex slows down a bit for Lena Julliett and Ice La Fox, and none of the nymphos takes it up the ass. So what! Teagan alone makes *Valley Girls* a must-see. **—J.P.**



Valley Girls: *Lisa Marie and her partner practice their vaudeville routine.*



Teagan ***(Valley Girls):*** *"This has got to be one of the tackiest bedroom sets ever!"*



Aurora Snow's Perverted Tales: *Aurora and Flick Shagwell always look forward to whore-hunting season.*



Charlie ***(Perverted Tales):*** *"If I can cram four more dildos in here, I think I may have broken a record."*

JANINE ON THE CUMBACK TRAIL

INTERVIEW BY ALAINA FIORANTE

Despite performing solely in girl/girl scenes, Janine Lindemulder became one of the 1990s' most popular porn stars. After disappearing from the blue screen, the siren is suddenly back for chapter two as a Vivid contract girl. This time around she's doing a guy onscreen for the first time ever, teaming up with Nick Manning in Vivid's Janine Rising. Actually the new hard-core feature will be Janine's second boy/girl. Let's not forget that she got it on with rocker Vince Neil in a homemade porn vid that circulated on the Internet a few years back.

Having recently split from Jesse James, star of Monster Garage (the hit show on Discovery Channel), Janine is now living the simple life in rural Oregon. The bodacious thirtysomething, who's ready to get laid once again, speaks candidly about her triumphant return to the jizz biz.



HUSTLER: What brought you back into the world of porn?

JANINE: Not only do I need to go back to work, but why I opted to go back to porn is the control factor. Bottom line is that I'm trying to make a nice, big nut and take my two kids and get the hell outta Dodge! So there you go. I just bought myself a farm recently.

Is the business just the way you remembered it?

It's a blast. When I came back, they brought me back in with open arms. The industry has always been really good to me. I think I've learned a little bit in the last four years, and I am a little bit calmer on the set than I used to be. I also kind of go with the flow a little more, and it's good. I love the people that are involved in this business, and I'm very happy to be back.

Throughout your adult-movie career you've come across as a horny slut, but is that persona part of your lifestyle?

I'm not promiscuous at all. In my private life I have a hard time. If anything, I needed to come back into the industry just to get some. Since yesterday [shooting for *Janine Rising*] it had been four months since the last time I got any.



Tell us about your first official boy/girl scene.

I was excited all day. It [the scene] was exciting and very passionate. I have no regrets. It feels good; it feels fun. And it's very liberating to venture into the boy/girl aspect.

How long do you plan on sticking around the XXX scene this time?

I don't know if I'm just gonna be doing this for a short time and then vanish into the country and raise pigs. I don't know how much longer I have.



Virgin Surgeon #2: *Melissa Lauren savors the spunk.*



Melissa Lauren ***(Virgin Surgeon #2):*** *"Can we switch positions? I'm feeling a bit lightheaded."*



Chloe Dior ***(Big Wet Asses #3):*** *"Could one of you mooks please turn on the fan? It's hotter than hell in here."*



Big Wet Asses #3: *Vicky Vette assumes the position.*

Aurora Snow's Perverted Tales

Directed by Aurora Snow.

Starring Aurora Snow, Flick Shagwell, Charlie, Daphne Rosen, Jasmine Lynn, Alex Sanders, Johnathan Simms, Talon, Mr. Pete, Benjamin Brat and Jay Ashley.

DVD & VHS: Sin City Ultra Ent.

A gorgeous anal queen makes the transition from porn star to director with *Aurora Snow's Perverted Tales*. Fans of the svelte vixen will be excited to discover that Aurora clearly loves being on camera, even when she's calling the shots. As for the action, well-tanned British redhead Flick Shagwell hops around the forest in bunny ears, and Aurora enters dressed in slutty Little Red Riding Hood lingerie to help her tackle a redneck hunter's prong. Sporting reindeer antlers, DD-cupper Daphne Rosen sucks up to Santa Claus, and Aurora can't resist the urge to pop in. Sexy animal ears abound as fiery Latina Charlie spices up her *muy caliente* foray by impersonating a tigress. The ravenous director again steps into the limelight for a nasty double-beef butt-pounding finale. For anal raunch that's actually sexy, check out *Aurora Snow's Perverted Tales*. **—J.P.**

Virgin Surgeon #2

Directed by Mark Davis.

Starring Melissa Lauren, Envy, Alexis Taylor, Vickie J., Iyesha, Isabel, David Perry, Kurt Lockwood and Mark Davis.

DVD & VHS: Zero Tolerance Ent.

Male porn stars get way too much pussy as it is. They don't need to have their egos stroked as well. Much like it is in Hollywood, just about every actor in Porn Valley really wants to direct. Luckily, when woodsman Mark Davis steps behind the lens for *Virgin Surgeon #2*, he shows an uncanny ability to find the hottest young talent and let them shine. Brunet sexpot Vickie J. is the only aspiring porn star of the bunch with her blue-screen virginity firmly intact. However, the other newbies are all fresh-faced and hungry to prove themselves worthy of one-eyed adulation. In one of the vid's best scenes the director saves 18-year-old Envy's king-sized chest pillows and tight coochie for himself. The short-haired redhead's dazzling smile, boundless energy and overflowing mammaries make a huge splash in *Virgin Surgeon #2*. Envy shines in a bed-shaking tryst that ends when Davis makes a bigger splash all over the cutie's fetching face. **—J.P.**

Big Wet Asses #3

Directed by Thomas Zupko.

Starring Mia Bangg, Vicky Vette, Chloe Dior, Angelica Sin, Olivia O'Lovely and Tony T.

DVD & VHS: Elegant Angel Video.

Much like J.Lo in the Hollywood box-office disaster *Gigli*, Olivia O'Lovely's luscious booty is completely wasted in the twisted stink-fest that is *Big Wet Asses #3*. The glistening mud flaps of this big-boned, smoking-hot babe with an enormous, all-natural rack and more than a little junk in the trunk should be displayed in the Smithsonian with the rest of the nation's treasures. But the lunacy of special-needs emcee Tony T. on a bad drug trip will knock your chubby dead faster than a can of Raid on roaches. Olivia valiantly surrenders her crap hatch to the coked-up mook for an all-out ass-thrashing, but the weak pop-shot that caps it off proves she's more woman than the whacked-out Tony can handle. Also playing along with Tony's insanity, fuckable Chloe Dior delivers a jizzworthy performance that's wrecked by Tony's psycho antics. Our advice? Look for these trouser-arousing troopers in better flicks. *Big Wet Asses #3* can stick it where the sun don't shine. **—J.P.**

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Dual Identity (Vivid Entertainment)
Tawny Roberts, Ariana Jollee, Karina, Kurt Lockwood

Gaper Maker (Zero Tolerance Entertainment)
Merlee, Leslie Taylor, Christina Bella, David Perry

Just My Ass Please (FusXion)
Victoria, Ariana Jollee, Faith Grant, Justin Slayer

Tobey Bryan's Backcourt Violation (HUSTLER Video)
Keiko, Kate Kaptive, Allison Wyte, Kyle Stone

Three-Quarters Erect

Addicted to Sex (Pure Play Media)
Katsumi, Cherry Rain, Sophie Evans, Ben English

Chloe's Pool Party (Vivid Entertainment)
Chloe Jones, Vicky Vette, Ashley Blue, Tyler Wood

Impact (Metro Interactive)
Annmarie, Kelly Erikson, Jessica Darlin, Joey Ray

Slutwoman's Revenge! (Elegant Angel)
Roxanne Hall, Dana Vespoli, Ava Devine, Mr. Chris

Half Erect

Booty Duty #11 (Elegant Angel)
Gia Jordan, Roxanne Hall, Ariana Jollee, Tony T.

Deviant Behavior (Pleasure Productions)
Gina Lynn, Jessica Darlin, Justine, Trevor Zen

Hot Bods & Tail Pipe #29 (Celestial Productions)
Monica Sweetheart, Bobbie Eden, Alicia Rhodes, Lee Stone

Teen Spirit #5 (Metro Interactive)
Haley, Lyla Lei, Scarlet Haze, Joey Ray

One-Quarter Erect

Early Entries (Metro Interactive/FusXion)
Trinity, Mary Lou, Delilah Stone, Jon Dough

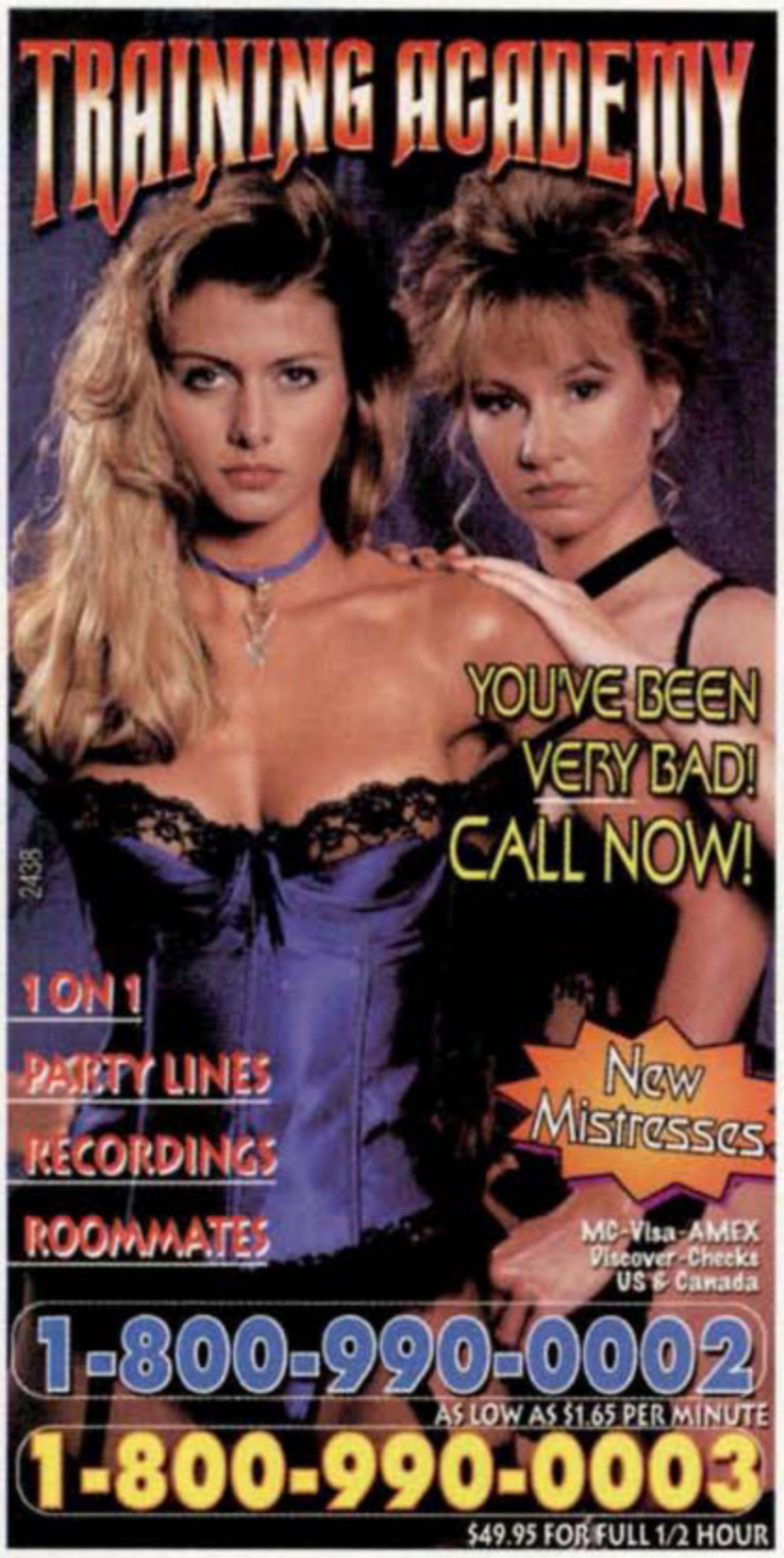
Totally Limp

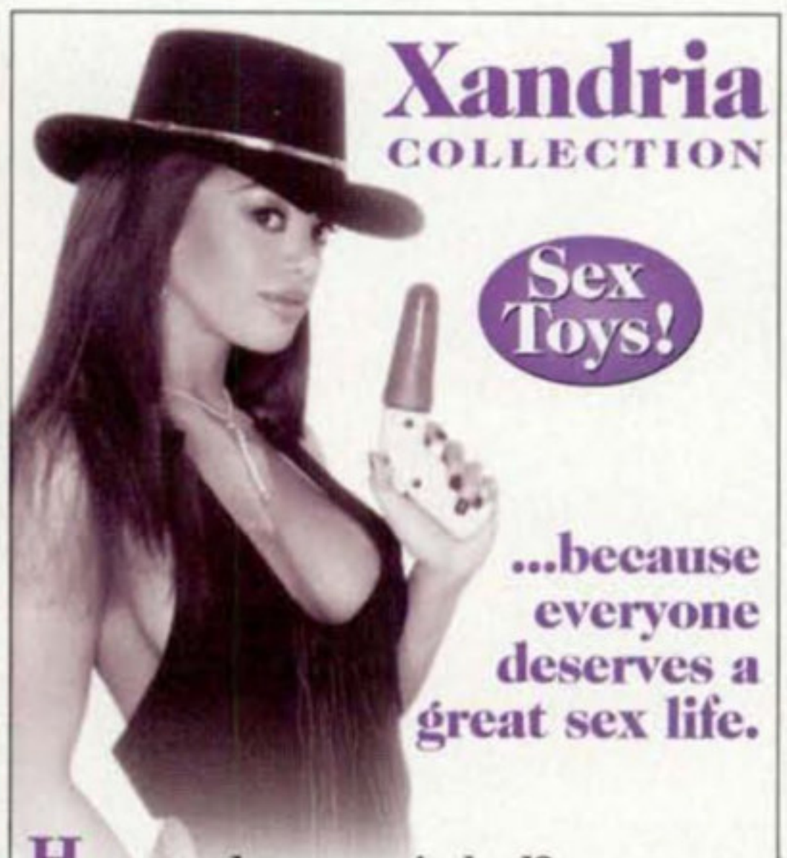
Brainwash (Elegant Angel)
Gina Ryder, Cailey Taylor, Allison Wyte, Tice Bune

Rating Guide

- **Fully Erect** — Superior. A top production.
- **Three-Quarters Erect** — Above average. Hard-on material.
- **Half Erect** — Standard fare. Has moments.
- **One-Quarter Erect** — Poor. Don't expect much.
- **Totally Limp** — A waste of time and money.







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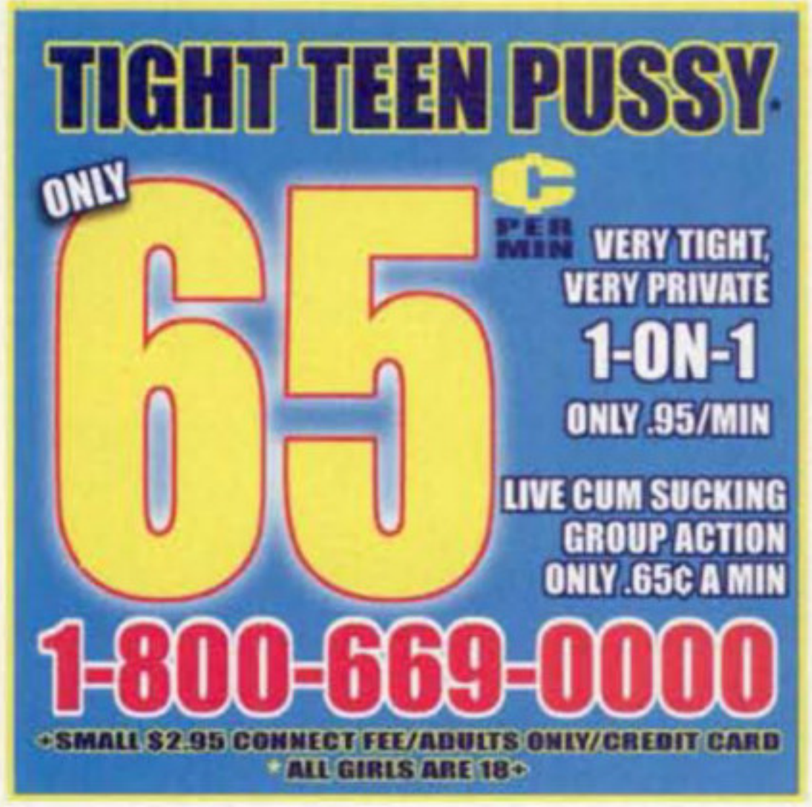
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TYLAR LEE

SMOOTH RIDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

Hailing from New London, Connecticut, Tylar started showing pink because she was late on a car payment and needed some quick cash. "At first I tried to get into mainstream modeling," says the unbashful 21-year-old. "I contacted some photographers through a Web site and found out they also shot nudes and how much those models made."

Of course, the newcomer's parents weren't supposed to know that she was posing in the buff, but the truth got out. "My stepsister opened her big mouth," Tylar huffs. "My Grandma doesn't know. We're keeping it from her. I think she'd have a heart attack!"







Now living in Seattle, the Capricorn currently works at a tanning salon, but her future career plans include attending massage school. "It's a yearlong course," the rubdown enthusiast explains. "Once you get enough hours, then you can start working on customers." Would Tylar ever give someone a *special* massage below the waist? "No way," she snaps. Let's hope that Tylar changes her mind someday.







The WALLACE REPORT

Free Speech With Laurie Wallace

Porn Saves Lives!

If you want to live a long and healthy life, you should increase the frequency of your orgasms. As luck would have it, the more you come, the healthier you'll be!

First, some cold, hard facts: One in every six men will eventually get prostate cancer. The American Cancer Society estimates that the disease will kill approximately 30,000 men in the United States this year alone. Men who are diagnosed with the disease face tough treatment options, some of which may cause impotence. Each year, roughly 50,000 men opt to have their prostate gland surgically removed.

There is something you can do to protect yourself against prostate cancer, and unlike most healthy activities—such as exercising or dieting—this one is actually enjoyable.

The Journal of the American Medical Association recently published the results of an eight-year study of 29,342 men between the ages of 46 and 81. During the study, 1,449 men developed prostate cancer. When they correlated the frequency of the men's ejaculations with the incidence of malignancy, they discovered that men who ejaculated more than 21 times each month had a 33% reduction in prostate cancer. So if you get busy now and start ejaculating nearly every day, you can reduce your chances of getting prostate cancer by roughly one-third. An improvement like that could save thousands of lives each year.

The most disturbing part of the study was that the average number of ejaculations in the group was only four to seven per month. It's understandable that it might be hard to find more pussy than that each month, even for married men, but why aren't they at least masturbating?

It is unfortunate that so many guys don't feel comfortable masturbating in their own beds because they are embarrassed to tell their partners that they have the urge. It is equally sad to see a woman disapprove of her man's interest in masturbation, especially since we now know there is such a powerful potential health benefit to frequent ejaculations. We need to alter this dynamic in our society.

For men, it is natural to be stimulated by visual imagery, which is why more men are interested in porn than women. What many women don't understand is that these images do not pose a threat to their relationships. What a great world it would be if women learned to celebrate their man's libido by encouraging his use of explicit magazines, videos and Web sites rather than forcing him to hide that part of his personality. Isn't it better to share?

Unfortunately, we are being affected by the outdated idea that sex—and especially adult entertainment—is a bad thing. Intolerant religious and political groups actively promote a negative impression of human sexuality, causing people to think that sex is somehow dirty. Sex is a basic human need, right up there with eating and sleeping; so why are we being forced to feel bad about ourselves for enjoying any aspect of it? Just as thirst is a cue that your body requires liquids, sexual urges are just a natural reminder that your body needs to relieve sexual tension by ejaculating.

Those of us in the adult-entertainment industry are proud of what we do. We believe pornography is a positive force in our society that aids men and women in exploring their secret fantasies in a safe manner and helps couples learn new ways to pleasure one another. By assisting in sexual activity, porn can help you reduce stress, lose weight, lower your cholesterol, improve your circulation and even sleep better. And, now, we know it can help save lives. If all of these benefits were in a pill, it would be flying off the shelves.

The next time someone gives you grief because you buy HUSTLER or join an adult Web site, simply tell them that you are making a healthy choice by reducing your chance of dying or becoming impotent.

Do something today to improve your health before it's too late—bust out your porn and get busy!

* * *

Laurie Wallace graduated summa cum laude from Loyola College in Maryland and attended George Washington University law school. She has since appeared in mainstream films, television and magazines, as well as adult publications (including HUSTLER). Her Web site is LaurieWallace.com.



HONEY HOOKER

Written by Noel Anderson with Kit Lively

Artwork by Noel Anderson

ANDY WARHOL SAID THAT EVERYONE IN THEIR LIFETIME WILL BE FAMOUS FOR AT LEAST 15 MINUTES. OUR GIRL, HONEY, WILL FIND OUT IF THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO THAT EXPRESSION. HER GIRLFRIEND, JENNA TAHA, HAS DRAGGED HER TO AN AUDITION FOR THE MOST INFAMOUS OF NETWORK TALENT SHOWS...

REALLY, JENNA! I DON'T KNOW HOW I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS CRAP! THESE SHOWS ARE JUST A WAY FOR BIG CORPORATIONS TO EXPLOIT PEOPLE'S DREAMS FOR RATINGS AND PROFIT!

MAYBE SO, BUT I'D SURE LIKE TO BE THE NEXT BRITNEY SMEARS! MY AGENT SAYS I COULD BE A STAR IF I DIDN'T GAG SO EASILY!

American Ogle

FINAL AUDITIO TODAY!

LFP INC.

WHORE

PAVAROTTI

BRITNEY

THERE'S RYAN SEEMOLEST! I THOUGHT HE'D BE TALLER!

WHO CARES? I'D SUCK HIS DICK IF I THOUGHT IT'D HELP ME WIN!

THE NETWORK HAS INTERNS FOR THAT, SWEET-HEART!

WISH ME LUCK, HONEY! I GUESS I PROBABLY SHOULD'VE COME UP WITH SOME SORT OF ACT TO ACCOMPANY MY SINGING!

THE LAST GIRL SQUEEGEED RANDY'S WINDSHIELD WITH HER LABIA!

WHORE

RYAN

PROPERTY OF CORPORATE COLA

JUDGES, THIS IS JENNA TAHA!

HI, I'M PAULA GRABTOOL! SOME VIEWERS THINK I'M TOO EASY ON ALL THE CONTESTANTS! BUT LET'S FACE IT, MY CAREER TANKED BACK IN '92! I'M JUST HAPPY TO HAVE WORK!

HEY, DAWG! I'M RANDY SNACKFAN! DAWG, DAWG, DAWG...NO, SERIOUSLY! DOES ANYONE HAVE A HOT DOG? I HATE THIS SLIM-FAST SHIT!

I'M SEMEN BOWELLS, A PETULANT MALCONTENT WHO LOVES PISSING ON OTHER PEOPLE'S DREAMS! THAT'S WHY I ADORE THIS JOB! I HAVEN'T GOTTEN OFF LIKE THIS SINCE I RAN OVER THAT VAGRANT WITH MY CAR!

ABANDON ALL HOPE, YE WHO ENTER HERE!

Corporate COLA

FOREVER YOUR GIRL

RYAN

ASSHOLE

SLIM FAST

SO, YOU'RE THE HOST OF THIS EXPLOITATIVE FARCE, HUH? HOW DO YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT?

WITH A PROSTITUTE UNDER EACH ARM AND A SHITLOAD OF XANAX IN MY SYSTEM!

QUIET AUDITIO

Corporate COLA

WHORE

DOESN'T IT BOTHER YOU THAT YOU ARE PROFITEERING OFF OTHER PEOPLE'S DREAMS?

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET WITH OUR CORPORATE SPONSOR? YOU COULD COMPLAIN TO THEM IF YOU LIKE!

ENJOY

NAMBLA

MICHAEL STIPE

KEEP YOUR EYES ON MY BA-BUMP BA-BUMP BUMP! THINK YOU CAN HANDLE THIS GA-DONK GA-DONK DONK?

USUALLY, I LIKE EVERYBODY...BUT YOU REALLY NEED TO GIVE IT UP, GIRLFRIEND! THAT SUCKED!

DAWG, DAWG, DAWG! YOU NEED TO STOP SINGING, OR I'M GOING TO KILL THIS DOG!

SIMPLY AWFUL! Y'KNOW, I'M NOT SURE THE NETWORK WOULD ALLOW THIS, BUT I STRONGLY SUGGEST YOU BE TAKEN OUTSIDE AND SHOT IN THE FUCKING HEAD!

DRINK CORPORATE COLA

THEY HATED ME! WHERE'S HONEY? I WANT TO GO HOME!

DON'T SWEAT IT, KID! THEY TOLD ME I WAS TOO OLD AND FAT!

HONEY SAID TO TELL YOU TO SIT TIGHT WHILE SHE TAKES CARE OF SOME BUSINESS UPSTAIRS!

BLOW DRY ONLY

PAVAROTTI

OOF!

HMPH! THE BIG-WIGS OF CORPORATE COLA! I HOPE YOU SUITS UNDERSTAND MY PARTIES DON'T COME CHEAP!

WHO CARES? AS LONG AS WE COME!

YEAH, WE'RE RICH! WE BUY AND SELL PEOPLE EVERY DAY!

WE'RE CORPORATE EXECUTIVES! WE HAVE NO ETHICS!

TELL YOU WHAT...YOU DO ME A TEENSY-WEENSY LITTLE FAVOR, I'LL LET YOU FUCK ME IN THE MOST FORBIDDEN OF PLACES!

OH, BOY! OH, BOY! IN THE NAUGHTY PLACE?

ALL RIGHT, HONEY! YOU GO, GIRL!

THIS HAS BEEN A Corporate COLA MOMENT

LATER...

CONGRATS! I'M SO GLAD THEY CHANGED THEIR MINDS AFTER THEY WERE SO BRUTAL ABOUT YOUR SINGING!

NOT ONLY DID THEY ASK ME TO COME BACK, THEY GUARANTEED ME A SPOT ON THE SEASON FINALE! I GUESS THEY MUST HAVE FELT BAD ABOUT RIDING MY ASS SO HARD!

YOU THINK THEY RODE *YOUR* ASS HARD?

END


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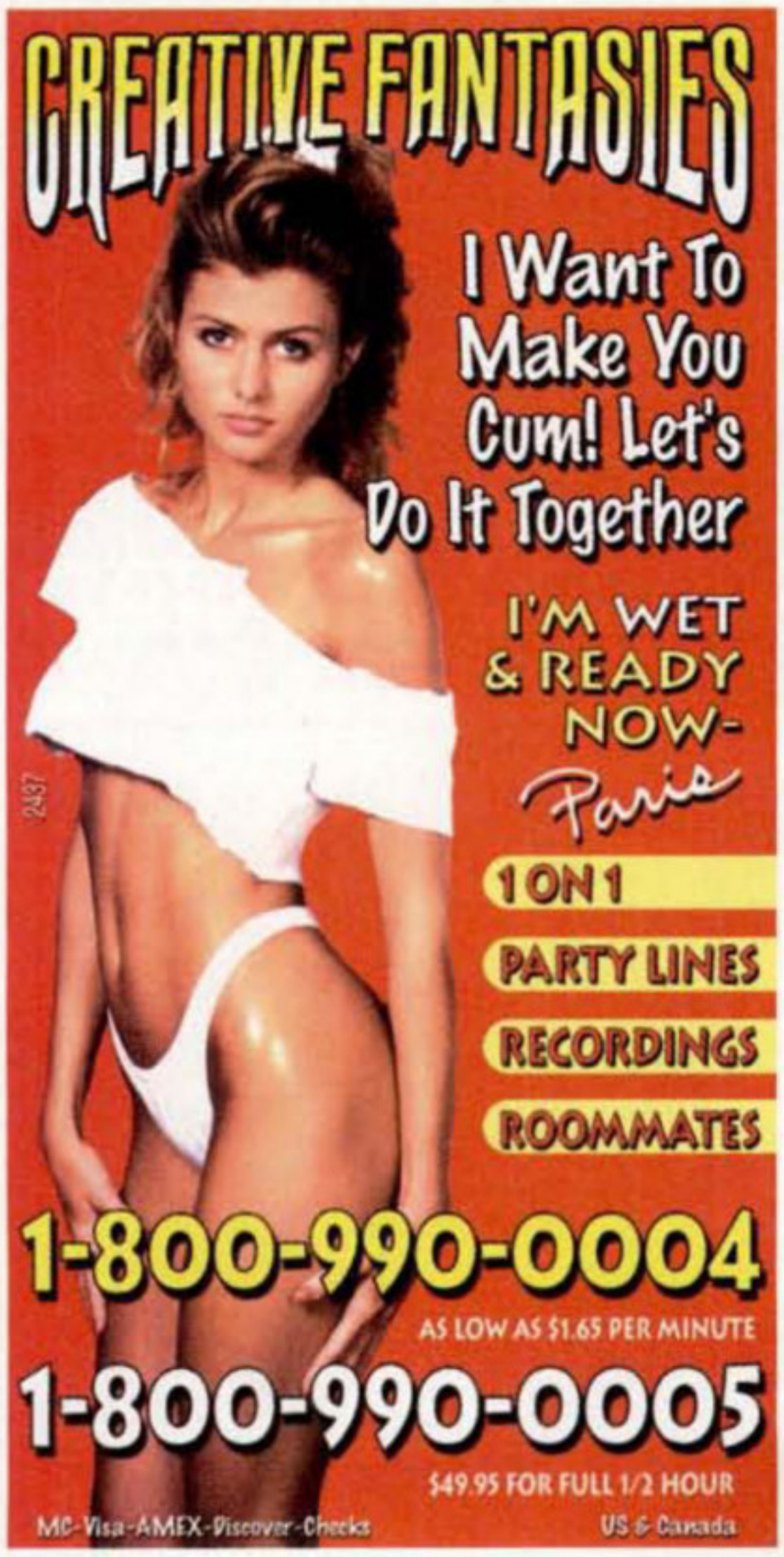

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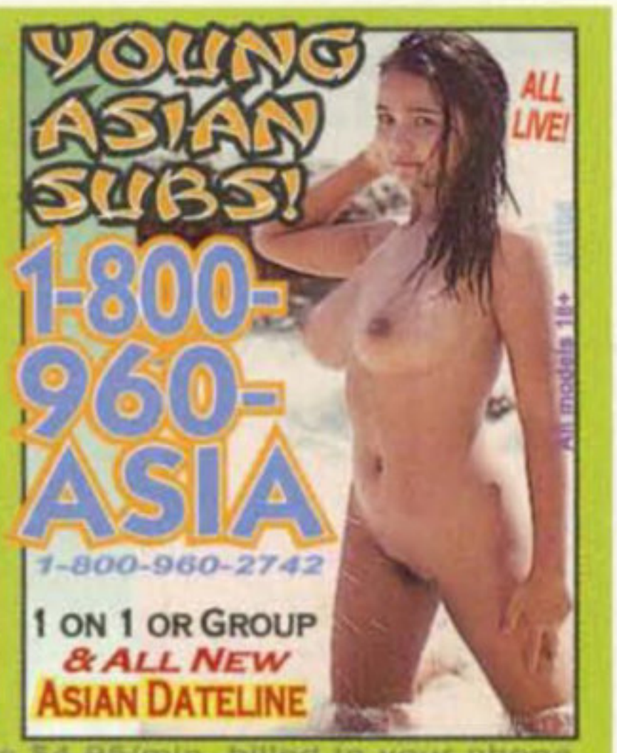
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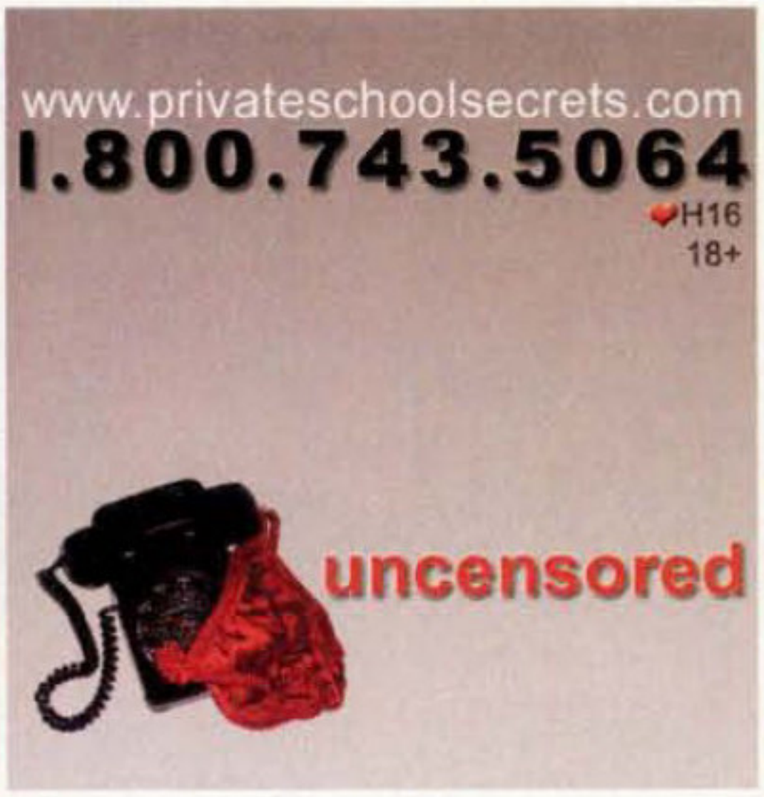

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SIGNATURE X _____ D.O.B. _____
By signing I certify that I am over 18 years of age. MUST include date of birth.
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CUM JERK OFF ON MY LITTLE TITTIES!
95¢ PER MIN
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ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
KINKY FONE FUN KINKY
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Our Pussies are WET & WAITING!



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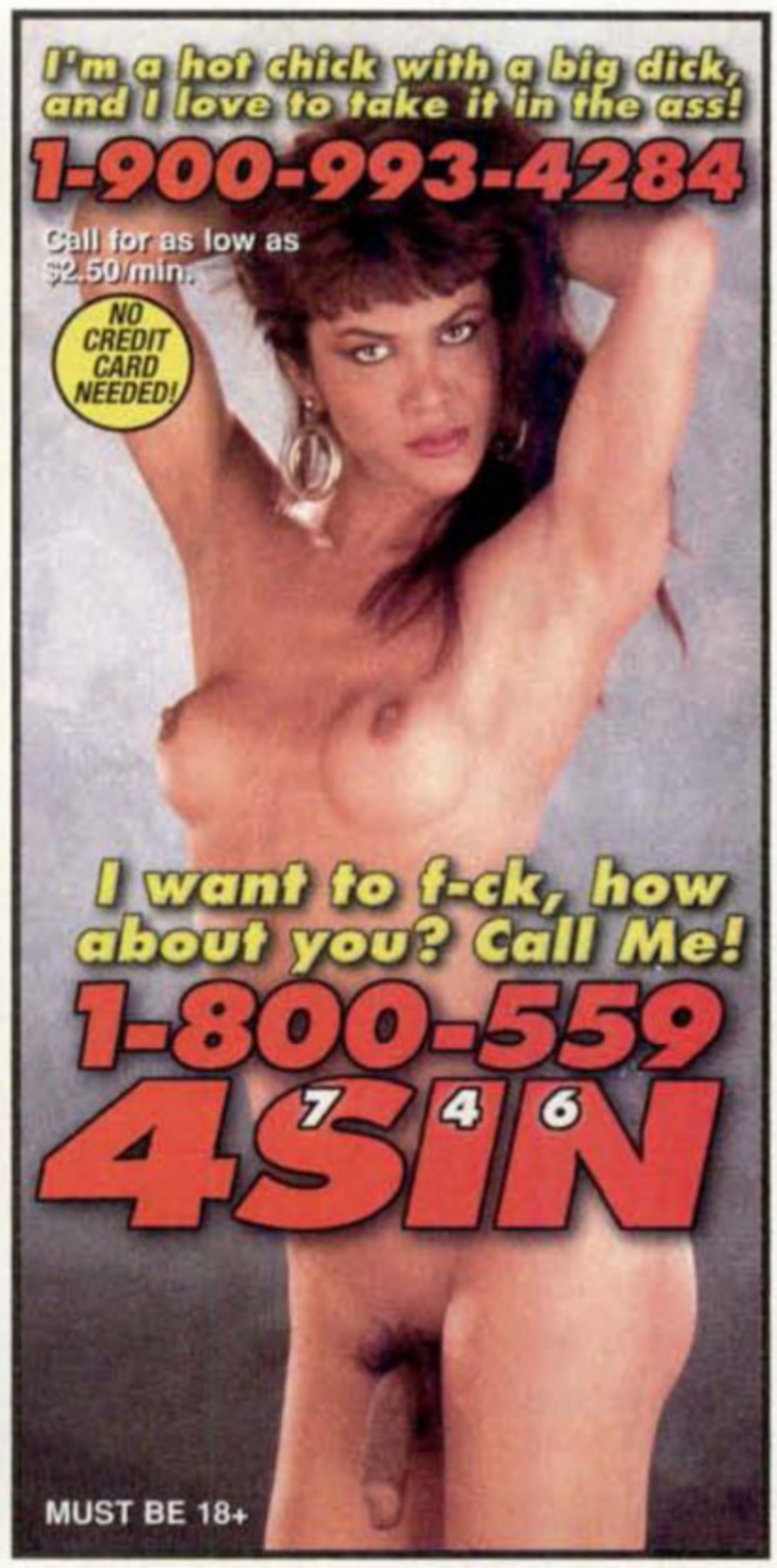
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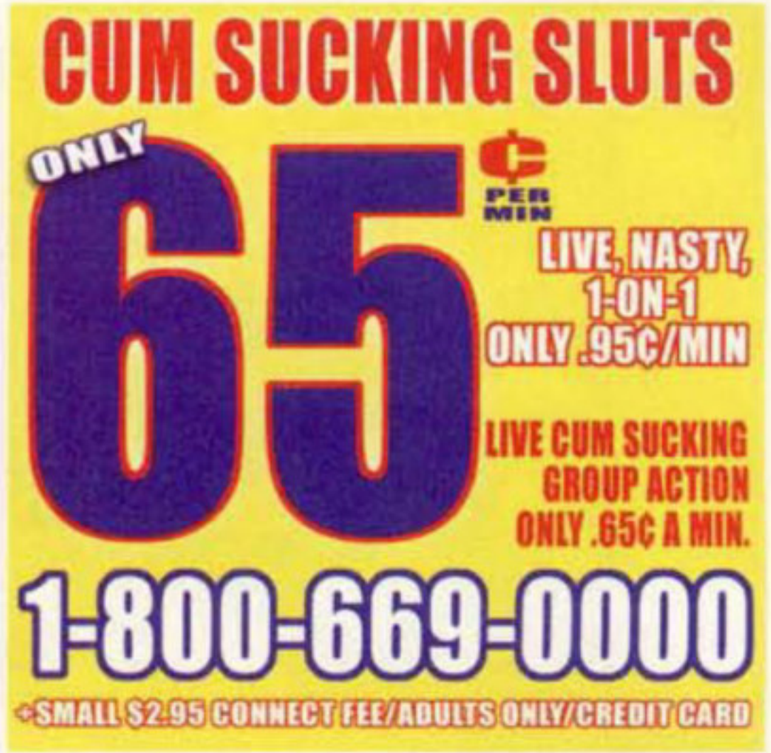

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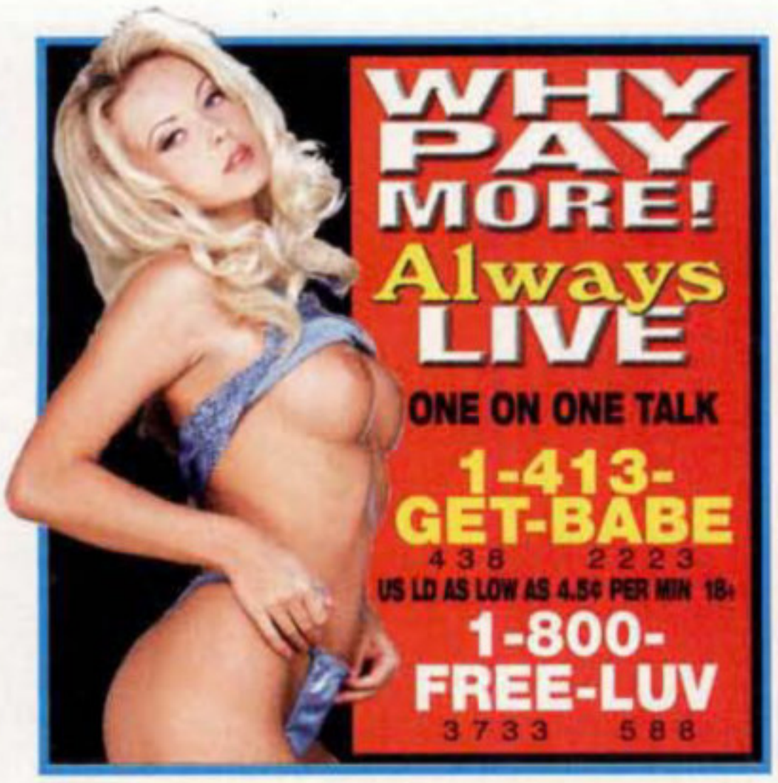

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LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
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1-800 909-5555
$1.98 to $2.98 per minute.
Credit cards accepted. Adults only.
All people affiliated with this ad are at least 18+

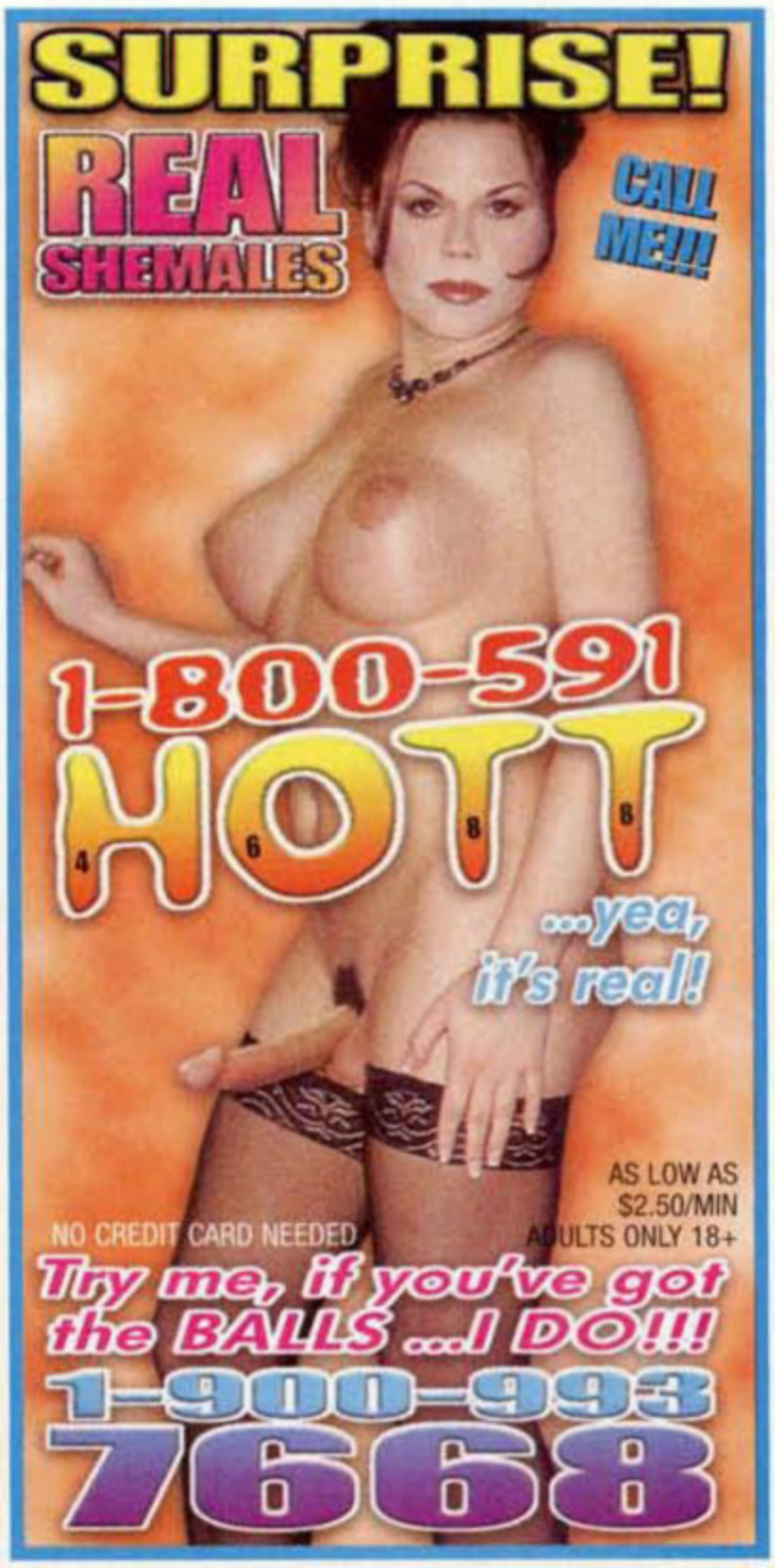

Don't fight the feeling, my clit is throbbing for you!
All Models 18+
LIVE 1 ON 1
All major credit cards accepted & Check By Phone
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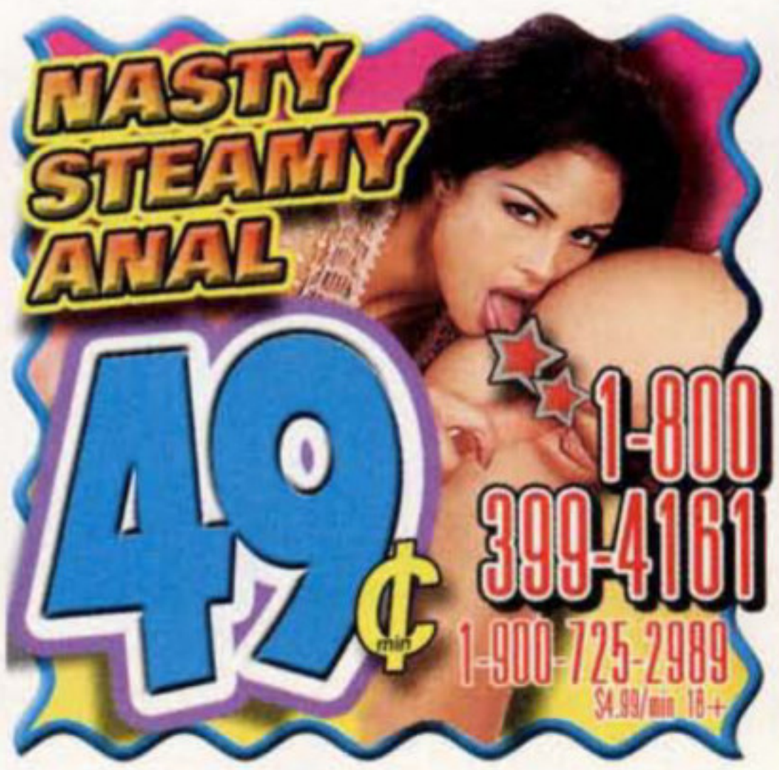

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$2.50-$5.99 PER MIN. VISA/MC 18+


HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE ON ONE
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ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

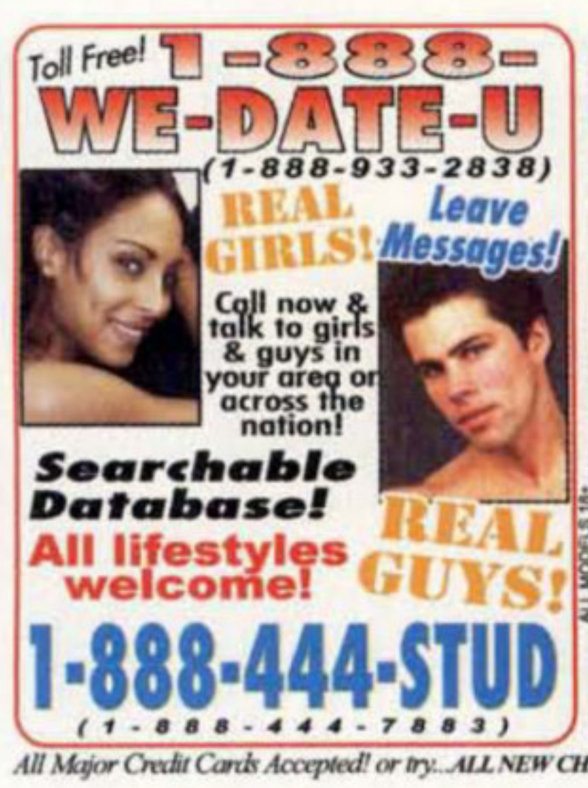
















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We won't tell!
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HARDCORE SEX
FROM 29¢ Per Min
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18+

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49¢ per min
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$4.99 PER MIN 18+ CRE, NY

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LIVE ONE ON ONE
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most major credit cards accepted
$1.98 per minute
HEAR ME SCREAM YOUR NAME!!!
1 (900) 646.6666
$2.50 - $3.50 per minute
18+ adults only

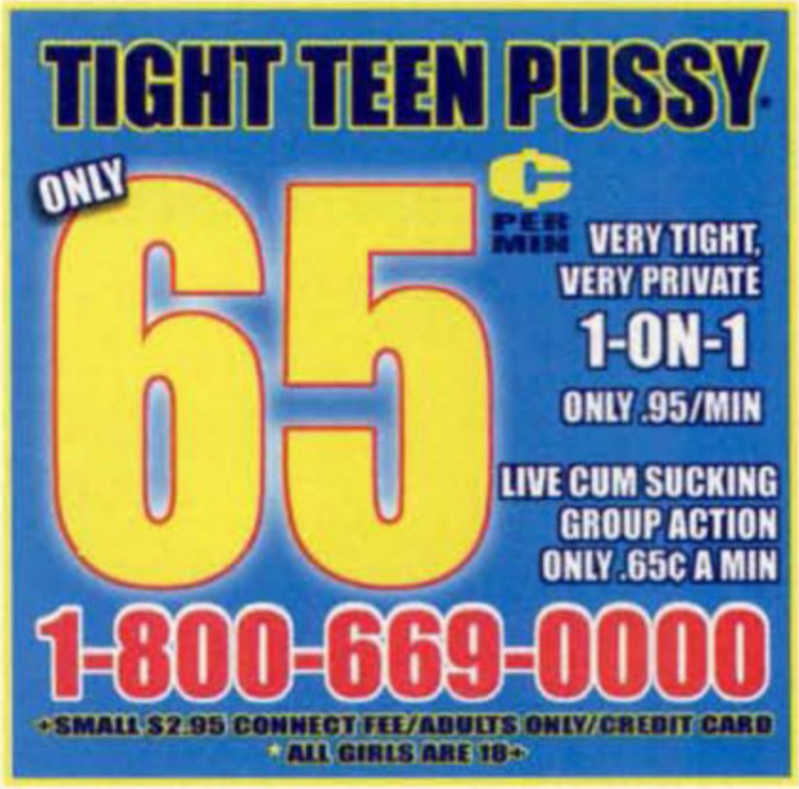

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96¢ PER MIN


18+ Only
HOT LIPS' Cum Sluts Getting Your Rocks Off Since 1994
NO TABOOS
Only $2/min
Credit Card Required
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ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
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Real Sex Connections
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99c Min 18+


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I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM!*
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
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ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

WHERE LOCAL GIRLS GO WILD
TRY IT FREE
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(1-800-938-8487)
AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MINUTE!
1 ON 1 OR GROUP SEX!
I LOVE IT WHEN A MAN SLIDES HIS COCK UP AND DOWN BETWEEN MY TITS AND CUMS IN MY MOUTH!
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$4.95/min. billed to phone
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(1-800-938-2868) All major credit cards or Check By Phone

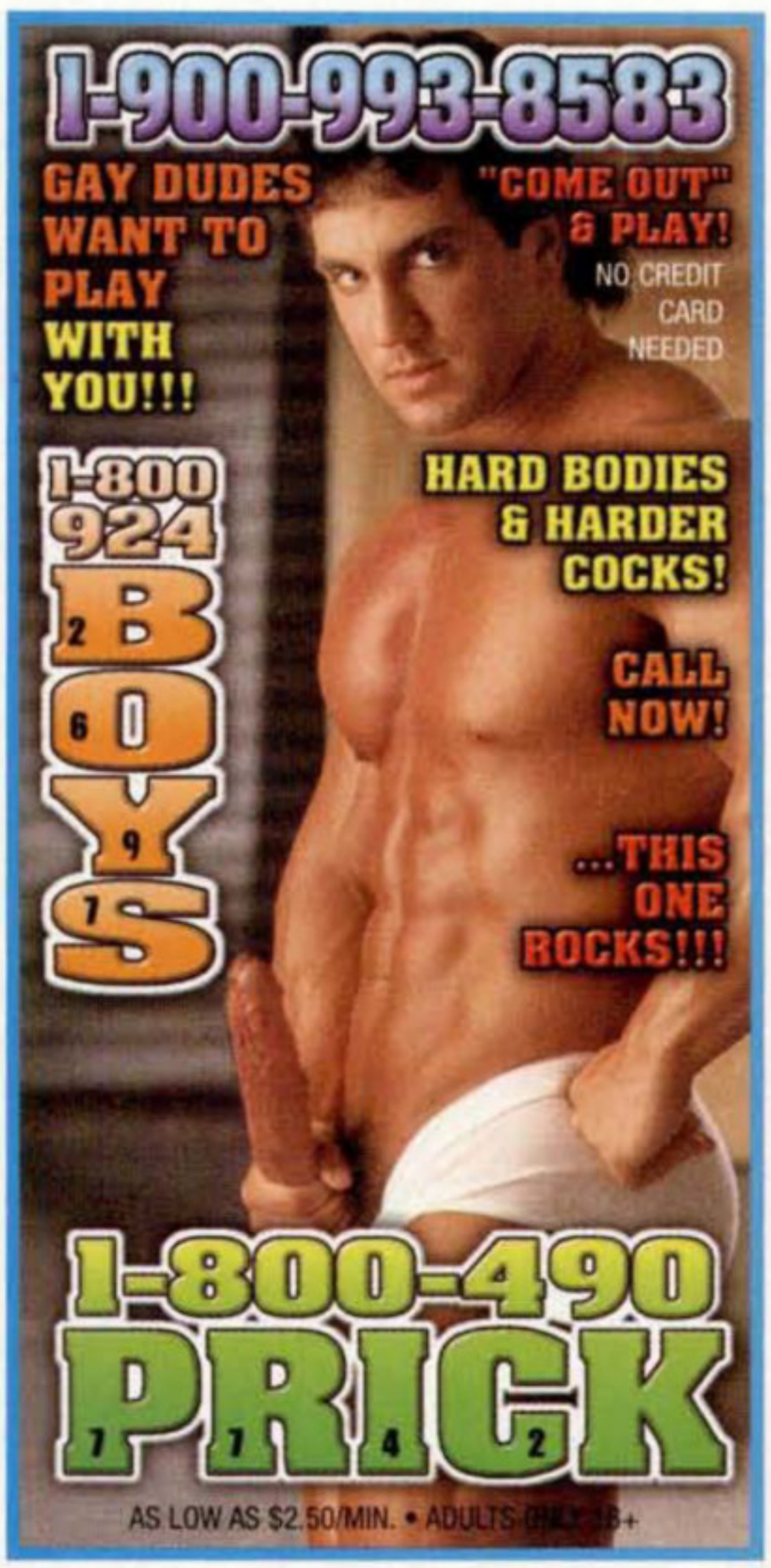
Take Me From Behind
I Want It Soooo Bad!
Stick it in and fuck me 'till I'm sore!
DISCREET LOCAL MEETINGS
1-800-679 ANAL
1-800-293-8888
AS LOW AS 99¢ PER MINUTE 18+

SEX ACTION!
NO CONNECT FEE!
25¢ Min
1-800-818-6661
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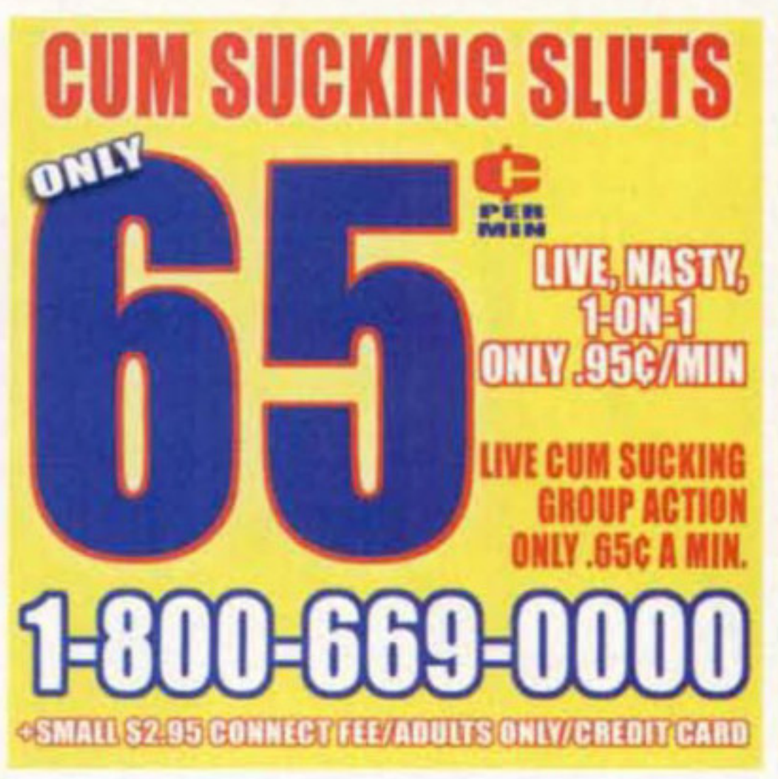
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ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
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I'M HOLDING FOR YOU . . .
ONLY $2.00 / MINUTE
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1-900-993-5144
18+ FROM $2.99


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"COME OUT" & PLAY!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-800 924 2B 6O 9Y 7S
HARD BODIES & HARDER COCKS!
CALL NOW!
...THIS ONE ROCKS!!!
1-800-490 PRICK
AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. • ADULTS ONLY 18+

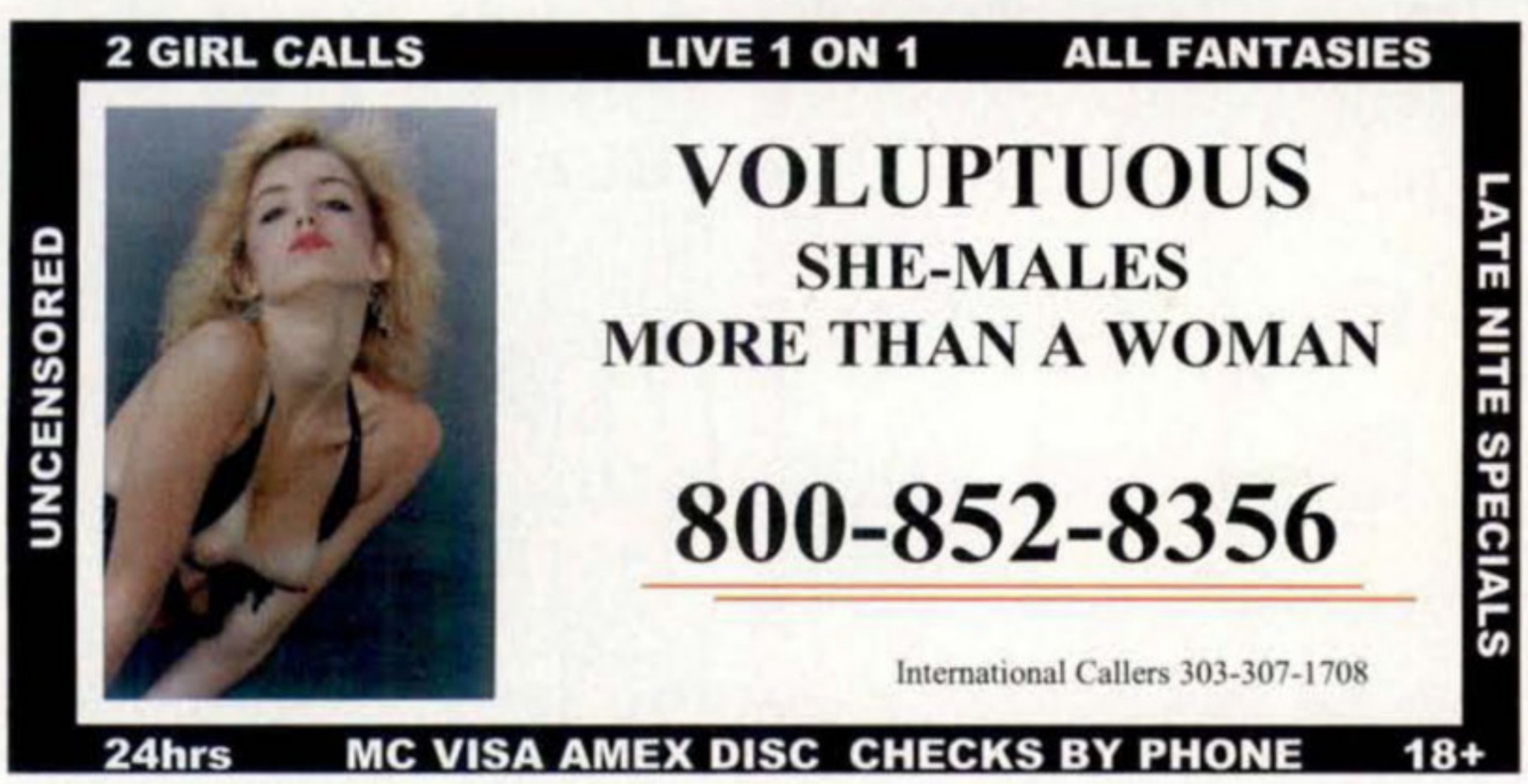

ALMOST A LADY
IF MY TITS DON'T ATTRACT YOU...
1-800-956 2BEGG3 4 4
...MY COCK WILL!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
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ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
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$2.99-5.99/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE
WWW.FETISHKINGDOM.COM

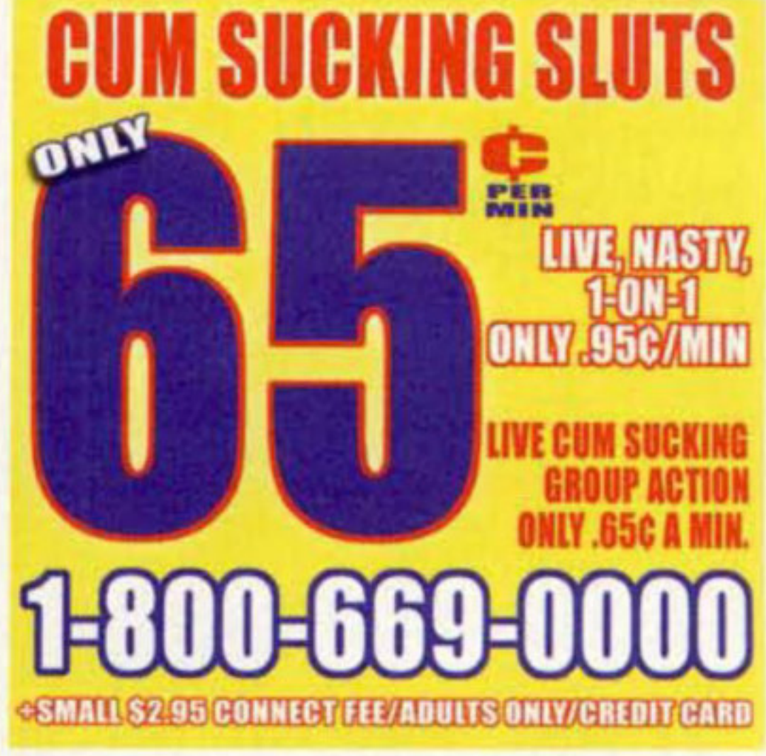

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+


OOOH...
is that for ME?
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Doctor Discovers Pill For Male Enlargement!



PRO+PLUS PILLS WILL WORK FOR YOU!
WE OFFER A 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Doctor Approved Pill Will Enlarge Your Penis up to 5 Inches!

You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!

THE ORIGINAL AND WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING PENIS ENLARGEMENT PILLS WITH OVER 30 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

LETTERS FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

You have a real winner. I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time She doesn't know how I did it. *-LD, Nevada*

Science is fantastic. I always felt I needed to be bigger. You made it possible. My wife is thrilled. She is as satisfied as I am. *-GL, Florida*

Thank you very much. I have always been considered small, about 4 inches. I have an enlargement now to 8 inches from taking the Advanced Formula. *- T.C. Illinois*

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In what has been described as a miracle, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissue longer and wider with a larger supply of blood so that your penis will gain up to 5 inches. **You can make that miracle happen!** You can have the penis size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL. WE GUARANTEE IT!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. Men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Penetrate deeper and see how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.



ORDER PRO+PLUS PILLS NOW!!

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA
1 bottle (1 month supply)
60 pills $80.00
3 bottles (3 months supply)
$160.00
PLUS 1 FREE BOTTLE
TOTAL 240 pills

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA
1 bottle (1 month supply)
60 pills $60.00
3 bottles (3 months supply)
$120.00
PLUS 1 FREE BOTTLE TOTAL 240 pills

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In a couple of weeks the change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. After a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. After the third month a very noticeable change, not just in size, but your penis will look firmer, stronger than you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

OUR 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

IMPORTANT! There are many imitations. If you do not see a 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE then you DO NOT have a money back guarantee.

OUR GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within 2 months and receive a full 100% refund including shipping.

WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 5 inches or more!
- A longer, thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow to the penis, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow, your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock-hard erections every time.



WHICH FORMULA IS BEST FOR YOU?

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA

Our exclusive advanced formula for men with a form of HYPOSPADIAS or small penis since they were young. Penis size now is less then 6 inches and need a guarantee of accelerated enlargement to reach a much larger penis size. Can also be used by men with a larger penis and need a guaranteed maximum penis enlargement.

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA

This formula is for men with a penis size now of 6 inches or more and want to be guaranteed maximum penis enlargement.

PRO+PLUS PENIS ENLARGEMENT PILLS are produced to give you a premium quality scientifically formulated product that can help you achieve all of your penis enlargement goals.

Please see our ingredients and to order at www.pluspills.com

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-Spot. These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. Knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

Manufactured in the USA in high-tech facilities producing thousands of pills and liquids every day and meets the highest standards of purity established by the National Research Council, United States Pharmacopeia, National Formulary and the Food Chemical Codex.

WE NEVER AUTOMATICALLY SHIP MORE BOTTLES TO YOU AND BILL YOUR CREDIT CARD UNLESS YOU RE-ORDER

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Phone and credit card orders specify dept. (shown above) next to address, and product(s) and quantity.

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CREDIT CARD NO. EXPIRES: MONTH/YEAR

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☐ 1 bottle (1 month supply, 60 pills) $80.00
☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) $160.00
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA $ _____
☐ 1 bottle (1 month supply, 60 pills) $60.00
☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) $120.00
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills

EXTRA BOTTLES OF PRO+PLUS PILLS
ORIGINAL FORMULA Add $40.00 for each bottle
_____ BOTTLES $ _____
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Please Specify Quantities: SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each

_____ Sexciter to Excite Women $ _____
_____ Sexciter to Excite Men $ _____
_____ Attract-A-Mate"W" to attract women $ _____
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Total Purchase: $ _____
CA Residents add sales tax: $ _____
Shipping & Insurance: $ 8.00
☐ Rush Service $2.00: $ _____
Total enclosed or charged: $ _____

Orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.
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NAME (print)

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

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Sexciter Makes Women Beg You For Sex! Sexciter Makes Men Horny!

Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She will become wild, untamed and desire to have sex with you. SEXCITER FOR WOMEN includes special ingredients designed to quickly speed up her desire for sex. Our SEXCITER FOR MEN increases the male sex drive or libido. *"My girlfriend says it was the best sex she ever had." -JW, Arizona. "Sexciter for men gives me the urge for sex every time I use It." -LF, Oklahoma*

SEXCITER TO EXCITE WOMEN: 130 doses Reg. $49.95
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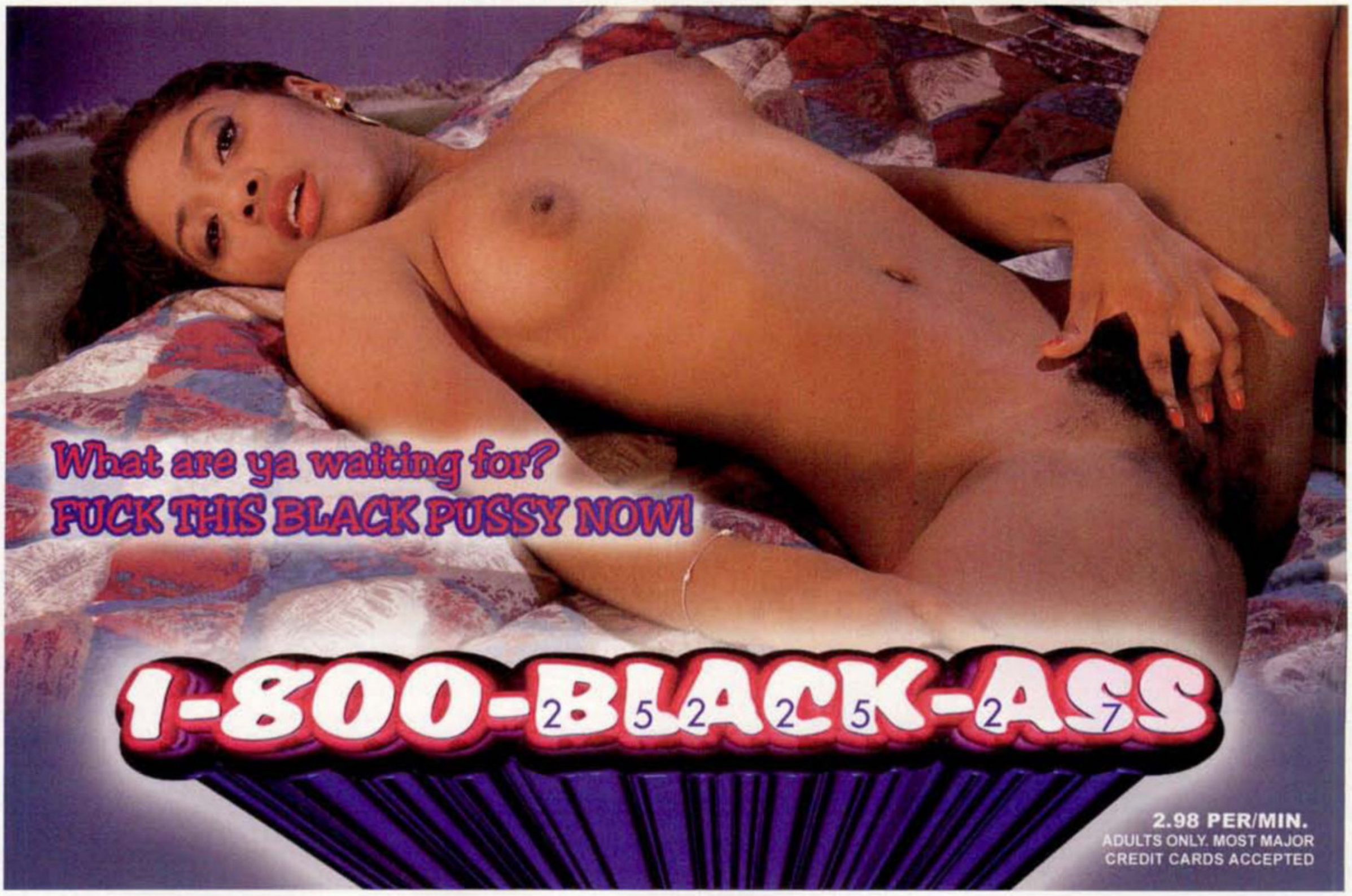
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Fuck her tight pussy! -If you make her cum good, I'll FUCK YOU in the ass with my HARD COCK!
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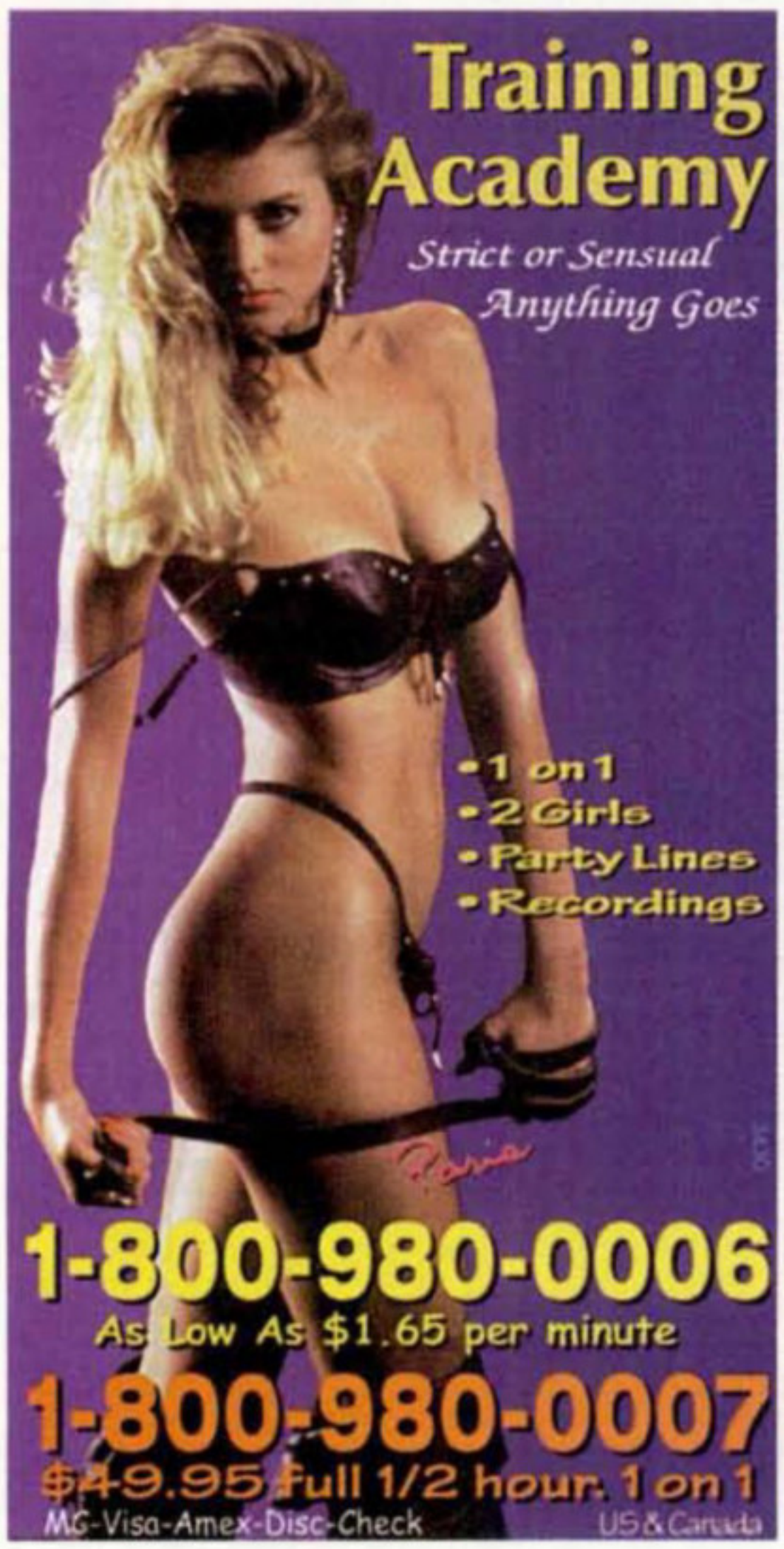
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DOES *SIZE* REALLY MATTER TO YOUR LOVER?

MORE THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE,

BUT THE *MALE ENHANCEMENT SYSTEM* YOU CHOOSE MATTERS EVEN MORE!

BIGGER IS BETTER: *BE A MAGNA MAN!*

MAGNA-RX+ is absolutely the easiest and fastest doctor-recommended way to safely add more pure ***MAGNA*** manhood to your sexual performance to satisfy your lover like never before. In just a few short weeks, you'll be amazed as you transform into a true ***MAGNA MAN*** and your *"PERFORMANCE"* (and reputation) grows and explodes into the biggest and best she's ever had – the one she'll remember forever and ever! No other male enhancement system or pill is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than **MAGNA-RX+**: *GUARANTEED or YOUR MONEY BACK!*

THE DOCTOR BEHIND *MAGNA-RX* AND HIS *HUGE NEW MAGNA DISCOVERY!*



The genius behind **MAGNA-RX+** is George Aguilar, M.D., a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of the College of Urology and the director of 46 urologists. **Dr. Aguilar** is also past-president of his State Society of Urologists.

After the worldwide success of his acclaimed **MAGNA-RX+** formula *(now available at GNC stores nationwide)*, **Dr. Aguilar** has continued to research safe, new, effective, all-natural ways to achieve maximum male enhancement, superior sexual performance, and ultimate pleasure.

Now his new male enhancement breakthrough has just been approved for distribution throughout the U.S. with absolutely no prescription necessary. Through this exclusive offer, **Dr. Aguilar** introduces an amazing, new, state-of-the-art, proprietary potency and stimulation enhancer called **MAGNA-RX TRANSDERMAL Topical Lotion**. *Best of all, you can try it for yourself FREE (see offer below)!*

Dr. Aguilar, along with a dedicated team of biochemists, successfully designed **MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion** to accomplish two primary objectives: **1.** Be a powerful, fast-acting male enhancement topical lotion that guarantees you give your biggest and best bedroom performance exactly when you need it most; **2.** Maximize the results of **Dr. Aguilar's** original **MAGNA-RX+ Male Performance Pill** formula.

By systematically combining the unique synergetic benefits of these two powerful, yet diverse, male enhancement and performance delivery systems, **Dr. Aguilar** has simultaneously redefined and raised the bar for *"true male enhancement"* and has clearly established the new standard by which all similar products will almost certainly be judged.

TWICE THE SIZE – TWICE THE POWER: *THE MAGNA-RX DIFFERENCE!*

MAGNA-RX's exclusive *Double-Sized: Inside/Outside System GUARANTEES* you the biggest package ever in the history of male enhancement, or your money back! Here's how it works:

1. ***MAGNA-RX+ PILLS WORK FROM THE INSIDE OUT***
   Start by taking **Dr. Aguilar's** original, #1 best-selling **MAGNA-RX+** pills daily to quickly and easily become a ***MAGNA MAN*** and then use it to maintain your long term gains.
2. ***MAGNA-RX LOTION WORKS FROM THE OUTSIDE IN***
   Finish by applying **Dr. Aguilar's** new, fast-acting, powerful topical lotion any time you desire to give your biggest and best performance. Only moments after you rub it in, you'll actually feel the potent botanicals of this incredible new lotion go to work as it safely increases blood flow for maximum erectile size and stimulation.

This all-natural fusion of a powerful, daily herbal supplement designed for long term gains (**MAGNA-RX+**) combined with a potent *"on the spot"* topical lotion (**MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion**) gives you the best of both technologies and is light years ahead of our nearest competitor. However, please be prepared for massive increments of peak sexual performance and unparalleled euphoric pleasure.

CAUTION: **MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion** may cause you to experience a euphoric sexual high commonly know as *"roping."* This roping effect has often been described as the male equivalent to experiencing multiple orgasms. We recommend that you explain the nature of this heightened sexual state to your lover prior to activity so she is not alarmed when it occurs and can then fully participate and enjoy the obvious pleasurable benefits of sharing mutual intimate ecstasy again and again.



MAGNA-RX+®

WORKS FROM THE INSIDE OUT...

Millions Sold! The World's #1 Male Performance Formula And Still Growing!

AVAILABLE AT: GNC

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Meet Nature's #1 Super Stud

Alpha Male Plus is a medical doctor's amazing, new, all-natural male hormonal stimulant that contains pure *Wapiti Elk Extract*. Scientists believe the male *Wapiti Elk* possesses the strongest sex drive in nature that allows him give a full repeat "world-class" performance again and again in as little as three minutes. *And he has been known to mate up to 20 times in a row!*

Until you experience the power of **Alpha Male Plus** for yourself, you may not fully believe that men are quite capable of having almost non-stop sex, and can experience the male equivalent and intense euphoric pleasure associated with multiple orgasms. By safely combining the *Wapiti Elk Extract* with other potent nutrients, Dr. O'Conner has created a revolutionary formula to turn almost any average man into a virtual super stud overnight.

30-Day Supply Only $39.95

Testosterone Enhancer For Massive Results

TRX™

As reported in the cover story of the January 19, 2004 *Time* magazine (page 72) testosterone is the #1 factor that determines your sexual desire and your ability to perform in the bedroom. **TRX** is a revolutionary, all-natural, doctor designed and endorsed formula that many medical experts are calling the most powerful testosterone pre-cursor and enhancer ever without a prescription.

WARNING: *Please use* **TRX** *only if you want to:* Be infused with intense passion and desire; Experience extreme stamina and performance; Produce monstrous erections; Establish a beastly reputation for giving ultimate satisfaction again and again.

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Natural Libido Enhancer For Women

LAVA™

LAVA For Women is a fast-acting *(use only with her permission)* doctor-designed passion formula to help quickly stimulate female desire, performance, and ultimate satisfaction over and over again. You'll find the results irresistible as she erupts and overflows with intense pleasure. **LAVA** will set her on fire!

30-Day Supply Only $39.95



$89.95 VALUE FREE!

HURRY! **Take advantage of the biggest, most effective, fast-acting, doctor-designed male enhancement package ever! Order MAGNA-RX+ Male Enhancement And Performance Pills for the low price of *only $59.95* and you'll also get a 30-day supply of our NEW, Maximum-Strength**

MAGNA-RX® Topical Lotion

WORKS FROM THE OUTSIDE IN...

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- ☐ **ALPHA MALE PLUS™** *experience multiple orgasms* (30-Day Supply) **$39.95**
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TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

by Michael Allen

Radio Daze

During America's DVD/cell phone/iPod revolution, AM and FM junkies have gotten nothing but static—until now. With the Radio VCR you'll never miss your favorite programs again. This handheld digital tuner has a 32 MB memory that holds up to four hours of content. (For increased recording time an SD memory card can be purchased separately.) Extremely versatile, this audio wonder can also operate as a voice recorder and MP3 player. To order the Radio VCR, click on **Hammacher.com** or call (toll-free) **800-321-1484**. Suggested retail price: $149.95



Feed Me, Seymour!

Need to rid your home of annoying pests? Then tell your in-laws that it's time to pack up and get out! But if you're trying to zap flies, wasps and/or mosquitoes, check out the Flycatcher Mark II. Shaped like a Venus's-fly-trap, this battery-powered exterminator can be placed indoors or outdoors. Just drop some bait (included) in its mouth, and when the sensors detect a bug, the jaws slam shut, and the little gizmo lets out a burp. To get yours, head to **BoysStuff.co.uk**. Suggested retail price: $32.92





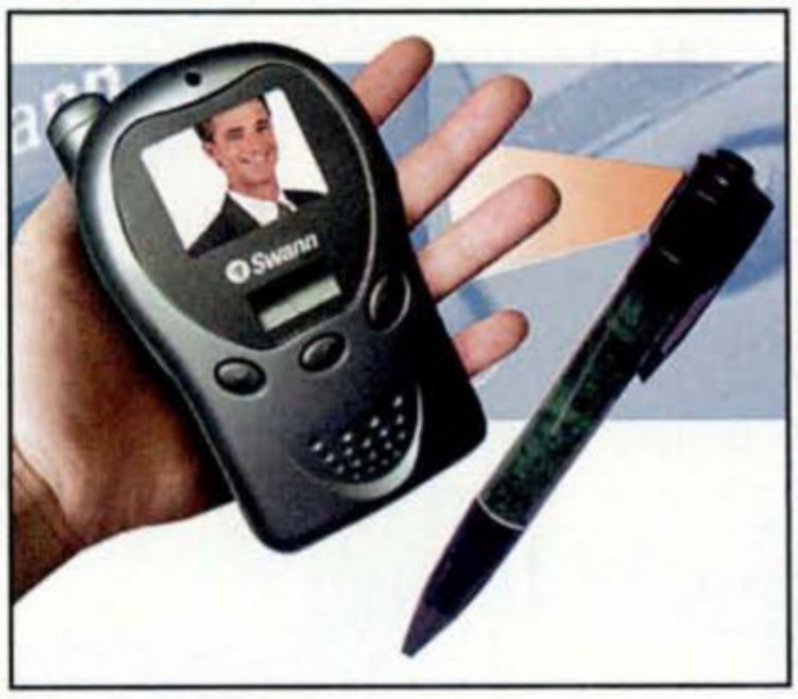
Arial Attack

The peaceful, lazy days of radio-controlled airplanes are about to come to an end thanks to the Fighterbird, which brings some much-needed violence to the world of toy aviation. This RC aircraft can dogfight other Fighterbirds with an ultrasonic blast that can be triggered by remote control. Once a target plane is zapped, its motor dies for ten seconds, which may or may not be enough time to pull out of a nose-dive! To land this high-flying wonder, go to **Firebox.com**. Suggested retail price: $149.93



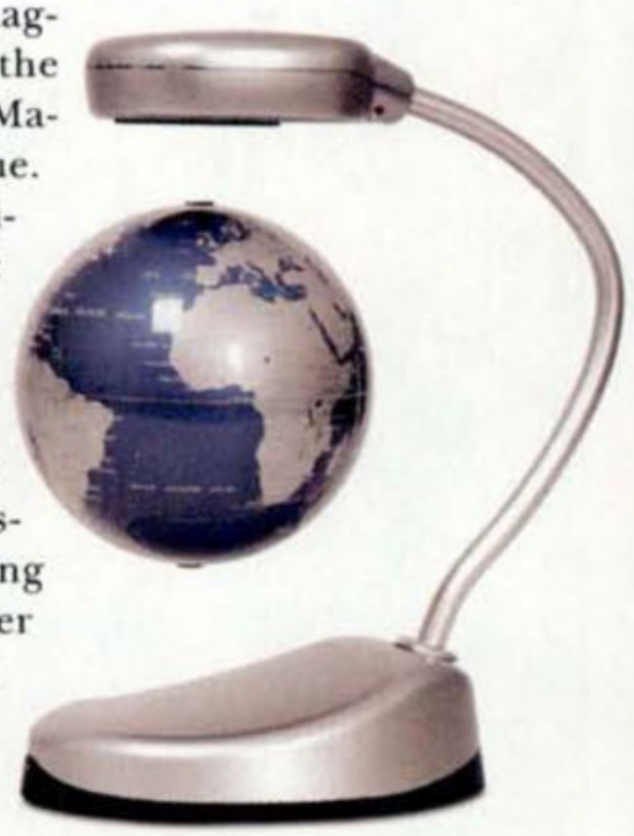
Mightier Than the Sword

While you and the missus are out on the town, could your baby-sitter be one of those crazed lunatics we hear about on the news? And then there's the cleaning lady. Is she searching under the sofa cushions for loose change while you're at work? Find out what the hell is going on in your house with the Pen Cam. This battery-operated snooper is an operative writing implement with a mini-camera hidden inside. The diminutive device transmits up to 165 feet to a receiver (included), which can be attached to a TV, VCR or security monitor. To get the write stuff, surf the Web at **Outpost.com** or call (toll-free) **877-OUT-POST**. Suggested retail price: $299



Defying Gravity

For anyone who has ever imagined himself living like the Jetsons, the Anti-Gravity Machine is a dream come true. This piece of futuristic furniture suspends metallic objects in midair with a magnetic force field. No need to worry if the power suddenly goes out; in that event your prized possessions will automatically cling to the top module. To order this space-age device, visit **IWantOneofThose.com**. Suggested retail price: $158.98 (globe included)



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Trosley

Game On

Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa

Silent Hill 4: The Room

Konami
(PlayStation 2/Xbox)



The ***Silent Hill*** games dole out horror in heart-stopping chunks. Eerie ambient music, dimly lit passageways and horribly disfigured beasts bent on clawing your eyes out tend to produce fear. ***Silent Hill 4: The Room*** pulls the horror inward with a new lead character, Henry Townsend. Old Hank is trapped in his apartment, and the only way out is through a series of harrowing supernatural jaunts. Make sure your antianxiety scrips are up to date.



Burnout 3

EA Games
(PlayStation 2/Xbox)

No, stoner, ***Burnout 3*** has nothing to do with Cheech, Chong or Snoop Dogg. It's a racing game with an eye toward mayhem (and we're not talking about slightly rumpled fenders). The ***Burnout*** series has become a big hit because players are rewarded for causing spectacular, multicar pileups. The more carnage and structural damage you inflict, the better. If you insist on traditional straight-ahead, trouble-free laps, ***Burnout 3*** will oblige, but mark our words—this game is best when you fuck shit up.



Kameo: Elements of Power

Microsoft Game Studios
(Xbox)

Kameo: Elements of Power is a long-awaited game from legendary developer Rare, the cats who created the N64 best-seller ***Goldeneye***. In their latest offering, you control a beauty who has the power to transform into dozens of beasties, each with unique combat abilities. Your job is to restore order to your kingdom, but between you and your goal is an army of trolls just beggin' to have their asses handed to them.



Def Jam Fight for NY

EA Games
(GameCube/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

There are thousands of fighting games out there, but ***Def Jam Fight for NY*** is the only one that lets you mix it up in the hip-hop world. You play a pit fighter gunning to take on the brutal thug who lords over your beloved underground fight circuit. Appearances from such urban heroes as Ice-T, Method Man, Busta Rhymes and Snoop Dogg add authenticity (and killer music) to the proceedings. Lil' Kim and Carmen Electra supply the eye candy.



Narc

Midway
(PlayStation 2/Xbox)

The war on drugs still rages. In ***Narc*** you command elite cops Jack Forzenski and Marcus Hill. Your ultimate goal is to take down the K.R.A.K. drug cartel. But there's more than one way to skin a cat. You can fight the good fight by busting criminals and turning over the evidence, or choose to sell and take the contraband you seize for fun and profit. Like the 1988 arcade original, ***Narc*** promises violent action, controversial content and one helluva buzz.



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Looking like she does, this 24-year-old from Toronto must be a love goddess. Our Venus is also a college student studying computer accounting. As for extracurricular activities, the uninhibited Canadian tells us, "I like to belly dance, go clubbing and have sex as much as I can with my buddy." Venus's fantasy: "Making a hot chick come at the same time I do as I'm getting fucked doggy-style." —Photo by Friend



East Brunswick, New Jersey, is home to this 37-year-old band manager, whose quieter pastimes include bicycling and rollerblading. Having already fooled around backstage at a rock festival with her hubby, Kim provides the logical next-step fantasy: "Having an orgy with the rock band KISS with them in full makeup!" —Photo by Husband



"I'm a hot housewife with an awesome sex life," declares the 26-year-old denizen of New Orleans. An exercise buff and self-described "great cook," Jessie is also a big fan of the outdoors. "I love barbecuing shrimp and then running off into the bayou with my favorite guy," adds the luscious Louisianan, who dreams of doing a XXX video soon. Another of Jessie's numerous fantasies is "having an all-girl slumber party with the most beautiful women in the world, all of us having fun and sex!" As a Beaver, the bodacious Southern belle looks like she's up for a lot more than just eatin'! —Photo by Friend



By way of Augusta, Georgia, Kira just might be the perfect country gal. "I love auto-racing, especially demolition derbies, skinny-dipping and *everything* sexual," proclaims the 21-year-old dancer, who also digs football. "I like watching men with tight butts bending over." Despite being admittedly aggressive in bed, Kira isn't a whip-and-chain girl. "But I do smoke afterward," she reveals. The peach's fantasy is "having sex in a boxing ring with mirrors on top and all around."

—Photo by Friend



"I'll try anything once," coos Baby Doll, 29, a housewife from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Once content with bowling, the fox has now added posing for nude pictures and sex games to her spare-time endeavors. Baby Doll dreams of "being real naughty with two famous stock-car drivers!" —Photo by Husband



Out to excite her old man, this cosmetology student from Duluth, Minnesota, has joined the *Beaver Hunt* ranks. Lori, 28, is a camping, fishing and cross-stitching enthusiast with a bold fantasy: "Having hubby hold my pussy open while another man fucks me." —Photo by Husband



This bosomy native of Tampa, Florida, once sold oranges—not on the street, but for a big retailer. Now Charlee, 27, is an aspiring model who's into guitar and bondage. "I've fulfilled every fantasy," she says. "My favorite was sneaking into an empty school and getting fucked by my boyfriend on a teacher's desk."
—Photo by Friend



Hailing from Richmond, Virginia, is a nurse who's fond of motocross and swimming. "My naughtiest fling," recalls the 24-year-old Aries, "was me and another girl bathing together." For a fantasy, Crystal Alyse (whose favorite position is doggy-style) suggests, "I'd like a guy to catch us and then join in."
—Photo by Husband



Born in Taiwan, 34-year-old Emma is a nursing student who now lives in the heart of Texas—Austin, that is. Watching movies, traveling and motorsports are some of her leisure activities, but it looks like modeling nude may become a new favorite. When lying all alone in bed, the future Florence Nightingale fantasizes about "having sex with my boyfriend on a riverboat."
—Photo by Friend



This submissive salesclerk from Miami, Florida, was born in '69, which sounds like a good starting point for a present-day hottie whose fantasy is "making love to another woman." For outdoor recreation, Jessica has her volleyball and horseback riding. —Photo by Friend



The sweetest thang in her hometown of Roswell—if not every town in Georgia—is this tantalizing 21-year old. "I sure love gettin' buck naked for a man holding a camera," says the 5-foot-3 newcomer, whose hobbies include horseback riding, swimming and chess. We don't know much about rooks and castles, but Candi's sex fantasy is a real gambit: "I want to be sandwiched between another girl and a guy on a hot summer day." —Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist 18 years of age or older? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition is looking for you! Snap a half-dozen or so clear, color pictures, and mail them to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at the mag's Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth $5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each. The award for the Grand Prize Winner's lensman is $500, and the Finalists' shooters each pocket $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below, and include copies of two forms of ID. Your photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the nonreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* or HUSTLER *Video Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or pro names

Name to be published | Phone (include area code)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Address

City | State | Zip

Personal e-mail address

Hobbies

Sexual fantasies (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate forms for more than one model) | Date (month/day/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

ERIN
GOOD IN BED

2004 *BEAVER HUNT* FINALIST #3

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Our third *Beaver Hunt* Finalist this year is Erin, a soft-spoken babe from Charlotte, North Carolina.

Raised in a conservative home, the 18-year-old naturally hasn't told her folks about posing for nudie pix and dancing at a local strip club.

"I think they know though," chirps the luscious legal teen, who enjoys four-wheeling, jazz, ballet dancing and volleyball when she's *wearing* clothes.



Asked about her hobbies, the heavenly brunette quickly answers, "I like getting spanked."



If Erin wins HUSTLER's $5,000 Grand Prize, the slap-happy Carolinian plans to enroll in a college and study business administration. Will this fine piece of ass get a diploma? Her future is in your pants, guys. Look for our *Beaver Hunt* ballot in the upcoming Holiday issue.

NEXT MONTH

SPECIAL ELECTION ISSUE! HUSTLER'S "COCKBLOCK THE VOTE" ISSUE



EXPOSING THE GREEDY WAR PROFITEERS

President Bush's crony capitalism goes full-tilt as corporations tied to his inner circle rake in untold billions off the war in Iraq. See who's getting rich off our soldiers' sacrifices in an in-depth interview with William Hartung, author of *How Much Are You Making on the War, Daddy? A Quick and Dirty Guide to War Profiteering in the Bush Administration*. Interview by Editorial Director Bruce David and Features Editor Dan Kapelovitz.

JOHN ASHCROFT'S ANTIPORN JIHAD HEATS UP



Beyond just covering up bare breasts on statues, right-wing extremist John Ashcroft would like to completely eradicate all depictions of sexuality everywhere in America—the First Amendment be damned. Now facing what could be his final days as U.S. attorney general, Ashcroft gears up to destroy the porn industry once and for all. Will he succeed? A special report by Mark Cromer.



GREG PALAST BATTLES VOTING FRAUD

Thanks to the Help America Vote Act, the Bush Administration is trying to expand the Florida voting fiasco of 2000 to all 50 states in 2004. Will your vote be counted? Or will Bush's reelection be decided for you? Find out how the current administration is trying to steal your vote in an eye-opening excerpt from an all-new chapter in the expanded Election Edition of Greg Palast's *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy.*

DEEP INSIDE THE BUSH GIRLS



Bush twins Jenna and Barbara follow in their father's staggering footsteps as wild party animals. Cousin Noelle runs afoul of the law and gets off scot-free, while alleged S&L swindler Neil Bush somehow spawns a superhot fashion model whose rap sheet is squeaky clean—so far. Take a hard look at the barely legal Bush women as correspondent Peter Thompson uncovers what the First Family doesn't want you to know about their overprivileged brood.

ELECTORAL LECHERY & MORE

Celebrate with HUSTLER's election-issue party as we rip George Dubya and crew new assholes. Always filled with surprises, *Bits & Pieces* offers a mind-blowing celebrity cocksucker fantasy and the animated *Adventures of Horndog Davis*. Porn star Jenna Jameson polls her electorate in *Jenna Tales*. *Real College Girls* strip to cover their tuition fee, and a sex-crazed coed files an uncensored *College Report*. Soccer moms go slutty for *Beaver Hunt*, and *Erotic Entertainment* votes on the best in XXX.

Avery Adams

The December HUSTLER is on sale September 14, 2004. • Visit HUSTLER Online at HUSTLER.com.

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